

*Ex marmore antiquo in Aedibus Farnesianis, Roma.*



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THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

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Translated by Mr. P O P E.

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*Te sequor, O Graiae gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc  
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:  
Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter Amorem,  
Quòd Te imitari aueo*

LUCRET.

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DAIRY

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# PREFACE.

**H**OMER is universally allow'd to have had the greatest Invention of any Writer whatever. The Praise of Judgment *Virgil* has justly contested with him, and others may have their Pretensions as to particular Excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrival'd. Nor is it a Wonder if he has ever been acknowledg'd the greatest of Poets, who most excell'd in That which is the very Foundation of Poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great Genius's: The utmost Stretch of human Study, Learning, and Industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her Materials, and without it Judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely*: For Art is only like a prudent Steward that lives on managing the Riches of Nature. Whatever Praises may be given to Works of Judgment, there is not even a single Beauty in them but is owing to the Invention: As in the most regular Gardens, however Art may carry the greatest Appearance, there is not

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a Plant or Flower but is the Gift of Nature. The first can only reduce the Beauties of the latter into a more obvious Figure, which the common Eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertain'd with. And perhaps the reason why most Criticks are inclin'd to prefer a judicious and methodical Genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their Observations through an uniform and bounded Walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various Extent of Nature.

Our Author's Work is a wild Paradise, where if we cannot see all the Beauties so distinctly as in an order'd Garden, it is only because the Number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious Nursery which contains the Seeds and first Productions of every kind, out of which those who follow'd him have but selected some particular Plants, each according to his Fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the Richness of the Soil; and if others are not arriv'd to Perfection or Maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppress'd by those of a stronger Nature.

It is to the Strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequal'd Fire and Rapture, which is so forcible in *Homer*, that no Man of a true Poetical Spirit is Master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated Nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in Action.



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Action. If a Council be call'd, or a Battel fought, you are not coldly inform'd of what was said or done as from a third Person; the Reader is hurry'd out of himself by the Force of the Poet's Imagination, and turns in one place to a Hearer, in another to a Spectator. The Course of his Verses resembles that of the Army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὥσπερ τε πυρὶ χθονὶ πάντα νέμοιτο.

*They pour along like a Fire that sweeps the whole Earth before it.* 'Tis however remarkable that his Fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discover'd immediately at the beginning of his Poem in its fullest Splendor: It grows in the Progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on Fire like a Chariot-Wheel, by its own Rapidity. Exact Disposition, just Thought, correct Elocution, polish'd Numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this Poetical *Fire*, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in Works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power Criticism, and make us admire even while we dis-approve. Nay, where this appears, tho' attended with Absurdities, it brightens all the Rubbish about it, 'till we see nothing but its own Splendor. This *Fire* is discern'd in *Virgil*, but discern'd as through a Glass, reflected, and more shining than warm, but every where equal and constant: In *Lucan* and *Statius*, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted Flashes: In *Milton*, it glows like a Furnace kept  
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up to an uncommon Fierceness by the Force of Art: In *Shakespear*, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental Fire from Heaven: But in *Homer*, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any Poet, thro' all the main constituent Parts of his Work, as it is the great and peculiar Characteristick which distinguishes him from all other Authors.

This strong and ruling Faculty was like a powerful Planet, which in the Violence of its Course, drew all things within its *Vortex*. It seem'd not enough to have taken in the whole Circle of Arts, and the whole Compass of Nature; all the inward Passions and Affections of Mankind to supply this Characters, and all the outward Forms and Images of Things for his Descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler Sphere to expatiate in, he open'd a new and boundless Walk for his Imagination, and created a World for himself in the Invention of *Fable*. That which *Aristotle* calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was first breath'd into it by *Homer*. I shall begin with considering him in this Part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the Design of a Poem, and as it is taken for Fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *Probable*, the *Allegorical*, and the *Marvelous*. The *Probable*  
Fable



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*Fable* is the Recital of such Actions as tho' they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of Nature: Or of such as tho' they did, become Fables by the additional Episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main Story of an Epic Poem, *the Return of Ulysses, the Settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like.* That of the *Iliad* is *the Anger of Achilles*, the most short and single Subject that ever was chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster Variety of Incidents and Events, and crouded with a greater Number of Councils, Speeches, Battles, and Episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those Poems whose Schemes are of the utmost Latitude and Irregularity. The Action is hurry'd on with the most vehement Spirit, and its whole Duration employs not so much as fifty Days. *Virgil*, for want of so warm a Genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive Subject, as well as a greater Length of Time, and contracting the Design of both *Homer's* Poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have us'd the same Practice, but generally carry'd it so far as to superinduce a Multiplicity of Fables, destroy the Unity of Action, and lose their Readers in an unreasonable Length of Time. Nor is it only in the main Design that they have been unable to add to his Invention, but they have follow'd him in every Episode and Part of Story. If he has

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given a regular *Catalogue* of an *Army*, they all draw up their Forces in the same Order. If he has funeral Games for *Patroclus*, *Virgil* has the same for *Anchises*, and *Statius* (rather than omit them) destroys the Unity of his Action for those of *Archemorus*. If *Ulysses* visit the Shades, the *Aeneas* of *Virgil* and *Scipio* of *Silius* are sent after him. If he be detain'd from his Return by the Allurements of *Calypso*, so is *Aeneas* by *Dido*, and *Rinaldo* by *Armida*. If *Achilles* be absent from the Army on the Score of a Quarrel thro' half the Poem, *Rinaldo* must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his Heroe a Suit of celestial Armour, *Virgil* and *Tasso* make the same Present to theirs. *Virgil* has not only observ'd this close Imitation of *Homer*, but where he had not led the way, supply'd the Want from other Greek Authors. Thus the Story of *Sinon* and the *Taking of Troy* was copied (says *Macrobius*) almost word for word from *Pisander*, as the Loves of *Dido* and *Aeneas* are taken from those of *Medæa* and *Jason* in *Apollonius*, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *Allegorical Fable*: If we reflect upon those innumerable Knowledges, those Secrets of Nature and Physical Philosophy which *Homer* is generally suppos'd to have wrapt up in his *Allegories*, what a new and ample Scene of Wonder may this Consideration afford us? How fertile will that Imagination appear, which was  
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able to cloath all the Properties of Elements, the Qualifications of the Mind, the Virtues and Vices, in Forms and Persons; and to introduce them into Actions agreeable to the Nature of the Things they shadow'd? This is a Field in which no succeeding Poets could dispute with *Homer*; and whatever Commendations have been allow'd them on this Head, are by no means for their Invention in having enlarg'd his Circle, but for their Judgment in having contracted it. For when the Mode of Learning chang'd in following Ages, and Science was deliver'd in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern Poets to lay it aside, as it was in *Homer* to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy Circumstance for *Virgil*, that there was not in his Time that Demand upon him of so great an Invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those Allegorical Parts of a Poem.

The *Marvelous Fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the Machines of the Gods. If *Homer* was not the first who introduc'd the Deities (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the Religion of *Greece*, he seems the first who brought them into a System of *Machinery* for Poetry, and such an one as makes its greatest Importance and Dignity. For we find those Authors who have been offended at the literal Notion of the Gods, constantly laying their Accusation against *Homer* as the undoubted Inventor of them. But whatever cause there might be to blame his *Ma-*  
*chines*



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*chines* in a Philosophical or Religious View, they are so perfect in the Poetick, that Mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: None have been able to enlarge the Sphere of Poetry beyond the Limits he has set: Every Attempt of this Nature has prov'd unsuccessful; and after all the various Changes of Times and Religions, his Gods continue to this Day the Gods of Poetry.

We come now to the *Characters* of his Persons, and here we shall find no Author has ever drawn so many with so visible and surprizing a Variety, or given us such lively and affecting Impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no Painter could have distinguish'd them more by their Features, than the Poet has by their Manners. Nothing can be more exact than the Distinctions he has observ'd in the different degrees of Virtues and Vices. The single Quality of *Courage* is wonderfully diversify'd in the several Characters of the *Iliad*. That of *Achilles* is furious and intractable; that of *Diomedes* forward, yet listening to Advice and subject to Command: We see in *Ajax* an heavy and self-considering Valour, in *Hector* an active and vigilant one: The Courage of *Agamemnon* is inspired by Love of Empire and Ambition, that of *Menelaus* mix'd with Softness and Tenderness for his People: We find in *Idomeneus* a plain direct Soldier, in *Sarpedon* a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing Diversity to be



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be found only in the principal Quality which constitutes the Main of each Character, but even in the Under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a Tincture of that principal one. For Example, the main Characters of *Ulysses* and *Nestor* consist in *Wisdom*, and they are distinct in this; the *Wisdom* of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, besides, Characters of *Courage*; and this Quality also takes a different Turn in each from the difference of his *Prudence*: For one in the War depends still upon *Caution*, the other upon *Experience*. It would be endless to produce Instances of these Kinds. The Characters of *Virgil* are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguish'd, and where they are mark'd most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of *Homer*. His Characters of *Valour* are much alike; even that of *Turnus* seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the *Courage* of *Mnestheus* from that of *Sergesthus*, *Cloanthus*, or the rest. In like manner it may be remark'd of *Statius's* Heroes, that an Air of *Impetuosity* runs thro' them all; the same horrid and savage *Courage* appears in his *Capaneus*, *Tydeus*, *Hippomedon*, &c. They have a Parity of Character which makes them seem Brothers of one Family. I believe when the Reader is led into this Track of Reflection, if he will pursue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* Writers, he will be convinced

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how infinitely superior in this Point the Invention of *Homer* was to that of all others.

The *Speeches* are to be consider'd as they flow from the Characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the Manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of Characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of Speeches, than in any other Poem. Every thing in it has Manners (as *Aristotle* expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a Work of such length, how small a Number of Lines are employ'd in Narration. In *Virgil* the Dramatic Part is less in proportion to the Narrative; and the Speeches often consist of general Reflections or Thoughts, which might be equally just in any Person's Mouth upon the same Occasion. As many of his Persons have no apparent Characters, so many of his Speeches escape being apply'd and judg'd by the Rule of Propriety. We oftner think of the Author himself when we read *Virgil*, than when we are engag'd in *Homer*: All which are the Effects of a colder Invention, that interests us less in the Action describ'd: *Homer* makes us Hearers, and *Virgil* leaves us Readers.

If in the next place we take a View of the Sentiments, the same presiding Faculty is eminent in the Sublimity and Spirit of his Thoughts. *Longinus* has given his Opinion, that it was in this Part *Homer* principally excell'd. What were alone sufficient to prove the Grandeur and Excellence of his Sentiments in general, is that they



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they have so remarkable a Parity with those of the Scripture: *Daport*, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable Instances of this sort. And it is with Justice an excellent modern Writer allows, that if *Virgil* has not so many Thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the *Roman* Author seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his *Descriptions*, *Images*, and *Similes*, we shall find the Invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast Comprehension of Images of every sort, where we see each Circumstance and Individual of Nature summon'd together by the Extent and Fecundity of his Imagination; to which all things, in their various Views, presented themselves in an Instant, and had their Impressions taken off to Perfection at a Heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full Prospects of Things, but several unexpected Peculiarities and Side-Views, unobserv'd by any Painter but *Homer*. Nothing is so surprizing as the Descriptions of his Battels, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supply'd with so vast a Variety of Incidents, that no one bears a Likeness to another; such different Kinds of Deaths, that no two Heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a Profusion of noble Ideas, that every Battel rises above the last in Greatness, Horror, and Confusion. It is certain there is not near that Number of Images and Descrip-



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Descriptions in any Epic Poet; tho' every one has assisted himself with a great Quantity out of him: And it is evident of *Virgil* especially, that he has scarce any Comparisons which are not drawn from his Master.

If we descend from hence to the *Expression*, we see the bright Imagination of *Homer* shining out in the most enliven'd Forms of it. We acknowledge him the Father of Poetical Diction, the first who taught that *Language of the Gods* to Men. His Expression is like the colouring of some great Masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with Rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touch'd with the greatest Spirit. *Aristotle* had reason to say, He was the only Poet who had found out *Living Words*; there are in him more daring Figures and Metaphors than in any good Author whatever. An Arrow is *impatient* to be on the Wing, a Weapon *thirsts* to drink the Blood of an Enemy, and the like. Yet his Expression is never too big for the Sense, but justly great in proportion to it: 'Tis the Sentiment that swells and fills out the Diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it. For in the same degree that a *Thought* is warmer, an *Expression* will be brighter; and as That is more strong, This will become more perspicuous: Like Glass in the Furnace which grows to a greater Magnitude, and refines to a greater Clearness, only as the *Breath* within is more powerful, and the *Heat* more intense. To



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To throw his Language more out of Prose, *Homer* seems to have affected the *Compound-Epithets*. This was a sort of Composition peculiarly proper to Poetry, not only as it heighten'd the *Diction*, but as it assisted and fill'd the *Numbers* with greater Sound and Pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the *Images*. On this last Consideration I cannot but attribute these to the Fruitfulness of his Invention, since (as he has manag'd them) they are a sort of supernumerary Pictures of the Persons or Things they are join'd to. We see the Motion of *Hector's* Plumes in the Epithet *κορυθαίολος*, the Landscape of Mount *Neritus* in that of *Εἰνοσίφυλλος*, and so of others; which particular Images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a Description (tho' but of a single Line) without diverting the Reader too much from the principal Action or Figure. As a Metaphor is a short Simile, one of these Epithets is a short Description.

Lastly, if we consider his *Verseification*, we shall be sensible what a Share of Praise is due to his Invention in that also. He was not satisfy'd with his Language as he found it settled in any one Part of *Greece*, but search'd thro' its differing *Dialects* with this particular View, to beautify and perfect his Numbers: He consider'd these as they had a greater Mixture of Vowels or Consonants, and accordingly employ'd them as the Verse requir'd either a greater Smoothness

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or Strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar Sweetness from its never using Contractions, and from its Custom of resolving the Diphthongs into two Syllables; so as to make the Words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous Fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* Contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeblèr *Æolic*, which often rejects its Aspirate, or takes off its Accent; and compleated this Variety, by altering some Letters with the License of Poetry. Thus his Measures, instead of being Fetters to his Sense, were always in readiness to run along with the Warmth of his Rapture; and even to give a farther Representation of his Notions, in the Correspondence of their Sounds to what they signify'd. Out of all these he has deriv'd that Harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest Head, but the finest Ear in the World. This is so great a Truth, that whoever will but consult the Tune of his Verses even without understanding them (with the same sort of Diligence as we daily see practis'd in the Case of *Italian Opera's*) will find more Sweetness, Variety, and Majesty of Sound, than in any other Language or Poetry. The Beauty of his Numbers is allow'd by the Criticks to be copied but faintly by *Virgil* himself, tho' they are so just to ascribe it to the Nature of the *Latine* Tongue. Indeed the *Greek* has some Advantages both from the natural Sound of its Words, and the Turn and Cadence of its Verse, which agree with



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with the Genius of no other Language. *Virgil* was very sensible of this, and used the utmost Diligence in working up a more intractable Language to whatsoever Graces it was capable of, and in particular never fail'd to bring the Sound of his Line to a beautiful Agreement with its Sense. If the *Grecian* Poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this Account as the *Roman*, the only reason is, that fewer Criticks have understood one Language than the other. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* has pointed out many of our Author's Beauties in this kind, in his Treatise of the *Composition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the Course of the Notes. It suffices at present to observe of his Numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine *Homer* had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the *Muses* dictated; and at the same time with so much Force and inspiriting Vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the Sound of a Trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful River, always in motion, and always full; while we are born away by a Tide of Verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate *Homer*, what principally strikes us is his *Invention*. It is that which forms the Character of each Part of his Work; and accordingly we find it to have made his Fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his Manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his Speeches more *affecting* and *transported*,  
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his Sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his Images and Descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his Expression more *rais'd* and *daring*, and his Numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope in what has been said of *Virgil* with regard to any of these Heads, I have no way derogated from his Character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common Method of comparing eminent Writers by an Opposition of particular Passages in them, and forming a Judgment from thence of their Merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain Knowledge of the principal Character and distinguishing Excellence of each: It is in *that* we are to consider him, and in proportion to his Degree in *that* we are to admire him. No Author or Man ever excell'd all the World in more than one Faculty, and as *Homer* has done this in Invention, *Virgil* has in Judgment. Not that we are to think *Homer* wanted Judgment, because *Virgil* had it in a more eminent degree; or that *Virgil* wanted Invention, because *Homer* possess'd a larger share of it: Each of these great Authors had more of both than perhaps any Man besides, and are only said to have less in Comparison with one another. *Homer* was the greater Genius, *Virgil* the better Artist. In one we most admire the *Man*, in the other the *Work*. *Homer* hurries and transports us with a commanding Impetuosity, *Virgil* leads us with an attractive Majesty: *Homer* scatters with a generous Profusion, *Virgil* bestows  
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with a careful Magnificence: *Homer*, like the *Nile*, pours out his Riches with a sudden Overflow; *Virgil* like a River in its Banks, with a gentle and constant Stream. When we behold their Battels, methinks the two Poets resemble the Heroes they celebrate: *Homer*, boundless and irresistible as *Achilles*, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the Tumult increases; *Virgil*, calmly daring like *Aeneas*, appears undisturb'd in the midst of the Action, disposes all about him, and conquers with Tranquillity: And when we look upon their Machines, *Homer* seems like his own *Jupiter* in his Terrors, shaking *Olympus*, scattering the Lightnings, and firing the Heavens; *Virgil*, like the same Power in his Benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying Plans for Empires, and regularly ordering his whole Creation.

But after all, it is with great Parts as with great Virtues, they naturally border on some Imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the Virtue ends, or the Fault begins. As Prudence may sometimes sink to Suspicion, so may a great Judgment decline to Coldness; and as Magnanimity may run up to Profusion or Extravagance, so may a great Invention to Redundancy or Wildness. If we look upon *Homer* in this View, we shall perceive the chief *Objections* against him to proceed from so noble a Cause as the Excess of this Faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his *Marvellous Fictions*, upon which so much Criticism

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has been spent as surpassing all the Bounds of Probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior Souls as with gigantick Bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual Strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due Proportion of Parts, to become Miracles in the whole; and like the old Heroes of that Make, commit something near Extravagance amidst a Series of glorious and inimitable Performances. Thus *Homer* has his *speaking Horses*, and *Virgil* his *Myrtles distilling Blood*, without so much as contriving the easy Intervention of a Deity to save the Probability.

It is owing to the same vast Invention that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of Circumstances. The Force of this Faculty is seen in nothing more, than its Inability to confine itself to that single Circumstance upon which the Comparison is grounded: It runs out into Embellishments of additional Images, which however are so manag'd as not to overpower the main one. His *Similes* are like Pictures, where the principal Figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the Original, but is also set off with occasional Ornaments and Prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a Number of Comparisons together in one Breath, when his Fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent Images. The Reader will easily extend this Observation to more Objections of the same kind.

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If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a Defect or Narrowness of Genius, than an Excess of it; those seeming Defects will be found upon Examination to proceed wholly from the Nature of the Times he liv'd in. Such are his *grosser Representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect Manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following \* *Essay*: But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a Point generally carry'd into Extreame both by the Censurers and Defenders of *Homer*. It must be a strange Partiality to Antiquity to think with Madam *Dacier*, "that † those Times and Manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their Favour as to magnify the Felicity of those Ages, when a Spirit of Revenge and Cruelty reign'd thro' the World, when no Mercy was shown but for the sake of Lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the Sword, and their Wives and Daughters made Slaves and Concubines? On the other side I would not be so delicate as those modern Criticks, who are shock'd at the *servile Offices* and *mean Employments* in which we sometimes see the Heroes of *Homer* engag'd. There is a Pleasure in taking a view of that Simplicity in Opposition to the Luxury of succeeding Ages; in beholding Monarchs without their Guards, Princes tending their Flocks, and

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\* See the *Articles of Theology and Morality*, in the third Part of the *Essay*.

† *Preface to her Homer*.



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Princesses drawing Water from the Springs. When we read *Homer*, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient Author in the Heathen World; and those who consider him in this Light, will double their Pleasure in the Perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with Nations and People that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand Years backward into the remotest Antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprizing Vision of Things no where else to be found, and the only authentick Picture of that ancient World. By this means alone their greatest Obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their Dislike, will become a Satisfaction.

This Consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant Use of the same *Epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, such as the *far-darting Phœbus*, the *blue-ey'd Pallas*, the *swift-footed Achilles*, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the Powers and Offices then believ'd to belong to them, and had contracted a Weight and Veneration from the Rites and solemn Devotions in which they were us'd: They were a sort of Attributes that it was a Matter of Religion to salute them with on all Occasions, and an Irreverence to omit. As for the Epithets of great Men, *Monf. Boileau* is of Opinion; that they were in the Nature of *Surnames*, and repeated



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peated as such; for the *Greeks* having no Names deriv'd from their Fathers, were oblig'd when they mention'd any one to add some other Distinction; either naming his Parents expressly, or his Place of Birth, Profession, or the like: As *Alexander* Son of *Philip*, *Herodotus* of *Halicanassus*, *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, &c. *Homer* therefore complying with the Custom of his Countrey, us'd such distinctive Additions as better agreed with Poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern Times, such as the Names of *Harold Harefoot*, *Edmund Ironside*, *Edward Long-shanks*, *Edward the black Prince*, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the Propriety than for the Repetition, I shall add a farther Conjecture. *Hesiod* dividing the World into its Ages, has plac'd a fourth Age between the Brazen and the Iron one, of *Heroes distinct from other Men, a divine Race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the Care of Jupiter in the Islands of the Blessed* \*. Now among the divine Honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mention'd without the Solemnity of an Epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their Families, Actions, or Qualities.

What other Cavils have been rais'd against *Homer* are such as hardly deserve a Reply, but

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\* *Hesiod, lib. i. v. 155, &c.*



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will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the Course of the Work. Many have been occasion'd by an injudicious Endeavour to exalt *Virgil*; which is much the same, as if one should think to praise the Superstructure by undermining the Foundation: One would imagine by the whole Course of their Parallels, that these Criticks never so much as heard of *Homer's* having written first; a Consideration which whoever compares these two Poets ought to have always in his Eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the Fable and Moral of the *Aeneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same Reasons which might set the *Odysses* above the *Aeneis*: as that the Heroe is a wiser Man; and the Action of the one more beneficial to his Countrey than that of the other: Or else they blame him for not doing what he never design'd; as because *Achilles* is not as good and perfect a Prince as *Aeneas*, when the very Moral of his Poem requir'd a contrary Character. It is thus that *Rapin* judges in his Comparison of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Others select those particular Passages of *Homer* which are not so labour'd as some that *Virgil* drew out of them: This is the whole Management of *Scaliger* in his *Poetices*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean Expressions, sometimes thro' a false Delicacy and Refinement, oftner from an Ignorance of the Graces of the Original; and then triumph in the Aukwardness of their own Translations.



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lations. This is the Conduct of *Perault* in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who pretending to a fairer Proceeding, distinguish between the personal Merit of *Homer*, and that of his *Work*; but when they come to assign the Causes of the great Reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the Ignorance of his Times, and the Prejudice of those that followed. And in pursuance of this Principle, they make those Accidents (such as the Contention of the Cities, &c.) to be the Causes of his Fame, which were in Reality the Consequences of his Merit. The same might as well be said of *Virgil*, or any great Author, whose general Character will infallibly raise many casual Additions to their Reputation. This is the Method of *Mons. de la Motte*; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever Age *Homer* had liv'd he must have been the greatest Poet of his Nation, and that he may be said in this Sense to be the Master even of those who surpass'd him.

In all these Objections we see nothing that contradicts his Title to the Honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the Characteristic of Poetry itself) remains unequal'd by his Followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler Judgment may commit fewer Faults, and be more approv'd in the Eyes of *One Sort* of Criticks: but that Warmth of Fancy will carry the loudest and most universal Applauses which holds the Heart of a Reader under the strongest Enchantment. *Homer* not only appears  
the



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the Inventor of Poetry, but excels all the Inventors of other Arts in this, that he has swallow'd up the Honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no Encrease, it only left room for Contraction or Regulation. He shew'd all the Stretch of Fancy at once; and if he has fail'd in some of his Flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A Work of this kind seems like a mighty Tree which rises from the most vigorous Seed, is improv'd with Industry, flourishes, and produces the finest Fruit; Nature and Art have conspir'd to raise it; Pleasure and Profit join'd to make it valuable: and they who find the justest Faults, have only said, that a few Branches (which run luxuriant thro' a Richness of Nature) might be lopp'd into Form to give it a more regular Appearance.

Having now spoken of the Beauties and Defects of the Original, it remains to treat of the Translation, with the same View to the chief Characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main Parts of the Poem, such as the *Fable*, *Manners*, and *Sentiments*, no Translator can prejudice it but by wilful Omissions or Contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular *Image*, *Description*, and *Simile*; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief Character. It is the first grand Duty of an Interpreter to give his Author entire and unmain'd; and for the rest, the *Diction* and *Versification* only are his proper



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proper Province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be consider'd what Methods may afford some Equivalent in our Language for the Graces of these in the *Greek*. It is certain no literal Translation can be just to an excellent Original in a superior Language: but it is a great Mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash Paraphrase can make amends for this general Defect; which is no less in danger to lose the Spirit of an Ancient, by deviating into the modern Manners of Expression. If there be sometimes a *Darkness*, there is often a *Light* in Antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a Version almost literal. I know no Liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the Spirit of the Original, and supporting the Poetical Style of the Translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more Men misled in former times by a servile dull Adherence to the Letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent Hope of raising and improving their Author. It is not to be doubted that the *Fire* of the Poem is what a Translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: However it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the Whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his Author is, in any particular Place. 'Tis a great Secret in Writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical

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and



## P R E F A C E.

and figurative; and it is what *Homer* will teach us if we will but follow modestly in his Foot-steps. Where his Diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterr'd from imitating him by the fear of incurring the Censure of a meer *English* Critick. Nothing that belongs to *Homer* seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just Pitch of his Style: Some of his Translators having swell'd into Fustian in a proud Confidence of the *Sublime*; others sunk into Flatness in a cold and timorous Notion of *Simplicity*. Methinks I see these different Followers of *Homer*, some sweating and straining after him by violent Leaps and Bounds, (the certain Signs of false Mettle) others slowly and servilely creeping in his Train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal Majesty before them. However of the two Extreams one could sooner pardon Frenzy than Frigidity: No Author is to be envy'd for such Commendations as he may gain by that Character of Style, which his Friends must agree together to call *Simplicity*, and the rest of the World will call *Dulness*. There is a *graceful* and *dignify'd* Simplicity, as well as a *bald* and *sordid* one, which differ as much from each other as the Air of a *plain* Man from that of a *Sloven*: 'Tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dress'd at all. Simplicity is the Mean between Ostentation and Rusticity.

This



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This pure and noble Simplicity is no where in such Perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm with all respect to the inspired Writings, that the *Divine Spirit* made use of no other Words but what were intelligible and common to Men at that Time, and in that Part of the World; and as *Homer* is the Author nearest to those, his Style must of course bear a greater Resemblance to the sacred Books than that of any other Writer. This Consideration (together with what has been observ'd of the Parity of some of his Thoughts) may methinks induce a Translator on the one hand to give into several of those general Phrases and Manners of Expression, which have attain'd a Veneration even in our Language from their use in the *Old Testament*; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consign'd to Mystery and Religion.

For a farther Preservation of this Air of Simplicity, a particular Care should be taken to express with all Plainness those *Moral Sentences* and *Proverbial Speeches* which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something Venerable, and as I may say *Oracular*, in that unadorn'd Gravity and Shortness with which they are deliver'd: a Grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is a more modern) Turn in the Paraphrase.

Perhaps



P R E F A C E.

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Perhaps



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Perhaps the Mixture of some *Græcisms* and old Words after the manner of *Milton*, if done without too much Affectation, might not have an ill Effect in a Version of this particular Work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable *Antique* Cast. But certainly the use of *modern Terms* of *War* and *Government*, such as *Platoon*, *Campagne*, *Junto*, or the like (which some of his Translators have fallen into) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the Subjects in any living Language.

There are two Peculiarities in *Homer's* Diction that are a sort of *Marks* or *Moles*, by which every common Eye distinguishes him at first sight: Those who are not his greatest Admirers look upon them as Defects, and those who are seem pleased with them as Beauties. I speak of his *Compound-Epithets* and of his *Repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into *English* without destroying the Purity of our Language. I believe such should be retain'd as slide easily of themselves into an *English-Compound*, without Violence to the Ear or to the receiv'd Rules of Composition; as well as those which have receiv'd a Sanction from the Authority of our best Poets, and are become familiar thro' their use of them; such as the *Cloud-compelling Jove*, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly express'd in a single word as in a compounded one, the Course to be taken is obvious.



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Some that cannot be so turn'd as to preserve their full Image by one or two Words, may have Justice done them by Circumlocution; as the Epithet *εἰνοσίφυλλος* to a Mountain would appear little or ridiculous translated literally *Leaf-shaking*, but affords a majestic Idea in the *Periphrasis*: *The lofty Mountains shakes his waving Woods*. Others that admit of differing Significations, may receive an Advantage by a judicious Variation according to the Occasions on which they are introduc'd. For Example, the Epithet of *Apollo*, *ἐκηβόλος*, or *far-shooting*, is capable of two Explications; one literal in respect of the Darts and Bow, the Ensigns of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the Rays of the Sun: Therefore in such Places where *Apollo* is represented as a God in Person, I would use the former Interpretation, and where the Effects of the Sun are describ'd, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual Repetition of the same Epithets which we find in *Homer*, and which, tho' it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the Ear of those Times, is by no means so to ours: But one may wait for Opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional Beauty from the Occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a Translator may at once shew his Fancy and his Judgment.

As for *Homer's Repetitions*; we may divide them into three sorts; of whole Narrations and  
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Speeches,



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Speeches, of single Sentences, and of one Verse or Hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a Regard to these, as neither to lose so known a Mark of the Author on the one hand, nor to offend the Reader too much on the other. The Repetition is not ungraceful in those Speeches where the Dignity of the Speaker renders it a sort of Insolence to alter his Words; as in the Messages from Gods to Men, or from higher Powers to Inferiors in Concerns of State, or where the Ceremonial of Religion seems to require it, in the solemn Forms of Prayers, Oaths, or the like. In other Cases, I believe the best Rule is to be guided by the Nearness, or Distance, at which the Repetitions are plac'd in the Original: When they follow too close one may vary the Expression, but it is a Question whether a profess'd Translator be authorized to omit any: If they be tedious, the Author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *Verseification*. *Homer* (as has been said) is perpetually applying the Sound to the Sense, and varying it on every new Subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite Beauties of Poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of *Homer* eminent for it in the *Greek*, and *Virgil* in *Latine*. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by Chance, when a Writer is warm, and fully possess'd of his Image: however it may be reasonably believed they design'd this, in whose Verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few



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Readers have the Ear to be Judges of it, but those who have will see I have endeavour'd at this Beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess my self utterly incapable of doing Justice to *Homer*. I attempt him in no other Hope but that which one may entertain without much Vanity, of giving a more tolerable Copy of him than any entire Translation in Verse has yet done. We have only those of *Chapman*, *Hobbes*, and *Ogilby*. *Chapman* has taken the Advantage of an immeasurable Length of Verse, notwithstanding which there is scarce any Paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent Interpolations of four or six Lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth Book of the *Odysses*, ver. 312. where he has spun twenty Verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other Places of his Notes insist so much upon Verbal Trifles. He appears to have had a strong Affectation of extracting new Meanings out of his Author, insomuch as to promise in his Rhyming Preface, a Poem of the Mysteries he had revealed in *Homer*; and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious Sense to this End. His Expression is involved in Fustian, a Fault for which he was remarkable in his Original Writings, as in the Tragedy of *Bussy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the Nature of the Man may account for his whole Performance; for he appears from his Preface and Remarks to have been of an arrogant



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rogant Turn, and an Enthusiast in Poetry. His own Boast of having finish'd half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen Weeks, shews with what Negligence his Version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his Defects, is a daring fiery Spirit that animates his Translation, which is something like what one might imagine *Homer* himself would have writ before he arriv'd to Years of Discretion. *Hobbes* has given us a correct Explanation of the Sense in general, but for Particulars and Circumstances he continually lopps them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteem'd a close Translation, I doubt not many have been led into that Error by the Shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the Original Line by Line, but from the Contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole Similes and Sentences, and is now and then guilty of Mistakes which no Writer of his Learning could have fallen into, but thro' Carelessness. His Poetry, as well as *Ogilby's*, is too mean for Criticism.

It is a great Loss to the Poetical World that *Mr. Dryden* did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first Book and a small Part of the sixth; in which if he has in some Places not truly interpreted the Sense, or preserved the Antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the Haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much Regard to *Chapman*, whose Words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily follow'd



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follow'd him in Passages where he wanders from the Original. However had he translated the whole Work, I would no more have attempted *Homer* after him than *Virgil*, his Version of whom (notwithstanding some human Errors) is the most noble and spirited Translation I know in any Language. But the Fate of great Genius's is like that of great Ministers, tho' they are confessedly the first in the Commonwealth of Letters, they must be envy'd and calumniated only for being at the Head of it.

That which in my Opinion ought to be the Endeavour of any one who translates *Homer*, is above all things to keep alive that Spirit and Fire which makes his chief Character. In particular Places, where the Sense can bear any Doubt, to follow the strongest and most Poetical, as most agreeing with that Character. To copy him in all the Variations of his Style, and the different Modulations of his Numbers. To preserve in the more active or descriptive Parts, a Warmth and Elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a Plainness and Solemnity; in the Speeches a Fullness and Perspicuity; in the Sentences a Shortness and Gravity. Not to neglect even the little Figures and Turns on the Words, nor sometimes the very Cast of the Periods. Neither to omit or confound any Rites or Customs of Antiquity. Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter Compass, than has hitherto been done by any Translator who has tolerably  
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preserved either the Sense or Poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his Author rather from his own Text than from any Commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever Figure they make in the Estimation of the World. To consider him attentively in Comparison with *Virgil* above all the Ancients, and with *Milton* above all the Moderns. Next these the Archbishop of *Cambray's Telemachus* may give him the truest Idea of the Spirit and Turn of our Author, and *Bossu's* admirable Treatise of the Epic Poem the justest Notion of his Design and Conduct. But after all, with whatever Judgment and Study a Man may proceed, or with whatever Happiness he may perform such a Work; he must hope to please but a few, those only who have at once a Taste of Poetry, and competent Learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the Nature of this Undertaking; since a meer Modern Wit can like nothing that is not *Modern*, and a Pedant nothing that is not *Greek*.

What I have done is submitted to the Publick, from whose Opinions I am prepared to learn; tho' I fear no Judges so little as our best Poets, who are most sensible of the Weight of this Task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some Concern as they are unhappy Men, but none as they are malignant Writers. I was guided in this Translation by Judgments very different from theirs, and by Persons for whom they can have no Kindness, if an  
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old Observation be true, that the strongest Antipathy in the World is that of Fools to Men of Wit. Mr. *Addison* was the first whose Advice determin'd me to undertake this Task, who was pleas'd to write to me upon that Occasion in such Terms as I cannot repeat without Vanity. I was obliged to Sir *Richard Steele* for a very early Recommendation of my Undertaking to the Publick. Dr. *Swift* promoted my Interest with that Warmth with which he always serves his Friend. The Humanity and Frankness of Sir *Samuel Garth* are what I never knew wanting on any Occasion. I must also acknowledge with infinite Pleasure the many friendly Offices as well as sincere Criticisms of Mr. *Congreve*, who had led me the way in translating some Parts of *Homer*, as I wish for the sake of the World he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the Names of Mr. *Rowe* and Dr. *Parnell*, tho' I shall take a farther Opportunity of doing Justice to the last, whose Good-nature (to give it a great Panegyrick) is no less extensive than his Learning. The Favour of these Gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an Affection. But what can I say of the Honour so many of the *Great* have done me, while the *First Names* of the Age appear as my Subscribers, and the most distinguish'd Patrons and Ornaments of Learning as my chief Encouragers. Among these it is a particular Pleasure to me to find, that my highest Obligations are to such who have done most Honour



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nour to the Name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeas'd I should undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay*) the finest Praise he ever yet receiv'd.

*Read Homer once, and you can read no more;  
For all things else appear so mean and poor,  
Verse will seem Prose: yet often on him look,  
And you will hardly need another Book.*

That the Earl of *Halifax* was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the Advancement of the Polite Arts is more owing to his Generosity or his Example. That such a Genius as my Lord *Bolingbroke*, not more distinguished in the great Scenes of Business than in all the useful and entertaining Parts of Learning, has not refus'd to be the Critick of these Sheets, and the Patron of their Writer. And that so excellent an Imitator of *Homer* as the noble Author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continu'd his Partiality to me from my writing Pastorals to my attempting the *Iliad*. I cannot deny my self the Pride of confessing, that I have had the Advantage not only of their Advice for the Conduct in general, but their Correction of several Particulars of this Translation.

I could say a great deal of the Pleasure of being distinguish'd by the *Earl of Carnarvon*, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one gene-



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rous Action in a Person whose whole Life is a continued Series of them. The Right Honourable Mr. *Stanhope*, the present Secretary of State, will pardon my Desire of having it known that he was pleas'd to promote this Affair. The particular Zeal of Mr. *Harcourt* (the Son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a Proof how much I am honour'd in a Share of his Friendship. I must attribute to the same Motive that of several others of my Friends, to whom all Acknowledgments are render'd unnecessary by the Privileges of a familiar Correspondence: And I am satisfy'd I can no way better oblige Men of their Turn, than by my Silence.

In short, I have found more Patrons than ever *Homer* wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same Favour at *Athens*, that has been shewn me by its learned Rival, the University of *Oxford*. If my Author had the *Wits* of After-Ages for his Defenders, his Translator has had the *Beauties* of the present for his Advocates; a Pleasure too great to be changed for any Fame in Reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous Honours he receiv'd after Death, when I reflect on the Enjoyment of so many agreeable Obligations, and easy Friendships which make the Satisfaction of Life. This Distinction is the more to be acknowledg'd, as it is shewn to one whose Pen has never gratify'd the Prejudices of particular *Parties*, or the Vanities of particular *Men*. Whatever the Success may  
L prove,



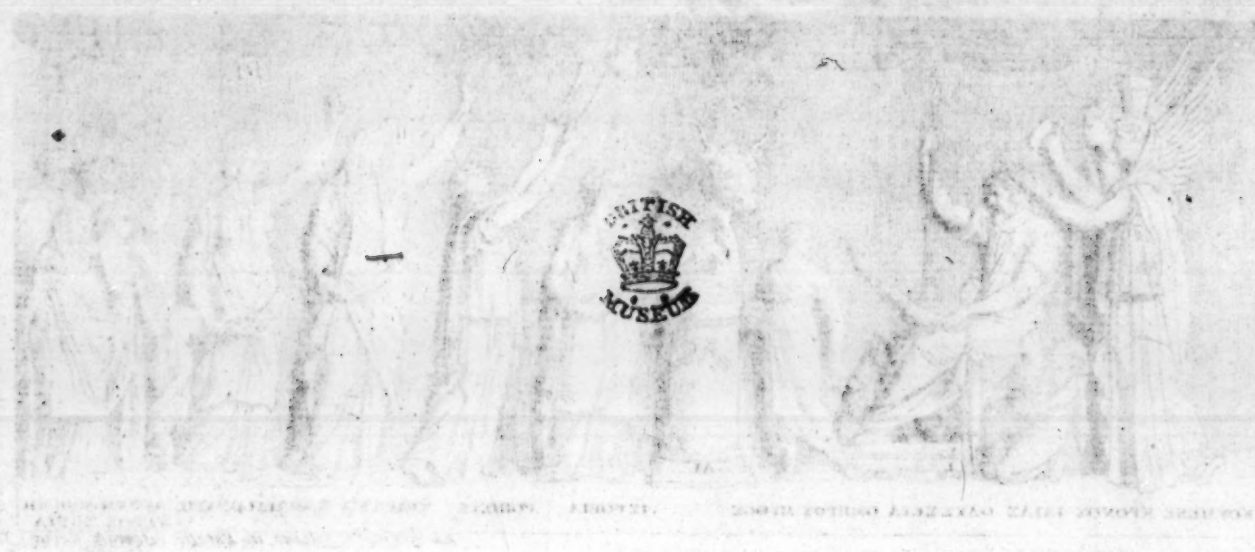
## P R E F A C E.

prove, I shall never repent of an Undertaking in which I have experienc'd the Candour and Friendship of so many Persons of Merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those Years of Youth that are generally lost in a Circle of Follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to my self.

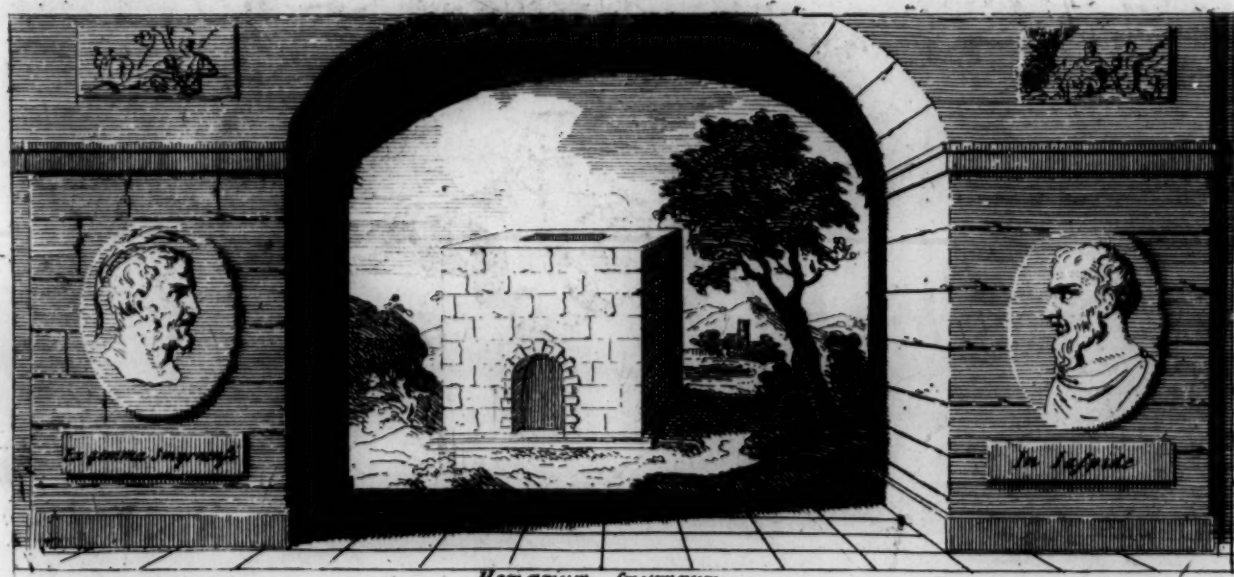


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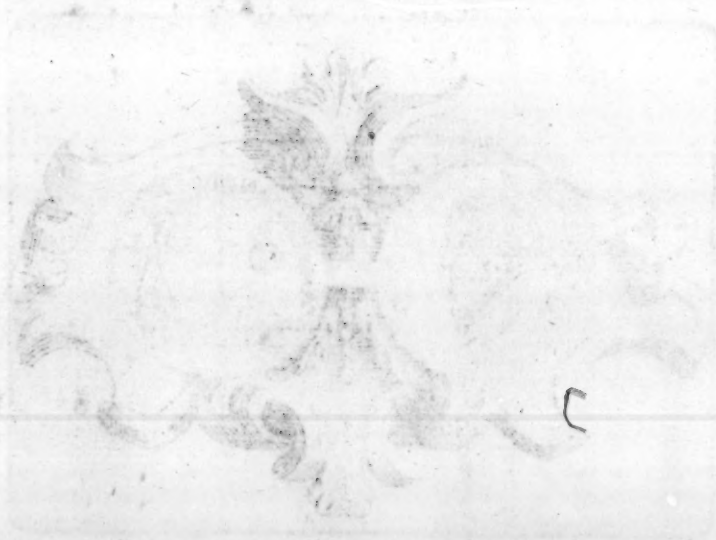


*Homarium Smyrnaum*

















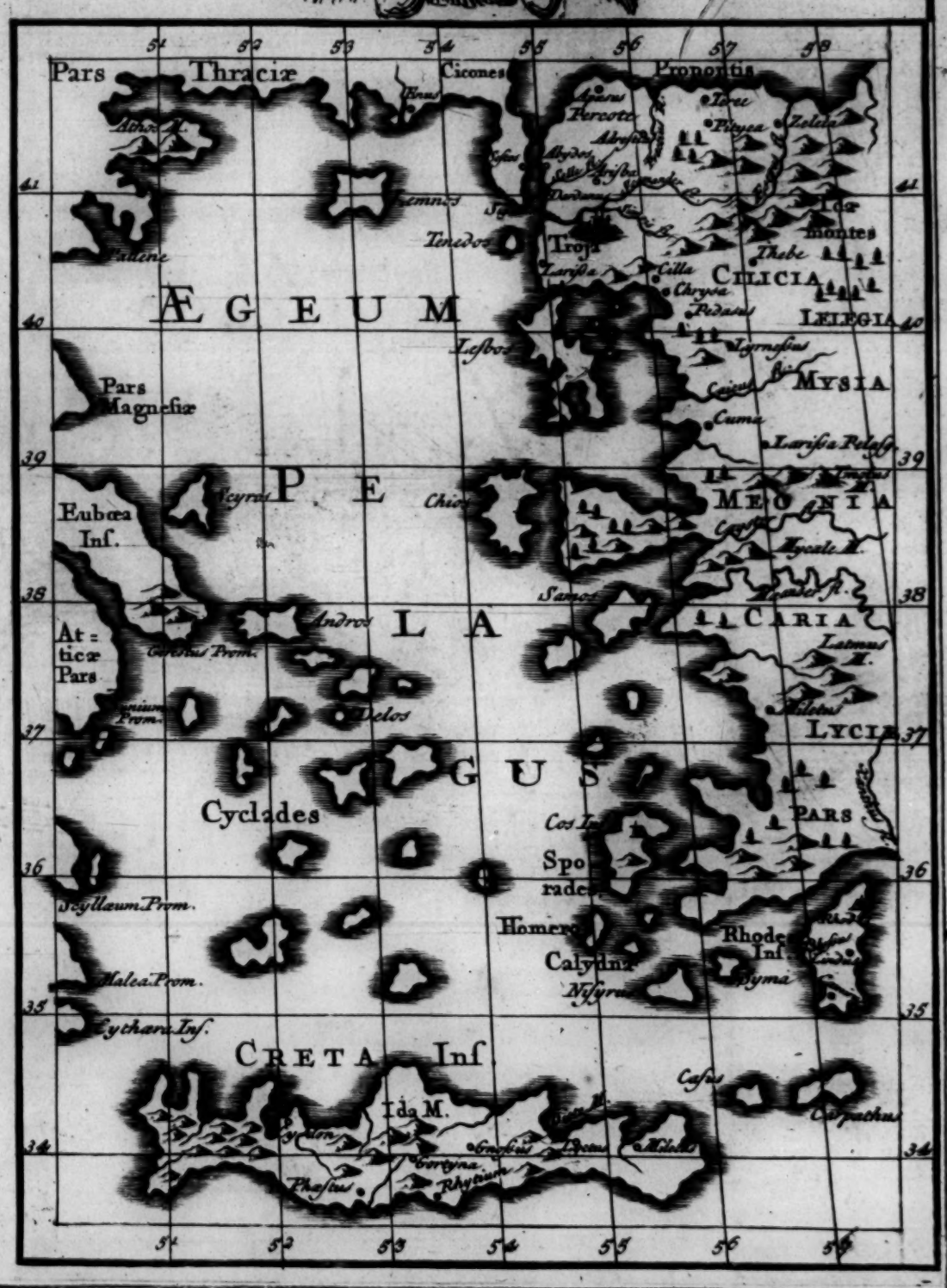


# GRÆCIA HOMERICA.



Engraved by John Senex

# PHRYGIA cum Oris Maritimis





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AN  
ESSAY  
ON THE  
LIFE, WRITINGS *and* LEARNING,  
OF  
HOMER.

**T**HERE is something in the Mind of Man, which goes beyond bare Curiosity, and even carries us on to a Shadow of Friendship with those great Genius's whom we have known to excel in former Ages. Nor will it appear less to any one, who considers how much it partakes of the Nature of Friendship; how it compounds itself of an Admiration rais'd by what we meet with concerning them; a Tendency to be farther acquainted with them, by gathering every Circumstance of their Lives; a kind of Complacency in their Company, when we retire to enjoy what they have left; an Union with them in those Sentiments they approve; and an Endeavour to defend them, when we think they are injuriously attack'd, or even sometimes with too partial an Affection.

There is also in Mankind a Spirit of Envy or Opposition, which makes them uneasy to see others of the same Species

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seated far above them in a sort of Perfection. And this, at least so far as we speak of the Fame of Writers, has not always been known to dye with a Man entirely, but to pursue his Remains with idle Traditions, and weak Conjectures; so that his Name, which is not to be forgotten, shall be preserv'd only to be stain'd and blotted. The Controversy, which was carry'd on between the Author and his Enemies, while he yet was living, shall still be kept on foot; not entirely upon his own account, but on theirs who live after him; some being fond to praise extravagantly, and others as rashly eager to contradict his Admirers. This Proceeding, on both sides, gives us an Image of the first Descriptions of War, such as the *Iliad* affords; where a Heroe disputes the Field with an Army 'til it is his time to dye, and then the Battel, which we expected to fall of course, is renew'd about the Body; his Friends contending that they may embalm and honour it, his Enemies that they may cast it to the Dogs and Vultures.

There are yet others of a low kind of Taste, who, without any Malignity to the Character of a great Author, lessen the Dignity of their Subject by insisting too meanly upon little Particularities. They imagine it the Part of an Historian to omit nothing they meet concerning him whom they write upon; and gather every thing wherein he is nam'd, without any distinction, to the Prejudice or Neglect of the more noble Parts of his Character: Like those trifling Painters, or Sculptors, who bestow infinite Pains and Patience upon the most insignificant Parts of a Figure, 'till they sink the Grandeur of the Whole, by finishing every thing with the neatest Want of Judgment.

Besides these, there is a fourth sort of Men, who pretend to divest themselves of impetuous Emotions on both sides, and to get above that imperfect Idea of their Subject, which little Writers fall into; who propose to themselves a calm Search after Truth, and a rational Adherence to Probability in their historical Collections: Who neither wish to be led into the Fables of Poetry, nor are willing to support the Falsehoods of a malignant Criticism; but, endeavouring to steer in a middle way, have obtain'd a Character of failing least in the Choice of Materials for History, even from the darkest Ages.



Being therefore to write something concerning a Life, which there is little Prospect of our knowing, after it has been the fruitless Enquiry of so many Ages, and which has however been thus differently treated by Historians, I shall endeavour to speak of it, not as a Certainty, but as the Tradition, Opinion, or Collection of Authors, who have been suppos'd to write of *Homer* in these four preceding Methods, to which we shall also add some farther Conjectures of our own. After his Life has been thus rather spoken of than discover'd, I shall consider him historically as an Author, with regard to those Works which he has left behind him: In doing which, we may trace the degrees of Esteem they have obtain'd in different Periods of Time, and regulate our present Opinion of them, by a View of that Age in which they were written.

I. If we take a View of *Homer* in those fabulous Traditions which the Admiration of the ancient Heathens has occasion'd, we find them running to Superstition, and multiply'd and independent on one another, in the different Accounts which are given with respect to *Ægypt* and *Greece*, the two native Countreys of Fable.

I.  
Stories of *Homer*, which are the Effects of extravagant Admiration.

We have one in *Eustathius* most strangely fram'd, which *Alexander Paphius* has reported concerning *Homer's* Birth and Infancy. That "He was born in *Ægypt* of *Dmasagoras* and *Æthra*, and brought up by a Daughter of *Orus*, the Priest of *Isis*, who was herself a Prophetess, and from whose Breasts Drops of Honey would frequently distil into the Mouth of the Infant. In the Night-time the first Sounds he utter'd were the Notes of nine several Birds: In the Morning he was found playing with nine Doves in the Bed: The *Sybil*, who attended him, us'd to be seiz'd with a poetical Fury, and utter Verses, in which she commanded *Dmasagoras* to build a Temple to the Muses: This he perform'd in Obedience to her Inspiration, and related all these things to the Child when he was grown up; who, in Memory of the Doves which play'd with him during his Infancy, has in his Works prefer'd this Bird to the Honour of bringing *Ambrosia* to *Jupiter*."

\* Eustathius in *Od.* 12.



One would think a Story of this Nature, so fit for Age to talk of, and Infancy to hear, were incapable of being handed down to us. But we find the Tradition again taken up to be heighten'd in one part, and carry'd forward in another. <sup>b</sup> *Heliodorus*, who had heard of this Claim which *Ægypt* put in for *Homer*, endeavours to strengthen it by naming *Thebes* for the particular place of his Birth. He allows too, that a Priest was his reputed Father, but that his real Father, according to the Opinion of *Ægypt*, was *Mercury*: He says, "That when the Priest was celebrating the Rites of his Countrey, and therefore slept with his Wife in the Temple, the God had knowledge of her, and begot *Homer*: That he was born with Tufts of Hair on his Thigh, as a Sign of unlawful Generation, from whence he was called *Homer* by the Nations through which he wander'd: That he himself was the occasion why this Story of his divine Extraction is unknown; because he neither told his Name, Race, nor Countrey, being ashamed of his Exile, to which his reputed Father drove him from among the consecrated Youths, on account of that Mark which their Priests esteem'd a Testimony of an incestuous Birth."

These are the extravagant Stories by which Men, who have not been able to express how much they admire him, transcend the Bounds of Probability to say something extraordinary. The Mind, that becomes dazzled with the Sight of his Performances, loses the common Idea of a Man in the fancy'd Splendor of Perfection: It sees nothing less than a God worthy to be his Father, nothing less than a Prophetess deserving to be his Nurse, and, growing unwilling that he should be spoken of in a Language beneath its Imaginations, delivers Fables in the place of History.

But whatever has thus been offer'd to support the Claim of *Ægypt*, they who plead for *Greece* are not to be accus'd for coming short of it. Their Fancie rose with a Refinement above what we are suppos'd to have of their Masters, and frequently the Veil of Fiction is wrought fine enough to be seen through, so that it hardly hides the Meaning it is made to cover, from the first Glance of the Imagination. For a Proof of this, we may

<sup>b</sup> *Heliod. Æthiop. l. 3.*

<sup>c</sup> *Ο μήϋς*, Femur.



mention that Poetical Genealogy which is deliver'd for *Homer's*, in the <sup>d</sup> *Greek Treatise* of the Contention between him and *Hesiod*, and but little vary'd by the Relation of it in *Suidas*.

“ The Poet *Linus* (say they) was born of *Apollo* and *Thoofe*,  
 “ the Daughter of *Neptune*. *Pierus* of *Linus*: *OEagrus* of King  
 “ *Pierus* and the Nymph *Methone*: *Orpheus* of *OEagrus* and the  
 “ Muse *Calliope*. From *Orpheus* came *Othrys*: from him *Har-*  
 “ *monides*: from him *Philoterpus*: from him *Euphemus*: from  
 “ him *Epiphrades*, who begot *Menalops*, the Father of *Dius*:  
 “ *Dius* had *Hesiod* the Poet and *Perses* by *Pucamede*, the Daugh-  
 “ ter of *Apollo*. Then *Perses* had *Maon*, on whose Daughter  
 “ *Crytheis*, the River *Meles* begot *Homer*.”

Here we behold a wonderful Genealogy contriv'd industriously to raise our Idea to the highest, where Gods, Goddeses, Muses, Kings, and Poets link in a descent; nay, where Poets are made to depend, as it were, in Clusters upon the same Stalk beneath one another. If we consider too that *Harmonides* is deriv'd from Harmony, *Philoterpus* from love of Delight, *Euphemus* from beautiful Diction, *Epiphrades* from Intelligence, and *Pucamede* from Prudence; it may not be improbable, but the Inventors meant, by a Fiction of this Nature, to turn such Qualifications into Persons as were agreeable to his Character, for whom the Line was drawn: So that every thing, Divine or Great, will thus come together by the extravagant Indulgence of Fancy, while it turns itself sometimes to Admiration, and sometimes to Allegory.

After this fabulous Tree of his Pedigree, we may regularly view him in one Passage concerning his Birth, which, though it differs in a Circumstance from what has been here deliver'd, yet carries on the same Air, and regards the same Traditions. There is a short Life of *Homer* attributed to *Plutarch*, wherein a third part of *Aristotle* on Poetry, which is now lost, is quoted for an account of his uncommon Birth, in this manner. “ At  
 “ the time when *Neleus*, the Son of *Codrus*, led the Colony  
 “ which was sent into *Ionia*, there was in the Island of *Io* a  
 “ young Girl, compress'd by a *Genius*, who delighted to asso-  
 “ ciate with the *Muses*, and share in their Consorts. She, finding

<sup>d</sup> Ἀγων Ὀμήρου καὶ Ἡσίοδου.



“ herself with Child, and being touch’d with the Shame of  
 “ what had happen’d to her, remov’d from thence to a Place  
 “ call’d *Ægina*. There she was taken in an Excursion made by  
 “ Robbers, and being brought to *Smyrna*, which was then un-  
 “ der the *Lydians*, they gave her to *Maon* the King, who mar-  
 “ ry’d her upon account of her Beauty. But while she walk’d  
 “ on the Bank of the River *Meles*, she brought forth *Homer*  
 “ and expir’d. The Infant was taken by *Maon*, and bred up  
 “ as his Son, till the Death of that Prince.” And from this Point  
 of the Story the Poet is let down into his traditional Poverty.  
 Here we see, tho’ he be taken out of the Lineage of *Meles*  
 where we met him before, he has still as wonderful a Rise in-  
 vented for him; he is still to spring from a *Demigod*, one who  
 was of a Poetical Disposition, from whom he might inherit a  
 Soul turn’d to Poetry, and receive an Assistance of heavenly  
 Inspiration.

In his Life the most general Tradition concerning him is his  
*Blindness*, yet there are some who will not allow even this to  
 have happen’d after the manner in which it falls upon other Men:  
 Chance and Sickness are excluded; nothing less than Gods  
 and Heroes must be visibly concern’d about him. Thus we find  
 among the different Accounts which *Hermias* has collected  
 concerning his Blindness, that when *Homer* resolv’d to write  
 of *Achilles*, he had an exceeding Desire to fill his Mind with  
 a just Idea of so glorious a Heroe: Wherefore, having paid all  
 due Honours at his Tomb, he intreats that he may obtain a  
 sight of him. The Heroe grants his Poet’s Petition, and rises  
 in a glorious Suit of Armour, which cast so unsufferable a Splen-  
 dor, that *Homer* lost his Eyes, while he gaz’d for the Enlarge-  
 ment of his Notions.

If this be any thing more than a meer Fable, one would be  
 apt to imagine it insinuated his contracting a Blindness by too  
 intense an Application while he wrote his *Iliad*. But it is a  
 very pompous way of letting us into the Knowledge of so short  
 a Truth: It looks as if Men imagin’d the Lives of Poets should  
 be Poetically written; that to speak plainly of them, were to  
 speak contemptibly; or that we debase them, when they are

\* *Hermias in Phæd. Plat. Leo Allat. de Patr. Hom. C. 10.*



plac'd in less glorious Company than those exalted Spirits which they themselves have been fond to celebrate. We may however in some measure be reconcil'd to this last idle Fable, for having occasion'd so beautiful an *Episode* in the *Ambra* of *Politian*. That which does not inform us in a History, may please us in its proper Sphere of Poetry.

II. Such Stories as these have been the Effects of a superstitious Fondness, and of our Astonishment at what we consider in a View of Perfection. But neither have all Men the same Taste, nor do they equally submit to the Superiority of others, nor bear that human Nature, which they know to be imperfect, should be prais'd in an Extream without opposition. From some Principles of this kind have arisen a second sort of Stories, which glance at *Homer* with malignant Suppositions, and endeavour to throw a diminishing Air over his Life, as a kind of Answer to those who sought to aggrandize him injudiciously.

II.  
Stories of Homer proceeding from Envy.

Under this Head we may reckon those ungrounded Conjectures with which his Adversaries asperse the very Design and Prosecution of his Travels, when they insinuate, that they were one continued Search after Authors who had written before him, and particularly upon the same Subject, in order to destroy them, or to rob them of their Inventions.

Thus we read in *Diodorus Siculus*, "That there was one *Daphne*, the Daughter of *Tiresias*, who from her Inspirations obtain'd the Title of a *Sybil*. She had a very extraordinary Genius, and being made Priestess at *Delphos*, wrote Oracles with wonderful Elegance, which *Homer* sought for, and adorn'd his Poems with several of her Verses." But she is plac'd so far in the fabulous Age of the World, that nothing can be averr'd of her: And as for the Verses now ascrib'd to the *Sybils*, they are more modern than to be able to confirm the Story; which, as it is universally assented to, discovers that whatever there is in them in common with *Homer*, the Compilers have rather taken from him; perhaps to strengthen the Authority of their Work by the Protection of this Tradition.

f Diod. Sic. l. 4.



The next Insinuation we hear is from *Suidas*, that *Palamedes*, who fought at *Troy*, was famous for Poetry, and wrote concerning that War in the *Dorick* Letter which he invented, probably much against *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, his mortal Enemies. Upon this Account some have fancy'd his Works were suppress'd by *Agamemnon's* Posterity, or that their entire Destruction was contriv'd and effected by *Homer* when he undertook the same Subject. But surely the Works of so considerable a Man, when they had been able to bear up so long a time as that which pass'd between the Siege of *Troy*, and the flourishing of *Homer*, must have been too much dispers'd, for one of so mean a Condition as he is represented, to have destroy'd in every place, tho' he had been never so much assisted by the vigilant Temper of Envy. And we may say too, that what might have been capable of raising this Principle in him, must be capable of being in some measure esteem'd, and of having at least one Line of it preserv'd to us.

After him, in the order of time, we meet with a whole Set of Names, to whom the Maligners of *Homer* would have him oblig'd, without being able to prove their Assertion. *Suidas* mentions *Corinnus Iliensis*, the Secretary of *Palamedes*, who writ a Poem upon the same Subject, but no one is produc'd as having seen it. <sup>a</sup> *Tzetzes* mentions (and from *Johannes Melala* only) *Sisyphus* the *Coan*, Secretary of *Teucer*, but it is not so much as known if he writ Verse or Prose. Besides these, are *Dictys* the *Cretan*, Secretary to *Idomeneus*, and *Dares* the *Phrygian* an Attendant of *Hector*, who have spurious Treatises passing under their Names. From each of these is *Homer* said to have borrow'd his whole Argument; so inconsistent are these Stories with one another.

The next Names we find, are *Demodocus*, whom *Homer* might have met at *Corcyra*, and *Phemius*, whom he might have met at *Ithaca*: the one (as <sup>b</sup> *Plutarch* says) having according to Tradition written the War at *Troy*, the other the *Return* of the *Grecian* Captains. But these are only two Names of Friends, which he is pleas'd to honour with Eternity in his Poem, or two different Pictures of himself, as Author of the *Iliad* and

<sup>a</sup> *Tzetzes* *Ghil.* 5. *Hist.* 29.

<sup>b</sup> *Plutarch* on *Musick*.



*Odysses*, or entirely the Children of his Imagination, without any particular Allusion. So that his Usage here, puts me in mind of his own *Vulcan* in the *Iliad*: The God had cast two Statues which he endued with the Power of Motion; and it is said presently after, that he is scarce able to go unless they support him.

It is reported by some, says <sup>k</sup>*Ptolomæus Ephestio*, "That there was before *Homer*, a Woman of *Memphis*, call'd *Phantasia*, who writ of the Wars of *Troy*, and the Wandrings of *Ulysses*. Now *Homer* arriving at *Memphis* where she had laid up her Works, and getting acquainted with *Phanitas*, whose Business it was to copy the sacred Writings, he obtain'd a sight of these, and follow'd entirely the Scheme she had drawn." But this is a wild Story, which speaks of an *Ægyptian* Woman with a *Greek* Name, and who never was heard of but upon this account. It appears indeed from his Knowledge of the *Ægyptian* Learning, that he was initiated into their Mysteries, and for ought we know by one *Phanitas*. But if we consider what the Name of the Woman signifies, it seems only as if from being us'd in a figurative Expression, it had been mistaken afterwards for a proper Name. And then the Meaning will be, that having gather'd as much Information concerning the *Grecian* and *Trojan* Story, as he could be furnish'd with from the Accounts of *Ægypt*, which were generally mix'd with Fancy and Fable, he wrought out his Plans of the *Iliad* and the *Odysses*.

We pass all these Stories, together with the *little Iliad* of *Sia-grus*, mention'd by <sup>l</sup>*Ælian*. But one cannot leave this Subject without reflecting on the depreciating Humour, and odd Industry of Man, which shews itself in raising such a Number of Insinuations that clash with each other, and in spiriting up such a Crowd of unwarranted Names to support them. Nor can we but admire at the contradictory Nature of this Proceeding, that Names of Works, which either never were in Being, or never worthy to live, should be produc'd, only to persuade us that the most lasting and beautiful Poem of the Ancients was taken out of them. A Beggar might be content to patch up a Garment

<sup>i</sup> *Iliad* 18.

<sup>k</sup> *Ptol. Eph. Excerpt. apud Photium. l. 5.*

<sup>l</sup> *Ælian, l. 14. c. 21.*



with such Shreds as the World throws away, but it is never to be imagin'd an Emperor would make his Robes of them.

After *Homer* had spent a considerable time in Travel, we find him towards his Age introduc'd to such an Action as tends to his Disparagement. It is not enough to accuse him for spoiling the dead, they raise a living Author by whom he must be baffled in that Qualification on which his Fame is founded.

There is in <sup>m</sup>*Hesiod* an Account of an ancient Poetical Convention at the Funeral of *Amphidamas*, in which, he says, he obtain'd the Prize, but does not mention from whom he carry'd it. There is also among the <sup>n</sup>*Hymns* ascribed to *Homer*, a Prayer to *Venus*, for Success in a Poetical Dispute, but it neither mentions where, nor against whom. But though they have neglected to name their Antagonists, others have since taken care to fill up the Stories by putting them together. The making two such considerable Names in Poetry engage, carries an amusing Pomp in it, like making two Heroes of the first Rank enter the Lists of Combat. And if *Homer* and *Hesiod* had their Parties among the *Grammarians*, here was an excellent Opportunity for *Hesiod's* Favourers to make a Sacrifice of *Homer*. Hence might a bare Conjecture spread into a Tradition, then the Tradition give occasion to an *Epigram*, which is yet extant, and again the *Epigram* (for want of knowing the Time it was writ in) be alledg'd as a *Proof* of that Conjecture from whence it sprung. After this, a <sup>o</sup>whole Treatise was written upon it, which appears not very ancient, because it mentions *Adrian*: The Story agrees in the main with the short Account we find in <sup>p</sup>*Plutarch*, "That <sup>q</sup>*Ganietor*, the Son of *Amphidamas*, King of  
" *Eubœa*, being us'd to celebrate his Father's funeral Games,  
" invited from all Parts Men famous for Strength and Wisdom.  
" Among these *Homer* and *Hesiod* arriv'd at *Chalcis*. The King  
" *Panidas* presided over the Contest, which being finish'd, he  
" decreed the *Tripes* to *Hesiod*, with this Elogy in the Sentence,  
" That the Poet of Peace and Husbandry better deserv'd to be  
" crown'd, than he who stirs us up to War and Contention.

<sup>m</sup> *Hesiod Op. & dierum*, l. 2. v. 272, &c.

<sup>n</sup> *Hom. Hymn. 2. ad Venerem.*

<sup>o</sup> *Ἀγών Ομήρου καὶ Ἡσίοδος.*

<sup>p</sup> *Plut. Banquet of the seven wise Men.*

<sup>q</sup> *Ἀγών Ομήρου.*



“ Whereupon *Hesiod* dedicated the Prize to the Muses, with this  
“ Inscription,

“ *Ἡσίοδος Μῆσσαι Ἑλικωνίου ἱερῷ ἀνέθηκεν,*  
“ *Ἵμνῳ κηρύσσας ἐν Χαλκιδι θεῶν Ὀμήρου.”*

Which are two Lines taken from that Place in *Hesiod* where he mentions no Antagonist, and alter'd, that the two Names might be brought in, as is evident by comparing them with these,

*Ἵμνῳ νικησάντα φέρειν τρίποδ' ἀτρώεντα,*  
*Τὸν μὲν Ἐγὼ Μῆσσης Ἑλικωνιάδεσσι ἀνέθηκα.*

To answer this Story, we take notice that *Hesiod* is generally plac'd after *Homer*. *Grævius*, his own Commentator, sets him a hundred Years lower; and whether he were so or no, yet *Plutarch* has slightly pass'd the whole Account as a Fable. Nay, we may draw an Argument against it from *Hesiod* himself: He had a Love of Fame which caus'd him to engage at the Funeral Games, and which went so far as to make him record his Conquest in his own Works; Had he defeated *Homer*, the same Principle would have made him mention a Name that could have secur'd his own to Immortality. A Poet who records his Glory, would not omit the noblest Circumstance, and *Homer*, like a Captive Prince, had certainly grac'd the Triumph of his Adversary.

Towards the latter end of his Life, there is another Story invented, which makes him conclude it in a manner altogether beneath the Greatness of a Genius. We find in the Life said to be written by *Plutarch*, a Tradition, “ That he was  
“ warn'd by an Oracle to beware of the young Mens Riddle.  
“ This remain'd long obscure to him, 'til he arriv'd at the  
“ Island *Io*. There as he sat to behold the Fishermen, they  
“ propos'd to him a Riddle in Verse, which he being unable  
“ to answer, dy'd for Grief.” This Story refutes itself by carrying Superstition at one end, and Folly at the other. It seems conceiv'd with an Air of Derision to lay a great Man in the

\* *Plut. Symp. l. 5. §. 2.*



Dust after a foolish Manner. The same sort of Hand might have fram'd that Tale of *Aristotle's* drowning himself because he could not account for the *Euripus*: The Design is the same, the Turn the same; and all the difference, that the great Men are each to suffer in his Character, the one by a *Poetical Riddle*, the other by a *Philosophical Problem*. But these are Actions which can only proceed from the Meanness of Pride, or Extravagance of Madness: A Soul enlarg'd with Knowledge (so vastly as was that of *Homer*) better knows the proper Stress which is to be laid upon every Incident, and the Proportion of Concern, or Carelessness, with which it ought to be affected. But it is the Fate of narrow Capacities to measure Mankind by a false Standard, and imagine the Great, like themselves, capable of being disconcerted by little Occasions; to frame their malignant Fables according to this Imagination, and to stand detected by it as by an evident Mark of Ignorance.

III. The third Manner in which the Life of *Homer* has been written, is but a heaping of all the Traditions and Hints which the Writers could meet with, great or little, in order to tell a Story of him to the World. Perhaps the want of choice Materials might put them upon the Necessity; or perhaps an injudicious Desire of saying all they could, occasion'd the fault. However it be, a Life compos'd of trivial Circumstances, which (tho' it give a true account of several Passages) has but little of that Appearance in which a Man was most famous, and hardly any thing correspondent to the Idea we entertain of him: Such a Life, I say, will never answer rightly the demand the World has upon an Historian. Yet the most formal Account we have of *Homer* is of this Nature, I mean that which is said to be collected by *Herodotus*. It is, in short, an unsupported minute Treatise, compos'd of Events which lie within the Compass of Probability, and belong to the lowest Sphere of Life. It seems through all its Frame to be entirely conducted by the Spirit of a *Grammarian*, ever abounding with *extempore Verses*, as if it were to prove a thing so unquestionable as our Author's Title to Rapture; and at the same time the Occasions are so poorly invented, that they misbecome the Warmth of a Poetical Imagination. There is nothing in it above the Life which a *Grammarian* might lead himself;



himself; nay, it is but such an one as they commonly do lead, the highest Stage of which is to be *Master of a School*. But because this is a Treatise to which Writers have had recourse for want of a better, I shall give the following Abstract.

*Homer* was born at *Smyrna*, about one hundred sixty eight Years after the Siege of *Troy*, and six hundred twenty two Years before the Expedition of *Xerxes*. His Mother's Name was *Crytheis*, who proving unlawfully with Child, was sent away from *Cumæ* by her Uncle, with *Ismenias*, one of those who led the Colony to *Smyrna* then building. A while after, as she was celebrating a Festival with other Women on the Banks of the River *Meles*, she was deliver'd of *Homer*, whom she therefore nam'd *Melesigenes*. Upon this she left *Ismenias*, and supported herself by Working, 'til *Phemius* (who taught a School in *Smyrna*) fell in love with her, and marry'd her. But both dying in process of Time, the School fell to *Homer*, who manag'd it with such Wisdom, that he was universally admir'd both by Natives and Strangers. Amongst these latter was *Mentes*, a Master of a Ship from *Leucadia*, by whose Persuasions and Promises he gave up his School, and went to travel: With him he visited *Spain* and *Italy*, but was left behind at *Ithaca* upon account of a Defluxion in his Eyes. During his Stay he was entertain'd by one *Mentor*, a Man of Fortune, Justice, and Hospitality, and learn'd the principal Incidents of *Ulysses's* Life. But at the Return of *Mentes*, he went from thence to *Colophon*, where, his Defluxion renewing, he fell entirely blind. Upon this he could think of no better Expedient than to go back to *Smyrna*, where perhaps he might be supported by those who knew him, and have the leisure to addict himself to Poetry. But there he found his Poverty encrease, and his hopes of Encouragement fail; so that he remov'd for *Cumæ*, and by the way was entertain'd for some time at the House of one *Tychius* a Leather-Dresser. At *Cumæ* his Poems were wonderfully admir'd, but when he propos'd to eternize their Town if they would allow him a Salary, he was answer'd, That there would be no end of maintaining all the *Omphalos*, or *blind Men*, and hence he got the Name of *Homer*. From *Cumæ* he went to *Phocæa*, where one *Thestorides* (a School-master also) offer'd to maintain him if he would suffer him to transcribe his Verses: This *Homer*

E

complying



complying with for meer Necessity, the other had no sooner gotten them, but he remov'd to *Chios*; There the Poems gain'd him Wealth and Honour, while the Author himself hardly earn'd his Bread by repeating them. At last, some who came from *Chios* having told the People that the same Verses were publish'd there by a School-master, *Homer* resolv'd to find him out. Having therefore landed near that Place, he was receiv'd by one *Glaucus* a Shepherd (at whose Door he had like to have been worried by Dogs) and carry'd by him to his Master at *Bollissus*, who admiring his Knowledge, entrusted him with the Education of his Children. Here his Praise began to spread, and *Thestorides*, who heard of his Neighbourhood, fled before him. He remov'd however some time afterwards to *Chios*, where he set up a School of Poetry, gain'd a competent Fortune, marry'd a Wife, and had two Daughters, the one of which dy'd young, the other was marry'd to his Patron at *Bollissus*. Here he inserted in his Poems the Names of those to whom he had been most oblig'd, as, *Mentes*, *Phemius*, *Mentor*, and *Tychius*; and resolving for *Athens*, he made honourable mention of that City, to prepare the *Athenians* for a kind Reception. But as he went, the Ship put in at *Samos*, where he continu'd the whole Winter, singing at the Houses of great Men, with a Train of Boys after him. In Spring he went on board again in order to prosecute his Journey to *Athens*, but landing by the way at *Ios*, he fell sick, dy'd, and was bury'd on the Sea-Shore.

This is the Life of *Homer* ascrib'd to *Herodotus*, tho' it is wonderful it should be so, since it evidently contradicts his own *History*, by placing *Homer* six hundred twenty two Years before the Expedition of *Xerxes*; whereas *Herodotus* himself, who was alive at the time of that Expedition, says *Homer* was only four hundred Years before him. However, if we can imagin that there may be any thing of Truth in the main Parts of this Treatise, we may gather these general Observations from it: That he shew'd a great Thirst of Knowledge, by undertaking such long and numerous Travels; That he manifested an unexampled Vigor of Mind, by being able to write with more Fire under the Disadvantages of Blindness, and the utmost Poverty,

Herod. 1. 2.

than



than any Poet after him in better Circumstances ; And that he had an unlimited Sense of Fame (the Attendant of noble Spirits) which prompted him to engage in new Travels, both under these Disadvantages, and the additional Burthen of old Age.

But it will not perhaps be either improper or difficult to make some Conjectures, which seem to lay open the Foundation from whence the Traditions which frame the low Lives of *Homer* have arisen. In the first place we may consider, That there are no Historians of his Time (or none handed down to us) who have mention'd him ; and that he has never spoken plainly of himself, in those Works which have been ascrib'd to him without Controversy. However, an eager Desire to know something concerning him has occasion'd Mankind to labour the Point under these Disadvantages, and turn on all Hands to see if there were any thing left which might have the least Appearance of Information. Upon the Search, they find no Remains but his *Name* and *Works*, and resolve to torture these upon the Rack of Invention, in order to give some account of the Person they belong to.

The first Thing therefore they settle is, That what pass'd for his *Name*, must be his *Name* no longer, but an *additional Title* us'd instead of it. The reason why it was given, must be some Accident of his Life. Having thus found an end of the Clue, they proceed to consider every thing that the word may imply by its Derivation. One finds that 'Ο μηρὸς signifies a *Thigh* ; whence arises the Tradition in *Heliodorus*, that he was banish'd *Aegypt* for the Mark on that Part, which shew'd a spurious Birth ; and this they imagine ground enough to give him the Life of a Wanderer. A second finds that 'Ομηρος signifies an *Hostage*, and then he must be deliver'd as such in a War (according to *Proclus*) between *Smyrna* and *Chios*. A third can derive the Name 'Ο μὴ ὄψων, *non videns*, from whence he must be a *blind Man* (as in the Piece ascrib'd to *Herodotus*.) A fourth brings him from 'Ομῶς ἐπεῖν, *speaking in Council* ; and then (as it is in *Suidas*) he must, by a divine Inspiration, declare to the *Smyrneans*, that they should war against *Colophon*. A fifth finds the word may be brought to signify *following others*,

\* Hel. l. 3.

\* Proc. vit. Hom.

\* Herod. vit. Hom.



or joining himself to them, and then he must be call'd *Homer* for saying (as it is quoted from *Aristotle* in the Life ascrib'd to *Plutarch*) that he would *Ὀμνεῖν*, or follow the *Lydians* from *Smyrna*. Thus has the Name been turn'd and winded enough at least to give a Suspicion, that he who got a new *Etymology*, got a handle either for a new *Life* of him, or something which he added to the old one.

However, the *Name* itself not affording enough to furnish out a whole *Life*, his *Works* must be brought in for Assistance, and it is taken for granted, That where he has not spoken of himself, he lies veil'd beneath the Persons or Actions of those whom he describes. Because he calls a Poet by the Name of *Phemius* in his *Odysses*, they conclude this *Phemius* was his Master. Because he speaks of *Demodocus* as another Poet who was blind, and frequented Palaces, he must be sent about <sup>a</sup> blind, to sing at the Doors of rich Men. If *Ulysses* be set upon by Dogs at his Shepherd's Cottage, because this is a low Adventure, it is thought to be his own at *Bollissus*. <sup>b</sup> And if he calls the Leather-dresser, who made *Ajax's* Shield, by the Name of *Tychius*, he has been supported by such an one in his Wants: Nay, some have been so violently carry'd into this way of conjecturing, that the bare *Simile* of a Woman who works hard for her Livelihood, is said to have been borrow'd from his Mother's Condition, and brought as a Proof of it. Thus he is still imagin'd to intend himself; and the Fictions of Poetry, converted into real Facts, are deliver'd for his *Life*, who has assign'd them to others. All those Stories in his Works which suit with a mean Condition are suppos'd to have happen'd to him, tho' the same way of Inference might as well prove him to have acted in a higher Sphere, from the many Passages that shew his Skill in Government, and his Knowledge of the great Parts of *Life*.

There are some other scatter'd Stories of *Homer* which fall not under these Heads, but are however of as trifling a Nature; as much unfit for the Materials of History, still more ungrounded, if possible, and arising merely from Chance, or the Humours of Men: Such is the Report we meet with from *Hera-*

<sup>y</sup> *Plut. vit. Hom.*

<sup>z</sup> *Herod. vit. Hom.*

<sup>a</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>c</sup> *Vid. M. Dacier's Life of Homer.*

<sup>d</sup> *Diogenes Laertius ex Heracl. in vita Socratis.*



clides, That "*Homer* was fin'd at *Athens* for a Madman;" which seems invented by the Disciples of *Socrates* to cast an Odium upon the *Athenians* for their consenting to the Death of their Master, and carries in it something like a declaiming Revenge of the Schools, as if the World should imagine the one could be esteem'd *mad*, where the *other* was put to Death for being *wicked*. Such another Report is that in *Ælian*, That "*Homer* portion'd his Daughter with some of his Works for want of Money;" which looks but like a Whim deliver'd in the Gaiety of Fancy; a Jest upon a poor Wit, which at first might have had an Epigrammatist for its Father, and been afterwards gravely understood by some painful Collector. In short, Mankind have labour'd heartily about him to no purpose; they have caught up every thing greedily, with that busy minute Curiosity and unsatisfactory Inquisitiveness which *Seneca* calls the *Disease of the Greeks*; they have puzzled the Cause by their Attempts to find it out; and, like Travellers entirely destitute of a Road, yet resolv'd to make it over unpassable Deserts, they superinduce Error, instead of removing Ignorance.

IV. Whenever Men have set themselves to write a Life of *Homer*, clear from Superstition, Envy, and Trifling, they have grown asham'd of all these Traditions. This, however, has not occasion'd every one to desist from the Undertaking; but still the Difficulty which could not make them desist, has necessitated them, either to deliver the old Story with Excuses; or else, instead of a Life, to compose a Treatise partly of *Criticism*, and partly of *Character*; rather descriptive, than supported by Action, and the Air of History.

IV.  
Probable  
Conjectures  
concerning  
Homer.

They begin with letting us know, that the *Time* in which he liv'd has never been fix'd beyond dispute, and that the Opinions of Authors are various concerning it: But the Controversy, in its several Conjectures, includes a Space of Years between the earliest and latest, from twenty four to about five hundred after the Siege of *Troy*. Whenever the Time was, it seems not to have been near that Siege, from his own *Invocation* of the *Muses* to recount the Catalogue of the Ships: "For

His Time.

<sup>c</sup> *Ælian*. l. 9. cap. 15.

<sup>f</sup> *Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέμεθα ὅτιον ἀκρόμυον ἔσθ' ἔτι Ἰδμυον.* *Iliad* 2.



"we, says he, have only heard a Rumour, and know nothing particularly." It is remark'd by <sup>s</sup>*Velleius Paterculus*, That it must have been considerably later, from his own Confession, that Mankind was but half as strong in his Age, as in that he writ of; which, as it is founded upon a Notion of a gradual Degeneracy in our Nature, discovers the Interval to have been long between *Homer* and his Subject. But not to trouble our selves with entring into all the dry Dispute, we may here take notice, that the World is inclin'd to stand by the <sup>b</sup>*Arundelian Marble*, as the most certain Computation of those early Times; and this, by placing him at the time when *Diogenetus* rul'd in *Athens*, makes him flourish a little before the *Olympiads* were establish'd; about three hundred Years after the taking of *Troy*, and near a thousand before the *Christian Æra*. For a farther Confirmation of this, we have some great Names of Antiquity, who give him a Cotemporary agreeing with the Computation. <sup>i</sup>*Cicero* says, There was a Tradition that *Homer* liv'd about the time of *Lycurgus*. <sup>k</sup>*Strabo* tells us, It was reported that *Lycurgus* went to *Chios* for an Interview with him. And even <sup>l</sup>*Plutarch*, when he says, *Lycurgus* receiv'd *Homer's* Works from the Grandson of that *Creophilus* with whom he had liv'd, does not put him so far backward, but that possibly they might have been alive together.

His Country.

The next Dispute regards his *Country*, concerning which, <sup>m</sup>*Adrian* enquir'd of the Gods, as a Question not to be settled by Men; and *Appion* (according to <sup>n</sup>*Pliny*) rais'd a Spirit for his Information. That which has encreas'd the difficulty, is the Number of contesting Places, of which *Suidas* has reckon'd up nineteen in one Breath. But his ancient Commentator, <sup>o</sup>*Didymus*, found the Subject so fertile, as to employ a great Part of his four thousand Volumes upon it. There is a Prophecy of the *Sybi*s that he should be born at *Salamis* in *Cyprus*; and then to play an Argument of the same Nature against it, there is the *Oracle* given to

<sup>s</sup> Hic longe à temporibus belli quod composuit, Troici, quàm quidam rentur, absuit. Nam ferme ante annos 950 floruit, intra mille natus est: (quo nomine non est mirandum quod sæpe illud usurpat, οἱ οὖν βρότοι εἰσι. Hòc enim ut hominum ita sæculorum notatur differentia. *Vell. Patere.* lib. 1.

<sup>b</sup> Vide Dacier, Du Pin, &c. concerning the Arundelian Marble.

<sup>i</sup> Cicero *Qu. Tuscul.* l. 5.

<sup>k</sup> Strabo, l. 10.

<sup>m</sup> Ἄγων Ὀμήρου καὶ Ἡσιόδου, of *Adrian's Oracle*.

<sup>o</sup> Seneca *Ep.* 88. concerning *Didymus*.

<sup>l</sup> Plut. *vitæ* *Lycurgi*.

<sup>n</sup> Plin. l. 30. cap. 2.

*Adrian*



*Adrian* afterwards, that says he was born in *Ithaca*. There are *Customs* of *Æolia* and *Ægypt* cited from his Works, to make out by turns, and with the same Probability, that he belong'd to each of them. There was a School shew'd for his at *Colophon*, and a *Tomb* at *Io*, both of equal Strength to prove he had his Birth in either. As for the *Athenians*, they challeng'd him as born where they had a *Colony*; or else in behalf of *Greece* in general, and as the *Metropolis* of its Learning, they made his Name free of their City, (*qu. Liciniâ & Mutiâ lege*, says *Politian*) after the manner of that Law by which all *Italy* became free of *Rome*. All these have their Authors to record their Titles, but still the Weight of the Question seems to lie between *Smyrna* and *Chios*, which we must therefore take a little more notice of. That *Homer* then was born at *Smyrna* is endeavour'd to be prov'd by an *Epigram*, recorded to have been under the Statue of *Pisistratus* at *Athens*; by the Reports mention'd in *Cicero*, *Strabo*, and *A. Gellius*; and by the Greek Lives, which are prefix'd to him with the Names of *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and *Proclus*; as also the two that are anonymous. For this the *Smyrneans* built him a Temple, cast Medals of him, and grew so possess'd of his having been theirs, that it is said they burn'd *Zoilus* for affronting them in the Person of *Homer*. On the other hand, the *Chians* plead the ancient Authorities of *Simonides* and *Theocritus* for his being born among them. They mention a Race they had, call'd the *Homeridae*, whom they reckon'd his Posterity; they cast Medals of him; they shew to this Day an *Homerium*, or Temple of *Homer*, near *Bollissus*; and close their Arguments with a Quotation from the *Hymn* to *Apollo* (which is acknowledg'd for *Homer's* by *Thucydides*) where he calls himself, "The blind Man that inhabits *Chios*." The Reader has here the Sum of the large Treatise of *Leo Allatius*, written par-

<sup>p</sup> *Politian. Pref. in Homerum.*

<sup>q</sup> *Epigram on Pisistratus in the anonymous Life before Homer.*

<sup>r</sup> *Vitruvius Proem. l. 7.*

<sup>s</sup> *Simonides Frag. de brevitat. Vita, quoting a Verse of Homer,*

*Ἐν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίῳ ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ.*

<sup>t</sup> *Theocritus in Dioscuris,*

*Χίῳ αἰδὼς,*

*Ἐμνήσας Περσέμοιο πόλιν κ' νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,*

*Ἰλιάδας τε μάχας.*

<sup>u</sup> *Thucyd. lib. 3.*



ticularly on this Subject<sup>w</sup>, in which, after having separately weigh'd the Pretensions of all, he concludes for *Chios*. For my part, I determine nothing in a Point of so much Uncertainty; neither which of these was honour'd with his Birth, nor whether any of them was, nor, again, whether each may not have produc'd his own *Homer*; since <sup>x</sup>*Xenophon* says, there were many of the Name. But one cannot avoid being surpriz'd at the prodigious Veneration of his Character, which could engage Mankind with such Eagerness in a Point so little essential; that Kings should send to Oracles for the Enquiry of his Birth-place; that Cities should be in Strife about it, and whole Lives of learned Men employ'd upon it; that some should write Treatises concerning it; that others should call up Spirits unavailingly; that thus, in short, Heaven, Earth and Hell should be sought to, for the Decision of a Question which terminates in Curiosity only.

*His Parents.*

If we endeavour to find the *Parents* of *Homer*, we immediately perceive the Search is fruitless. <sup>y</sup>*Ephorus* has made *Mæon* to be his Father, by a Niece whom he deflower'd; and this has so far obtain'd, as to give him the derivative Name of *Mæonides*. His Mother (if we allow the Story of *Mæon*) is call'd *Crytheis*; But we are lost again in Uncertainty if we search farther; for *Suidas* has mention'd *Eumetis* or *Polycaste*; and <sup>z</sup>*Pausanias*, *Chymene* or *Themisto*; which happens, because the contending Countrys find out Mothers of their own for him. Tradition has in this case afforded us no more Light, than what may serve to shew its Shadows in a Confusion; they strike the Sight with so equal a Probability, that we are in doubt which to chuse, and must pass the Question undecided.

*His Name.*

If we enquire concerning his own *Name*, even that is doubted of. He has been call'd *Melesigenes* from the River where he was born. *Homer* has been reckon'd an ascititious Name, from some Accident in his Life: The *Certamen Homericum* calls him once *Auletes*, perhaps from his musical Genius; and <sup>a</sup>*Lucian*, *Tigranes*; it may be from a Confusion with that *Tigranes* or <sup>b</sup>*Tigretes*, who was Brother of Queen *Artemisia*, and whose Name has been so far mingled with his, as to make him be

<sup>w</sup> Leo Allatius de Patria Homeri.

<sup>y</sup> Plut. vitâ Hom. ex Ephoro.

<sup>a</sup> Lucian's true History, l. 2.

<sup>x</sup> Xenophon de Æquivocis.

<sup>z</sup> Pausanias, l. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Suidas de Tigrete.

esteem'd



esteem'd Author of some of the lesser Works which are ascrib'd to *Homer*. It may not be amiss to close these Criticisms with that agreeable Derision wherewith *Lucian* treats the over-busy Humour of Grammarians in their Search after minute and impossible Enquiries, when he feigns, that he had talk'd over the Point with *Homer* in the *Island of the Blessed*. "I ask'd him, says he, of what Country he was? a Question hard to be resolv'd with Us: to which he answer'd, He could not certainly tell, because some had inform'd him, that he was of *Chios*, some of *Smyrna*, and others of *Colophon*; but he took himself for a *Babylonian*; called *Tigranes*, while he liv'd among his Country-men, and *Homer*, while he was an Hostage among the *Græcians*."

At his Birth he appears not to have been blind, whatever he <sup>His Blind-</sup> might be afterwards. The \**Chian* Medal of him (which is of <sup>ness</sup> great Antiquity, according to *Leo Allatius*) seats him with a Volume open, and reading intently: But there is no need of Proofs from Antiquity for that which every Line of his Works will demonstrate. With what an Exactness, agreeable to the natural Appearance of Things, do his Cities stand, his Mountains rise, his Rivers wind, and his Regions lie extended? How beautifully are the Surfaces of all things drawn in their Figures, and adorn'd with their Paintings? What Address in Action, what visible Characters of the Passions inspirit his Heroes? It is not to be imagin'd, that a Man could have been always blind, who thus inimitably copies Nature, who gives every where the proper Proportion, Figure, Colour, and Life: "*Quem si quis cecum genitum putat* (says *Paterculus*) *omnibus sensibus orbis est*:" He must certainly have beheld the Creation, consider'd it with a long Attention, and enrich'd his Fancy by the most sensible Knowledge of those Ideas which he makes the Reader see while he but describes them.

As he grew forward in Years, he was train'd up to Learning <sup>His Educa-</sup> (if we credit *Diodorus*) under one "*Pronapides*, a Man of ex- <sup>tion and</sup> cellent natural Endowments, who taught the *Pelasgick* Letter <sup>Master.</sup> "invented by *Linus*." From him might he learn to preserve

\* The Medal is exhibited at the beginning of this Essay.

c *Paterculus*, l. 1.

d *Diod. Sic.* l. 3.



his Poetry by committing it to Writing ; which we mention, because it is generally believ'd \* no Poems before his were so preserv'd ; and he himself in the third Line of his *Batrochomachia* (if that Piece be allow'd to be his) expressly speaks of writing his Works in his *Tablets*.

His Travels.

When he was of riper Years, for his farther Accomplishment, and the Gratification of his Thirst of Knowledge, he spent a considerable part of his time in travelling. Upon which account, <sup>e</sup> *Proclus* has taken notice that he must have abounded in Riches: "For long Travels, says he, occasion high Expenses, and especially at those times when Men could neither fail without imminent Danger and Inconveniences, nor had a regulated manner of Commerce with one another." This way of reasoning appears very probable ; and if it does not prove him to have been rich, it shews him, at least, to have had Patrons of a generous Spirit, who, observing the Vastness of his Capacity, believ'd themselves beneficent to Mankind, while they supported one who seem'd born for something extraordinary.

*Ægypt* being at that time the Seat of Learning, the greatest Wits and Genius's of *Greece* us'd to travel thither. Among these <sup>h</sup> *Diodorus* reckons *Homer*, and to strengthen his Opinion, alledges that Multitude of their Notions which he has receiv'd into his Poetry, and of their Customs, to which he alludes in his Fictions: Such as his *Gods*, which are nam'd from the first *Ægyptian Kings*; the Number of the *Muses* taken from the nine *Minstrels* which attended *Osyris*; the *Feast* wherein they us'd to send their Statues of the Deities into *Æthiopia*, and to return after twelve Days; and the carrying their dead Bodies over the Lake to a pleasant Place call'd *Acherusia* near *Memphis*, from whence arose the Stories of *Charon*, *Stryx*, and *Elysium*. These are Notions which so abound in him, as to make <sup>i</sup> *Herodotus* say, He had introduc'd from thence the Religion of

\* Joseph. cont. Apion, l. 1.

<sup>f</sup> ——— αοιδης

<sup>g</sup> Ην νέον ἐν δέλοις ἐμοῖς ἀπὸ γούνασι θῆκα. Batroch.

<sup>h</sup> Procl. vita Hom.

<sup>i</sup> Diod Sic. l. 1.

<sup>i</sup> Ἡσίοδον γὰρ καὶ Ὀμήρου ἡλικίαν τετρακοσίοισι ἔτεσι δοκέω μὲν πρεσβυτέρως γενέσθαι, καὶ πλείοσι· ἔτι δ' ἔστι οἱ ποιήσαντες θεογονίην Ἑλλήσι, καὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι τὰς ἐπωνυμίας δόντες, καὶ τιμὰς τε καὶ τέχνας διελόντες, καὶ εἶδεα αὐτῶν σημεινάντες. Herodot. l. 2.



*Greece.* And if others have believ'd he was an *Egyptian*, from his Knowledge of their Rites and Traditions which were reveal'd but to few; and of the Arts and Customs which were practis'd among them in general; it may prove at least thus much, that he was there in his Travels.

As *Greece* was in all Probability his native Country, and had then began to make an Effort for Learning, we cannot doubt but he travel'd there also, with a particular Observation. He uses the different *Dialects* which were spoken in its different Parts, as one who had been conversant with them all. But the Argument which appears most irrefragable, is to be taken from his *Catalogue* of the *Ships*: He has there given us an exact *Geography* of *Greece*; where its Cities, Mountains, and Plains, are particularly mention'd; where the Courses of its Rivers are trac'd out; where the Countrys are laid in order, their Bounds assign'd, and the uses of their Soils specify'd; which the Ancients, who compar'd it with the Original, have allow'd to be so true in all Points, that it could never have been owing to a loose and casual Information. Even *Strabo's* Account of *Greece* is but a kind of Commentary upon *Homer's*.

We may carry this Argument farther, to suppose his having been round *Asia Minor*, from his exact Division of the *Regnum Priami vetus* (as *Horace* calls it) into its separate *Dynasties*, and the Account he gives of the bordering Nations in Alliance with it. Perhaps too, in the Wandrings of *Ulysses* about *Sicily*, whose Ports and neighbouring Islands are mention'd, he might contrive to send his Heroe where he had made his own Voyage before. Nor will the Fables he has intermingled be any Objection to his having travel'd in those Parts, since they are not related as the History of the present time, but the Tradition of the former. His mention of *Thrace*, his Description of the Beasts of *Lybia*, and of the Climate in the *Fortunate Islands*, may seem also to give us a view of him in the Extrems of the Earth, where it was not barbarous or uninhabited. It is hard to set limits to the Travels of a Man, who has set none to that desire of Knowledge which made him undertake them. Who can say what People he has not seen, who appears to be vers'd in the Customs of all? He takes the Globe for the Scene in which he introduces his Subjects; he launches forward intrepidly,



pidly, like one to whom no place is new, and appears a Citizen of the World in general.

When he return'd from his Travels, he seems to have apply'd himself to the finishing his Poems, however he might have either design'd, begun, or pursu'd them before. In these he has treasur'd up his various Acquisitions of Knowledge, where they have been preserv'd through Ages, to be as well the Proofs of his own Industry, as the Instructions of Posterity. He might then describe his Sacrifices after the *Æolian* manner; or his Leagues with a Mixture of *Trojan* and *Spartan* Ceremonies: He could then compare the Confusion of a Multitude to that Tumult he had observ'd in the *Icarian* Sea, dashing and breaking among its Crowd of Islands: He could represent the Numbers of an Army, by those Flocks of Swans he had seen on the Banks of the *Cayster*; or being to describe that Heat of Battel with which *Achilles* drove the *Trojans* into the River, he could illustrate it with an Allusion from *Cyrene* or *Cyprus*, where, when the Inhabitants burn'd their Fields, the Grass-hoppers fled before the Fire to perish in the Ocean. His Fancy being fully replenish'd, might supply him with every proper occasional Image, and his Soul after having enlarg'd itself, and taken in an extensive Variety of the Creation, might be equal to the Task of an *Iliad* and an *Odysses*.

His old Age  
and Death.

In his Age, we hear he fell blind, and settled at *Chios*, as he says in the *Hymn* to *Apollo*, which (as is before observ'd) is acknowledg'd for his by *Thucydides*, and might occasion both *Simonides* and *Theocritus* to call him a *Chian*. ° *Strabo* relates, That *Lycurgus*, the great Legislator of *Sparta*, was reported to have gone to *Chios* to have a Conference with *Homer*, after he had study'd the Laws of *Crete* and *Ægypt* in order to form his Constitutions. If this be true, how much a nobler Representation does it give of him, and indeed more agreeable to what we conceive of this mighty Genius, than those spurious Accounts which keep him down among the meanest of Mankind? What an Idea could we frame to our selves of a Conversation, held between two Persons so considerable; a Philosopher conscious of the Force of Poetry, and a Poet knowing in the Depths of

° *Iliad* 3.    ° *Il.* 2. v. 145.    ° *Iliad* 2. v. 461.    ° *Il.* 21. v. 12.    ° *Strabo*, l. 10. Philosophy;



Philosophy; both their Souls improv'd with Learning, both eminently rais'd above little Designs, or the meaner kind of Interest, and meeting together to consult the Good of Mankind? But in this, I have only indulg'd a Thought which is not to be insisted upon; the Evidence of History rather tends to prove that *Lycurgus* brought his Works from *Asia* after his Death: which *Proclus* imagines to have happen'd at a great old Age, on account of his Circumference of Learning, for which a short Life could never suffice.

If we would now make a Conjecture concerning the Genius and Temper of this great Man; perhaps his Works, which would not furnish us with Facts for his Life, will be more reasonably made use of to give us a Picture of his Mind: To this end therefore, we may suffer the very Name and Notion of a Book to vanish for a while, and look upon what is left us as a Conversation, in order to gain an Acquaintance with *Homer*. Perhaps the general Air of his Works will become the general Character of his Genius, and the particular Observations give some Light to the particular Turns of his Temper. His comprehensive Knowledge shews that his Soul was not form'd like a narrow Chancel for a single Stream, but as an Expanse which might receive an Ocean into its Bosom; that he had the strongest Desire of Improvement, and an unbounded Curiosity, which made its Advantage of every transient Circumstance, or obvious Accident. His solid and sententious Manner may make us admire him for a Man of Judgment; one who, in the darkest Ages, could enter far into a Disquisition of human Nature; who, notwithstanding all the Changes which Governments, Manners, Rites, and even the Notions of Virtue have undergone, could still abound with so many Maxims correspondent to Truth, and Notions applicable to so many Sciences. The Fire, which is so observable in his Poem, as to give every thing the most active Appearance, may make us naturally conjecture him to have been of a warm Temper, and lively Behaviour; and the pleasurable Air which every where overspreads it, may give us reason to think, that Fire of Imagination was temper'd with Sweetness and Affability. If we farther observe the Particulars he treats of, and imagine that

His Character and Manners.



he laid a Stress upon the Sentiments he delivers, pursuant to his real Opinions; we shall take him to be of a religious Spirit, by his inculcating in almost every Page the worship of the Gods. We shall imagine him to be a generous Lover of his Countrey, from his care to extol it every where: which is carry'd to such a height, as to make <sup>1</sup>*Plutarch* observe, That though many of the *Barbarians* are made Prisoners or Suppliants, yet neither of these disgraceful Accidents (which are common to all Nations in War) ever happens to one *Greek* throughout his Works. We shall take him to be a compassionate Lover of Mankind, from his numberless Praises of Hospitality and Charity; (if indeed we are not to account for 'em, as the common Writers of his Life imagine, from his owing his Support to these Virtues.) It might seem from his Love of Stories, with his manner of telling them sometimes, that he gave his own Picture when he painted his *Nestor*, and, as wise as he was, was no Enemy to Talking. One would think from his Praises of Wine, his copious Goblets, and pleasing Descriptions of Banquets, that he was addicted to a cheerful, sociable Life, which *Horace* takes notice of as a kind of Tradition;

“*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.*” *Ep. 19. l. 1.*

And that he was not (as may be guess'd of *Virgil* from his Works) averse to the *Female Sex*, will appear from his care to paint them amiably upon all occasions: His *Andromache* and *Penelope* are in each of his Poems most shining Characters of conjugal Affection; even his *Helena* herself is drawn with all the Softnings imaginable; his Souldiers are exhorted to combat with the hopes of *Women*; his Commanders are furnish'd with *fair Slaves* in their Tents, nor is the venerable *Nestor* without a *Mistress*.

It is true, that in this way of turning a *Book* into a *Man*, this reasoning from his Works to himself, we can at best but hit off a few Out-strokes of a Character: Wherefore I shall decline the carrying it into more minute Points, and conclude with one *Discovery* which we may make from his *Silence*, a *Discovery* extreamly proper to be made in this manner, which is, that he was of a very modest Temper. There is in all

<sup>1</sup> *Plutarch de And. Poetis.*



other Poets a Custom of speaking of themselves, and a Vanity of promising Eternity to their Writings: In both which *Homer*, who has the best Title to speak out, is altogether silent. As to the last of them, the World has made him ample Recompence; it has given him that Eternity he would not promise himself: But whatever Endeavours have been offer'd in respect of the former, we find our selves still under an irreparable Loss. That which others have said of him has amounted to no more than Conjecture; that which I have said is no farther to be insisted on: I have us'd the liberty which is indulg'd me by Precedent, to give in my Opinions among the Accounts of others, and the World may be pleas'd to receive them as so many willing Endeavours to gratify its Curiosity.

The only uncontestable Works which *Homer* has left behind him are the *Iliad* and *Odyssees*: The *Batrachomyomachia* or *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, has been disputed, but is however allow'd for his by many great Authorities; amongst whom *Statius* has reckon'd it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a Trial of his Force before his larger Performances. It is indeed a beautiful Piece of Raillery, in which a great Writer may delight to unbend himself; an Instance of that agreeable Trifling, which has been at some time or other indulg'd by the finest Genius's; and the Offspring of that amusing and chearful Humour, which generally accompanies the Character of a rich Imagination, like a Vein of *Mercury* running mingled with a Mine of *Gold*.

The *Hymns* have been doubted also, and attributed by the Scholiasts to *Cynæthus* the *Rhapsodist*; but notwithstanding the Tradition, neither *Thucydides*, *Lucian*, nor *Pausanias*, have scrupled to cite them as genuine. We have the Authority of the two former for that to *Apollo*, tho' it be observ'd that the word *Νόμος* is found in it, which the Book *de Poesi Homericâ* (ascrib'd to *Plutarch*) tells us, was not in use in *Homer's* Time. We have also an Authority of the last for a *Hymn* to *Ceres*, of which he has given us a Fragment. That to *Mars* is objected against for mentioning *Τυχευος*, and that which is the first to *Minerva* for using *Τυχῆ*, both of them being (according to the

Catalogue of  
his Works.

\* Statius *Præf. ad Sylu.* 1.

\* Thucyd. 1. 3.

\* Lucian *Phalarid.* 2.

u Pausan. *Bæotic.*

w Paus. *Messen.*



Author of the Treatise before mention'd) words of a later Invention. The *Hymn* to *Venus* has many of its Lines copy'd by *Virgil* in the Interview between *Æneas*, and that Goddess in the first *Æneid*: But whether these Hymns are *Homer's* or not, they are always judg'd to be near as ancient, if not of the same Age with him.

The *Epigrams* are extracted out of the Life said to be written by *Herodotus*, and we leave them as such to stand or fall with it; except the Epitaph on *Midas*, which is of very ancient Authority, quoted without its Author both by <sup>a</sup>*Plato* and <sup>y</sup>*Longinus*, and (according to <sup>z</sup>*Laertius*) ascrib'd by *Simonides* to *Cleobulus* the wise Man; who living long after *Homer* answers better to the Age of *Midas* the Son of *Gordias*.

The *Margites*, which is lost, is said by <sup>a</sup>*Aristotle* to have been a Poem of a comick Nature, wherein *Homer* made use of *Iambick* Verses as proper for Raillery. It was a Jest upon the Fair Sex, and had its Name from one *Margites*, a weak Man who was the Subject of it. The Story is something loose, as may be seen by the Account of it still preserv'd in <sup>b</sup>*Eustathius's* Comment on the *Odyssees*.

The *Cercopes* was a Satyrical Work which is also lost; we may however imagine it was level'd against the Vices of Men, if our Conjecture be right that it was founded upon the <sup>c</sup>old Fable of the *Cercopes*, a Nation who were turn'd into *Monkies* for their Frauds and Impostures.

The *Destruction of OEchalia*, was a Poem of which (according to *Eustathius*) *Hercules* was the Heroe; and the Subject, his ravaging that Countrey; because *Eurytus* the King had deny'd him his Daughter *Iole*.

The *Ilias Minor* was a Piece which included both the taking of *Troy*, and the return of the *Græcians*; In this was the Story of *Sinon*, which *Virgil* has made use of: <sup>d</sup>*Aristotle* has judg'd it not to belong to *Homer*.

The *Cypriacks*, if it was upon them that *Nevius* founded his *Ilias Cypria*, (as <sup>e</sup>Mr. *Dacier* conjectures) were the Love-

<sup>x</sup> Plat. in Phæd.

<sup>a</sup> Arist. Poet. cap. 4.

<sup>d</sup> Arist. Poet. cap. 24.

<sup>y</sup> Longin. §. 36. Edit. Tollii.

<sup>b</sup> Eustath. in Odyss. 10.

<sup>e</sup> Dac. on Arist. Poet. cap. 24.

<sup>z</sup> Laertius in vita Cleobuli.

<sup>c</sup> Ovid Metam. l. 14. de Cercop.

<sup>f</sup> Herod. l. 2.



*Adventures of the Ladies at the Siege*: these are rejected by *Herodotus*, for saying that *Paris* brought *Helen* to *Troy* in three Days; whereas *Homer* asserts they were long driven from Place to Place.

There are also other Things ascrib'd to him, such as the *Heptapection Goat*, the *Arachnomachia*, &c. in the ludicrous Manner; and the *Thebais*, *Epigoni*, or second Siege of *Thebes*, the *Phocais*, *Amazonia*, &c. in the serious: which, if they were his, are now to be reputed a real Loss to the learned World. Time, in some Things, may have prevail'd over *Homer* himself, and left only the Names of these Works as Memorials that such were in being; but while the *Iliad* and *Odysses* remain, he seems like a Leader, who, tho' he may have fail'd in a Skirmish, has carry'd a Victory, for which he passes in Triumph through all future Ages.

THE Remains we have at present of those Monuments Antiquity had fram'd for him, are but few. It could not be thought that they who knew so little of the Life of *Homer*, could have a right Knowledge of his *Person*; yet had they Statues of him as of their Gods, whose Forms they had never seen. "*Quinimò quæ non sunt, finguntur* (says *Pliny*) *pariuntque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in Homero evenit.*" But tho' the ancient Portraits of him seem purely notional, yet they agree (as I think *Fabretti* has observ'd) in representing him with a short curl'd Beard, and distinct Marks of Age in his Forehead. That which is prefix'd to this Book, is taken from an ancient Marble Bust, in the Palace of *Farnese* at *Rome*.

In *Bollissus* near *Chios* there is a Ruin, which was shown for the House of *Homer*, which *Leo Allatius* went on Pilgrimage to visit, and (as he tells us) found nothing but a few Stones crumbling away with Age, over which he and his Companions wept for Satisfaction.

<sup>f</sup> Herod. l. 2.

*Tabellæ Anaglyphæ Hom. Iliad.*

<sup>g</sup> Pliny, l. 35. c. 2.

<sup>h</sup> Raph. Fabret. *Explicatio Veteris*

<sup>i</sup> Leo Allat. *de patria Hom. cap. 13.*



They erected Temples to *Homer* in *Smyrna*, as appears from <sup>k</sup> *Cicero*; one of these is suppos'd to be yet extant, and the same which they show for the Temple of *Janus*. It agrees with <sup>l</sup> *Strabo's* Description, a square Building of Stone, near a River, thought to be the *Meles*, with two Doors opposite to each other, North and South, and a large Niche within the East-Wall, where the Image stood: But *M. Spon* denies this to be the true *Homarium*.

Of the Medals struck for him, there are some both of *Chios* and *Smyrna* still in being, and exhibited at the beginning of this Essay. The most valuable with respect to the Largeness of the Head is that of *Amastris*, which is carefully copied from an Original belonging to the present Earl of *Pembroke*, and is the same which *Gronovius Cuperus* and *Dacier* have Copies of, but very incorrectly performed.

But that which of all the Remains has been of late the chief Amusement of the Learned, is the Marble call'd his *Apotheosis*, the Work of *Archelaus* of *Priene*, and now in the Palace of *Colonna*. We see there a Temple hung with its Veil, where *Homer* is plac'd on a Seat with a Footstool to it, as he has describ'd the Seats of his Gods; supported on each side with Figures known for the *Iliad* and the *Odysses*, the one by the Sword, the other by the Ornament of a Ship, which denotes the Voyages of *Ulysses*. On each side of his Footstool are *Mice*, in Allusion to the *Batrachomomachia*. Behind, is *Time* waiting upon him, and a Figure with Turrets on its Head, which signifies the *World*, crowning him with the Laurel. Before him is an Altar, at which all the *Arts* are sacrificing to him as to their Deity. On one side of the Altar stands a Boy, representing *Mythology*, on the other, a Woman, representing *History*; after her is *Poetry* bringing the *Sacred Fire*; and in a long following Train, *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, *Nature*, *Virtue*, *Memory*, *Rhetorick*, and *Wisdom*, in all their proper Attitudes.

<sup>k</sup> *Cicero pro Archia.*

<sup>l</sup> *Strabo, l. 14. Τὸ Ὀμηρεῖον, ὅσα τέλει γονοῦ ἔχουσα νεῶν Ὀμήρου καὶ ἑδραν, &c. de Smyrna.*



S E C T. II.

HAVING now finish'd what was propos'd concerning the History of *Homer's* Life, I shall proceed to that of his Works; and considering him no longer as a *Man*, but as an *Author*, prosecute the Thread of his Story in this his second Life, thro' the different Degrees of Esteem which those Writings have obtain'd in different Periods of Time.

It has been the fortune of several great Genius's not to be known while they liv'd, either for want of Historians, the Meanness of Fortune, or the Love of Retirement, to which a Poetical Temper is peculiarly addicted. Yet after Death their Works give themselves a Life in Fame, without the help of an Historian; and, notwithstanding the Meanness of their Author, or his Love of Retreat, they go forth among Mankind, the Glories of that Age which produc'd them, and the Delight of those which follow it. This is a Fate particularly verify'd in *Homer*, than whom no considerable Author is less known as to himself, or more highly valu'd as to his Productions.

The earliest Account of these is said by *Plutarch* to be some time after his Death, when *Lycurgus* sail'd to *Asia*:  
 " There he had the first sight of *Homer's* Works, which were  
 " probably preserv'd by the Grand-children of *Creophilus*; and  
 " having observ'd that their pleasurable Air of Fiction did  
 " not hinder the Poets abounding in Maxims of State, and  
 " Rules of Morality, he transcrib'd and carry'd with him  
 " that entire Collection we have now among us: For at  
 " that time (continues this Author) there was only an ob-  
 " scure Rumour in *Greece* to the Reputation of these Poems,  
 " and but a few scatter'd Fragments handed about, till *Ly-*  
 " *curgus* publish'd them entire." Thus they were in danger  
 of being lost as soon as they were produced, by the Misfor-  
 tune of the Age, a want of Taste in Learning, or the man-

*The first  
Publication  
of his Works  
by Lycur-  
gus.*



ner in which they were left to Posterity, when they fell into the Hands of *Lycurgus*. He was a Man of great Learning, a Law-giver to a People divided and untractable, and one who had a Notion that Poetry influenc'd and civiliz'd the Minds of Men; which made him smooth the way to his Constitution by the Songs of *Thales* the *Cretan*, whom he engag'd to write upon Obedience and Concord. As he propos'd to himself that the Constitution he would raise upon this their Union should be of a martial Nature, these Poems were of an extraordinary Value to him: for they came with a full Force into his Scheme; the Moral they inspir'd was Unity; the Air they breath'd was Martial; and their Story had this particular Engagement for the *Lacedæmonians*, that it shew'd *Greece* in War, and *Asia* subdu'd under the Conduct of one of their own Monarchs, who commanded all the *Græcian* Princes. Thus the Poet both pleas'd the Law-giver, and the People: from whence he had a double Influence when the Laws were settled. For his Poem then became a Panegyrick on their Constitution, as well as a Register of their Glory; and confirm'd them in the Love of it by a gallant Description of those Qualities and Actions for which it was adapted. This made *Cleomenes* call him *The Poet of the Lacedæmonians*: And therefore when we remember that *Homer* owed the Publication of his Works to *Lycurgus*, we should grant too, that *Lycurgus* owed in some degree the Enforcement of his Laws to the Works of *Homer*.

Their Reception in Greece

At their first Appearance in *Greece*, they were not digested into a regular Body, but remain'd as they were brought over in several detach'd Pieces, call'd (according to *Ælian*) from the Subject on which they treated; as the *Battle at the Ships*, the *Death of Dolon*, the *Valour of Agamemnon*, the *Patroclea*, the *Grot of Calypso*, *Slaughter of the Wooers*, and the like. Nor were these entitled *Books*, but *Rhapsodies*; from whence they who sung them had the Title of *Rhapsodists*. It was in this manner they began to be dispers'd, while their Poetry, their History, the Glory they ascrib'd to *Greece* in general, the particular Description they gave of it, and the

<sup>b</sup> Plutarch. *Apophtheg.*

<sup>c</sup> *Ælian* l. 13. cap. 14.



Compliment they paid to every little State by an honourable mention, so influenc'd all, that they were transcrib'd and sung with general Approbation. But what seems to have most recommended them was, that Greece which could not be great in its divided Condition, looked upon the Fable of them as a likely Plan of future Grandeur. They seem from thenceforward to have had an Eye upon the Conquest of Asia; as a proper Undertaking which by its Importance might occasion Union enough to give a Diversion from Civil Wars, and by its Prosecution bring in an Acquisition of Honour and Empire. This is the meaning of *Isocrates*, when he tells us, That "*Homer's* Poetry was in the greater Esteem, because " it gave exceeding Praise to those who fought against the " *Barbarians*. Our Ancestors (continues he) honour'd it " with a Place in Education and musical Contests, that by " often hearing it we should have a Notion of an original " Enmity between us and those Nations; and that admiring " the Virtue of those who fought at *Troy*, we should be induc'd to emulate their Glory." And indeed they never quitted this thought, 'till they had successfully carry'd their Arms where-ever *Homer* might thus excite them.

But while his Works were suffer'd to lie in an unconnected manner, the Chain of Story was not always perceiv'd, so that they lost much of their Force and Beauty by being read disorderly. Wherefore as *Lacedæmon* had the first Honour of their Publication by *Lycurgus*, that of their Regulation fell to the share of *Athens* in the time of *Solon*, who himself made a Law for their recital. It was then that *Pisistratus*, the Tyrant of *Athens*, who was a Man of great Learning and Eloquence (as *Cicero* has it) first put together the confus'd Parts of *Homer*, according to that Regularity in which they are now

*Digested into order at Athens.*

<sup>d</sup> Οἶμαι ὅτι καὶ τὴν Ὀμήρου ποιήσιν μείζω λαβεῖν δεῖξαι, ὅτι καλῶς τὰς πολεμήσας τοῖς βαρβάρους ἐνικωμίας: καὶ διὰ τὸ τοῦτο βεληθῆναι τὰς Πελοποννησίων ἐνλίπον αὐτῷ ποιῆσαι τὴν τέχνην ἐν τοῖς ῥησιν καὶ ἀδελοῖς, καὶ τὴν παιδείαν αὐτῷ νεωτέρων: ἵνα πολλάκις ἀκούσας αὐτῶν, ἐκμανθάνοιεν τὴν ἰχθύν τὴν πρὸς αὐτὸς ὑπάρχουσαν; καὶ ζηλευσὶς τὰς ἀρετὰς αὐτῶν σπουδασμένων ἐπὶ Τροίαν αὐτῶν ἔργων ἐκένους ἐπηθυμῶμεν. *Isocrat. Paneg.*

<sup>e</sup> *Diog. Laert. vit. Sol.* <sup>f</sup> Quis doctior iisdem illis temporibus aut ejus eloquentia litteris instructior quam *Pisistrati*? Qui primus *Homeri* libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse dicitur ut nunc habemus. *Cic. de Orat. l. 3. Vide etiam Æl. l. 13. cap. 14. Liban. Panegy. in Jul. Anonymam Homeri vitam. Fufius vero in Commentatoribus Dion. Thracis.*



handed down to us. He divided them into the two different Works, entitled the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; he digested each according to the Author's design, to make their Plans become evident; and distinguish'd each again into twenty four Books, to which were afterwards prefix'd the twenty four Letters. There is a Passage indeed in *Plato*, which takes this Work from *Pisistratus*, by giving it to his Son *Hypparchus*; with this addition, that he commanded them to be sung at the Feast call'd *Panathenæa*. Perhaps it may be, as *Leo Allatius* has imagin'd, because the Son publish'd the Copy more correctly: This he offers, to reconcile so great a Testimony as *Plato's* to the Cloud of Witnesses which are against him in it: But be that as it will, *Athens* still claims its proper Honour of rescuing the Father of Learning from the Injuries of Time, of having restor'd *Homer* to himself, and given the World a view of him in his Perfection. So that if his Verses were before admir'd for their *Use* and *Beauty*, as the *Stars* were before they were consider'd in a *System* of Science; they are now admir'd much more for their graceful *Harmony*, and that *Sphere* of *Order* in which they appear to move. They became henceforward more the Pleasure of the Wits of *Greece*; more the Subject of their Studies, and the Employment of their Pens.

About the time that this new Edition of *Homer* was publish'd in *Athens*, there was one *Cynathus*, a learned *Rhapsodist*, who (as the *Scholiast* of *Pindar* informs us) settled first at *Syracuse* in that Employment; and if (as *Leo Allatius* believes) he had been before an Assistant in the Edition, he may be suppos'd to have first carry'd it abroad. But it was not long preserv'd correct among his Followers; they committed Mistakes in their Transcriptions and Repetitions, and had even the Presumption to alter some Lines, and interpolate others. Thus the Works of *Homer* ran the danger of being utterly defac'd; which made it become the concern of Kings and Philosophers, that they should be restor'd to their Primitive Beauty.

<sup>a</sup> *Plato in Hypparcho.*

<sup>i</sup> *Schol. Pind. in Nem. Od. 2.*

<sup>b</sup> *Leo Allatius de Patria Hom. cap. 5.*



In the Front of these is *Alexander the Great*, for whom they will appear peculiarly calculated, if we consider that no Books more enliven or flatter personal Valour, which was great in him to what we call Romantick: Neither has any Book more places applicable to his *Designs on Asia*, or (as it happen'd) to his *Actions* there. It was then no ill Compliment in *Aristotle* to purge the *Iliad*, upon his account, from those Errors and Additions which had crept into it. And so far was *Alexander* himself from esteeming it a Matter of small Importance, that he afterwards assisted in a strict Review of it with *Ananarchus* and *Calisthenes*; whether it was meerly because he esteem'd it a Treasury of military Virtue and Knowledge; or that (according to a late ingenious Conjecture) he had a farther Aim, in promoting the Propagation of it when he was ambitious to be esteem'd a Son of *Jupiter*; as a Book which treating of the Sons of the Gods, might make the Intercourse between them and Mortals become a familiar Notion. The Review being finish'd, he laid it up in a Casket which was found among the Spoils of *Darius* as what best deserv'd so inestimable a Case, and from this Circumstance it was nam'd *The Edition of the Casket*.

*The Edition in Macedon under Alexander.*

The Place where the Works of *Homer* were next found in the greatest Regard, is *Aegypt*, under the Reign of the *Ptolomys*. These Kings being descended from *Greece* retain'd always a Passion for their original Country. The Men, the Books, the Qualifications of it, were in esteem in their Court; they preserv'd the Language in their Family; they encourag'd a Concourse of learned Men; erected the greatest Library in the World; and train'd up their Princes under *Græcian* Tutors; among whom the most considerable were appointed for Revisers of *Homer*. The first of these was *Zenodotus*, Library-Keeper to the first *Ptolomy*, and qualify'd for this Undertaking by being both a Poet, and a Grammarian; a compounded Character in which there was Fancy for a Disco-

*Editions in Aegypt.*

<sup>k</sup> Plut. in vitâ Alexandri.

<sup>l</sup> Φέρεται γοῦν τις διόρθωσις τῶν Ὁμήρων ποιήσεων ἢ ἐν τῇ Νάρδηνῃ λεγομένη τῇ Ἀλεξάνδρου μὲν τῇ καὶ Καλλιμάχῳ καὶ Ἀναξάρχῳ ἐπελδομένη, καὶ σημειωσαμένη ἐπέα καταδίνουσα εἰς Νάρδην, ὃν εὖρεν ἐν Περσικῇ γαλῇ παλαιστῶς κατισχυασμένην. Strabo, lib. 13.

<sup>m</sup> Suidas



very of Beauties, and a minuter Judgment for a Detection of Faults. But neither his Copy nor that which his Disciple *Aristophanes* had made, satisfying *Aristarchus*, (whom *Ptolemy Philometor* had appointed over his Son *Euergetes*) he set himself to another Correction with all the Wit and Learning he was Master of. He restor'd some Verses to their former Readings, rejected others which he mark'd with *Obelisks* as spurious, and proceeded with such industrious Accuracy, that, notwithstanding there were some who wrote against his Performance, Antiquity has generally acquiesc'd in it. Nay, so far have they carry'd their Opinion in his favour, as to call a Man an "*Aristarchus*" when they meant to say a candid, judicious Critick; in the same manner as they call the contrary a *Zoilus*, from that *Zoilus* who about this time wrote an envious Criticism against *Homer*. And now we mention these two together, I fancy it will be no small Pleasure to the benevolent Part of Mankind, to see how their Characters stand in Contrast to each other, for Examples to future Ages, at the head of the two contrary sorts of Criticism, which proceed from good Nature, or from ill Will. The one was honour'd with the Offices and Countenance of the Court; the other, ° when he apply'd to the same Place for an Encouragement amongst the Men of Learning, had his Petition rejected: The one had his Fame continu'd to Posterity; the other is only remember'd with Infamy: If the one had Antagonists, they were oblig'd to pay him the deference of a formal Answer; the other was never answer'd but in general, with those opprobrious Names of *Thracian Slave* and *Rhetorical Dog*: The one is suppos'd to have his Copy still remaining; while the other's Remarks are perish'd as things that Men were asham'd to preserve, the just Desert of whatever arises from the miserable Principles of ill Will or Envy.

In Syria and  
other Parts of  
Asia.

It was not the Ambition of *Ægypt* only to have a correct Edition of *Homer*. We find in the <sup>p</sup> Life of the Poet *Aratus*, that he, having finish'd a Copy of the

<sup>n</sup> Argue ambigüe dictum; mutanda notabit;  
Fiet *Aristarchus*.

Horat. *Ars Poetica*.

° Vitruv. l. 7. in *Proem*.

<sup>p</sup> *Author vitæ Arati*, & *Suidas in Arato*.



*Odysses*, was sent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, and entertain'd by him while he finish'd one of the *Iliad*. We read too of others which were publish'd with the Names of Countrys; such as the <sup>a</sup>*Massaliotick* and *Synopick*: as if the World were agreed to make his Works in their Survival undergo the same Fate with himself; and that as different Cities contended for his Birth, so they might again contend for his true Edition. But though these Reviews were not peculiar to *Ægypt*, the greatest Honour was theirs, in that universal Approbation which the Performance of *Aristarchus* receiv'd; and if it be not his Edition which we have at present, we know not to whom to ascribe it.

But the World was not contented barely to have settled an Edition of his Works. There were innumerable Comments in which they were open'd like a Treasury of Learning; and Translations whereby other Languages became enrich'd by an Infusion of his Spirit of Poetry. <sup>b</sup>*Ælian* tells us, that even the *Indians* had them in their Tongue, and the *Persian* Kings sung them in theirs. <sup>c</sup>*Perfius* mentions a Version into *Latin* by *Labeo*, and in general the Passages and Imitations which are taken from him, are so numerous that he may be said to have been translated by piecemeal into that, and all other Languages. Which affords us this Remark, that there is hardly any thing in him, which has not been pitch'd upon by some Author or other for a particular Beauty.

It is almost incredible to what an Height the Idea of that Veneration the Ancients paid to *Homer* will arise, to one who reads particularly with this view, through all these Periods. He was no sooner come from his Obscurity, but <sup>d</sup>*Greece* receiv'd him with Delight and Profit: There were then but few Books to divide their Attention, and none which had a better Title to engross it all. They made some daily Discoveries of his Beauties, which were still promoted in their different Channels by the favourite Qualities of different Nations. *Sparta* and *Macedon* consider'd him most in respect of his warlike Spirit; *Athens* and *Ægypt* with regard to his Poetry and Learning; and all their Endeavours united under

*In India and Persia.*

*The Extent and Height of their Reputation in the Heathen World.*

<sup>a</sup> Eustathius *Initio Iliados*.

<sup>b</sup> *Ælian*, l. 12. cap. 48.

<sup>c</sup> *Perfius*, Sat. 1.



the Hands of the Learned, to make him blaze forth into an universal Character. His Works, which from the beginning pass'd for excellent *Poetry*, grew to be *History* and *Geography*; they rose to be a *Magazine* of *Sciences*; were exalted into a *Scheme* of *Religion*; gave a Sanction to whatever Rites they mention'd; were quoted in all Cases for the *Conduct* of *Life*, and learned by Heart as the very Book of Belief and Practice. From him the *Poets* drew their Inspirations, the *Criticks* their Rules, and the *Philosophers* a Defence of their Opinions: Every Author was fond to use his Name; and every Profession writ Books upon him, 'till they swell'd to Libraries. The Warriors form'd themselves by his Heroes, and the Oracles deliver'd his Verses for Answers. Nor was Mankind satisfy'd to have thus seated his Character at the top of human Wisdom, but being overborn with an imagination that he transcended their Species, they admitted him to share in those Honours they gave the Deities. They instituted Games for him, dedicated Statues, erected Temples, as at *Smyrna*, *Chios* and *Alexandria*; and *Ælian* tells us, That when the *Argives* sacrific'd with their Guests, they us'd to invoke the Presence of *Apollo* and *Homer* together.

The Decline  
of their Character in the  
beginning of  
Christianity.

Thus he was settled on a Foot of Adoration, and continu'd highly venerated in the *Roman* Empire, when *Christianity* began. Heathenism was then to be destroy'd, and *Homer* appear'd the Father of it; whose Fictions were at once the Belief of the Pagan Religion, and the Objections of Christianity against it. He became therefore very deeply involv'd in the Question; and not with that Honour which hitherto attended him, but as a Criminal who had drawn the World into Folly. He was on one hand accus'd for having fram'd \* Fables upon the Works of *Moses*; as the Rebellion of the Giants from the building of *Babel*, and the casting *Atè* or *Strife* out of Heaven from the Fall of *Lucifer*. He was expos'd on the other hand for those which he is said to invent, as when *Arnobius* crys out, "This is the Man who wounded  
" your *Venus*, imprison'd your *Mars*, who free'd even your  
" *Jupiter* by *Briareus*, and who finds Authorities for

\* *Ælian*, l. 9. cap. 15.

\* *Justin Martyr*, *Admonit. ad Gentes*.

" *Arnobius adversus gentes*, l. 7.

" all



"all your Vices," &c. Mankind was "derided for whatever he had hitherto made them believe; and \**Plato*, who expell'd him his Commonwealth, has, of all the Philosophers, found the best Quarter from the Fathers, for passing that Sentence. His finest Beauties began to take a new Appearance of pernicious Qualities; and because they might be consider'd as Allurements to Fancy, or Supports to those Errors with which they were mingled, they were to be depreciated while the Contest of Faith was in being. It was hence, that the reading them was discourag'd, that we hear *Ruffinus* accusing *St. Jerome* for it, and that *St. Austin* rejects him as the grand Master of Fable; tho' indeed the *dulcissime vanus* which he applies to *Homer*, looks but like a fondling manner of parting with him.

This strong Attack against our Author oblig'd those Philosophers who could have acquiesc'd as his Admirers, to appear as his Defenders; who because they saw the Fables could not be literally supported, endeavour'd to find a hidden Sense, and to carry on every where that Vein of Allegory which was already broken open with Success in some Places. But how miserably were they forc'd to Shifts, when they made \**Juno's* dressing in the *Cestus* for *Jupiter* to signify the purging of the *Air* as it approach'd the *Fire*? Or the Story of *Mars* and *Venus*, that Inclination they have to Incontinency who are born when these Planets are in Conjunction? Wit and Learning had here a large Field to display themselves, and to disagree in: for sometimes *Jupiter*, and sometimes *Vulcan*, was made to signify the *Fire*; or *Mars* and *Venus* were allow'd to give us a Lecture of *Morality* at one time, and a Problem of *Astronomy* at another. And these strange Discoveries, which \**Porphyrus* and the rest would have to pass for the genuine *Theology* of the *Greeks*, prove but (as <sup>b</sup>*Eusebius* terms it) the perverting of Fables into a mystick Sense. They did indeed often defend *Homer*, but then they allegorized away their *Gods* by doing so. What the World took for substantial Objects of Adoration, dissolv'd before its

\* *Vid. Tertull. Apol. cap. 14.*

† *St. August. confess. l. 1. cap. 14.*

‡ *Porphyrus de Antro Nymph. &c.*

\* *Arnobius, ibid. Eusebius præp. Evangel. l. 14. cap. 10.*

‡ *Plutarch on reading the Poets.*

‡ *Eusebii præpar. Evangel. l. 3. cap. 1.*



Eyes into a figurative Meaning, a moral Truth, or a Piece of Learning which might equally correspond to any Religion; and the Learned at last had left themselves nothing to worship, when they came to find an Object in Christianity.

*Restoration  
of Homer's  
Works to  
their just  
Character.*

The Dispute of Faith being over, ancient Learning re-assumed its Dignity, and *Homer* obtain'd his proper Place in the Esteem of Mankind. His Books are now no longer the Scheme of a living Religion, but become the Register of one of former Times. They are not now receiv'd for a Rule of Life, but valu'd for those just Observations which are dispers'd through them. They are no longer pronounc'd from Oracles, but quoted still by Authors for their Learning. Those Remarks which the Philosophers made upon them, have their Weight with us; those Beauties which the Poets dwell'd upon, their Admiration: And even after the Abatement of what was extravagant in his Run of Praise, he remains confessedly a mighty Genius not transcended by any which have since arisen; a Prince, as well as a Father, of Poetry.

### S E C T. III.

*A View of  
the Learning  
of Homer's  
Time.*

IT remains in this Historical Essay, to regulate our present Opinion of *Homer* by a view of his Learning, compar'd with that of his Age. For this end he may first be consider'd as a Poet, that Character which was his professedly; and secondly as one endow'd with other Sciences, which must be spoken of not as in themselves, but as in Subserviency to his main Design. Thus he will be seen on his right Foot of Perfection in one view, and with the just Allowances which should be made on the other: While we pass through the several Heads of Science, the State of those Times in which he writ will show us both the Impediments he rose under, and the Reasons why several things in him which have been objected to, either could not, or should not be otherwise than they are.

*In Poetry.*

As for the State of *Poetry*, it was at a low Pitch in the Age of *Homer*. There is mention of *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Museus*,



*Musæus*, venerable Names in Antiquity, and eminently celebrated in Fable for the wonderful Power of their Songs and Musick. The learned *Fabricius*, in his *Bibliotheca Græca*, has reckon'd about seventy who are said to have written before *Homer*: but their Works were not preserv'd, and can be only consider'd (if they were really excellent) as the Happiness of their own Generation. What sort of Poets *Homer* saw in his own Time may be gather'd from his Description of *Demodocus* and *Phemius*, whom he has introduc'd as Opportunities to celebrate his Profession. The imperfect Risings of the Art lay then among the *Extempore*-Singers of Stories at Banquets, who were half Singers, half Musicians. Nor was the Name of *Poet* then in being, or once us'd throughout *Homer's* Works. From this poor State of Poetry, he has taken a handle to usher it into the World with the boldest Stroke of Praise which has ever been given it. It is in the eighth *Odyssey*, where *Ulysses* puts *Demodocus* upon a trial of Skill. *Demodocus* having diverted the Guests with some Actions of the *Trojan War*; "All this (says *Ulysses*) you have sung very elegantly, as if you had either been present, or heard it reported; but pass now to a Subject I shall give you, sing the Management of *Ulysses* in the wooden Horse, just as it happen'd, and I will acknowledge the Gods have taught you your Songs." This the Singer being inspir'd from Heaven begins immediately, and *Ulysses* by weeping at the recital confesses the Truth of it. We see here a Narration which could only pass upon an Age extremely ignorant in the Nature of Poetry, where that Claim of Inspiration is given to it, which it has never since laid down, and (which is more) a Power of prophesying at pleasure ascrib'd to it. Thus much therefore we gather from himself concerning the most ancient State of Poetry in *Greece*; that no one was honour'd with the Name of Poet, before Him whom it has especially belong'd to ever after. And if we farther appeal to the consent of Authors, we find he has other Titles for being call'd the first. *Josephus* observes, That the *Greeks* have not contested but he was the most

<sup>a</sup> *Od.* 1<sup>st</sup> and *Od.* 8<sup>th</sup>.

<sup>b</sup> *Odyss.* 1. 8. *v.* 487, &c.

<sup>c</sup> *Joseph. contra Apion.* 1. 1.



ancient, whose Books they had in Writing. <sup>d</sup>*Aristotle* says, He was the "first who brought all the Parts of a Poem into "one Piece," to which he adds, "with true Judgment," to give him a Praise including both the Invention and Perfection. And *Horace* acquaints us, that he invented the very *Measure* which is call'd *Heroick* from the Subjects on which he employ'd it;

*Res gesta regumque, ducumque, & fortia bella,  
Quo scribi possint numero monstravit Homerus.*<sup>e</sup>

Whatever was serious or magnificent made a part of his Subject: War and Peace were the comprehensive Division in which he consider'd the World; and the Plans of his Poems were founded on the most active Scenes of each, the Adventures of a Siege, and the Accidents of a Voyage. For these his Spirit was equally active and various, lofty in Expression, clear in Narration, natural in Description, rapid in Action, abundant in Figures. If ever he appears less than himself, it is from the Time he writ in; and if he runs into Errors, it is from an Excess, rather than a Defect of Genius. Thus he rose over the Poetical World, shining out like a Sun all at once, which if it sometimes make too faint an Appearance, 'tis to be ascrib'd only to the necessity of the Season that keeps it at a distance; and if he is sometimes too violent, we confess at the same time that we owe all things to his Heat.

Theology.

As for his *Theology*, we see the Heathen System entirely follow'd. This was all he could then have to work upon, and where he fails of Truth for want of Revelation he at least shows his Knowledge in his own Religion by the Traditions he delivers. But we are now upon a Point to be farther handled, because the greatest Controversy concerning the Merit of *Homer* depends upon it. Let us consider then that there was an Age in *Greece*, when natural Reason only discover'd there must be something superior to us, and Tradition had affix'd the Notion to a Number of Deities. At this time *Homer* rose with the finest Turn imaginable for Poetry, who design-

<sup>d</sup> *Arist. Poet. cap. 25.*

<sup>e</sup> *Hor. Epist. ad Pisones. v. 73.*



ing to instruct Mankind in the manner for which he was most adapted, writ Poems wherein he made use of the Ministry of the Gods to give the highest Air of Surprize and Veneration to his Writings. He found the Religion of Mankind wrapt up in Fables; it was thought then the easiest way to convey Morals to the People, who were allur'd to Attention by Pleasure, and aw'd with the Opinion of a hidden Mystery. Nor was it his Business when he undertook the Province of a Poet (not of a meer Philosopher) to be the first who should discard That which furnishes Poetry with its most beautiful Appearance: and especially since the Age he liv'd in, by discovering its Taste, had not only given him Authority, but even put him under the necessity of preserving it. Whatever therefore he might think of his Gods, he took them as he found them: he brought them into Action according to the Notions which were then entertain'd, and in some Stories as they were then believ'd; unless we imagine that he invented every thing he delivers. Yet there are several Rays of Truth streaming through all this Darknes, in those Sentiments he entertains concerning the Gods; and several *Allegories* lightly veil'd over, from whence the learned drew new Knowledges, each according to his Power of Penetration and Fancy. But that we may the better comprehend him in all the Parts of this general View, let us extract from him a Scheme of his Religion.

He has a *Jupiter*, a *Father of Gods and Men*, whom he makes supream, and to whom he applies several Attributes, as Wisdom, Justice, Knowledge, Power, &c. which are essentially inherent to the Idea of a God. He has given him two *Vessels*, out of which he distributes natural *Good* or *Evil* for the Life of Man; he places the Gods in Council round him; he makes *Prayers* pass to and fro before him; and Mankind adore him with Sacrifice. But all this grand Appearance, wherein Poetry paid a deference to Reason, is dash'd and mingled with the Imperfection of our Nature; not only with the applying our Passions to the supreme Being (for Men have always been treated with this

<sup>f</sup> Iliad 24. v. 527.

<sup>g</sup> II. 9. v. 498.



Compliance to their Notions) but that he is not even exempted from our common Appetites and Frailties: For he is made to eat, drink, and sleep: but this his Admirers would imagine to be only a grosser way of representing a general Notion of Happiness, because he says in one place,<sup>h</sup> that the Food of the Gods was not of the same Nature with ours. But upon the whole, while he endeavour'd to speak of a Deity without a right Information, he was forc'd to take him from that Image he discover'd in *Man*; and (like one who being dazzled with the Sun in the Heavens, would view him as he is reflected in a River) he has taken off the Impression not only ruffled with the Emotion of our Passions, but obscur'd with the earthy Mixture of our Natures.

The other Gods have all their Provinces assign'd 'em: "Every thing has its peculiar Deity, says <sup>i</sup>*Maximus Tyrius*, "by which *Homer* would insinuate that the Godhead was "present to all things." When they are consider'd farther, we find he has turn'd the Virtues and Endowments of our Minds into *Persons*, to make the Springs of Action become visible; and because they are given by the Gods, he represents them as Gods themselves descending from Heaven. In the same strong Light he shows our Vices when they occasion Misfortunes, like extraordinary Powers which inflict them upon us, and even our natural Punishments are represented as Punishers themselves. But when we come to see the manner they are introduc'd in, they are found feasting, fighting, wounded by Men, and shedding a sort of Blood; in which his Machines play a little too grossly: the Fable which was admitted to procure the Pleasure of Surprize, violently oppresses the Allegory, and it may be lost labour to search for it in every minute Circumstance, if indeed it was intended to be there. The main Design was however Philosophical, the Dress the Poet's, which is us'd for necessity and allow'd to be ornamental. And there will be something still to be offer'd in his Defence, if he has both preserved the grand Moral from being obscur'd, and adorn'd the Parts of his Works with such Sentiments of the Gods as belong'd to the Age he liv'd

<sup>h</sup> Il. 5. v. 340.

<sup>i</sup> Maxim. Tyrius, Diff. 16.



in; which that he did, appears from his having then had that Success for which Allegory was contriv'd. "It is the  
"Madness of Man, says <sup>k</sup>*Maximus Tyrius*, to dis-esteem what  
"is plain and admire what is hidden; This the Poets dis-  
"covering invented the Fable for a Remedy, when they  
"treated of holy Matters; which being more obscure than  
"Conversation, and more clear than the Riddle, is a Mean  
"between Knowledge and Ignorance; believ'd partly for being  
"agreeable, and partly for being wonderful. Thus as Poets  
"in Name, and Philosophers in Effect, they drew Mankind  
"gradually to a search after Truth, when the Name of Phi-  
"losopher would have been harsh and displeasing."

When *Homer* proceeds to tell us our Duty to these superior Beings, we find Prayer, Sacrifice, Lustration, and all the Rites which were esteem'd religious, constantly recommended under fear of their Displeasure. We find too a Notion of the Soul's subsisting after this Life, but for want of Revelation he knows not what to reckon the Happiness of a future State, to any one who was not deify'd: Which is plain from the Speech of *Achilles* to *Ulysses* in the Region of the dead; where he tells him, that "he would rather serve the poorest Creature  
"upon Earth than rule over all the departed." It was chiefly for this Reason that *Plato* excluded him his Common-Wealth; he thought *Homer* spoke indecently of the Gods, and dreadfully of a future State; in which Sentence he has made no Allowance for the Times he writ in. But if he can not be defended in every thing as a Theologist, yet we may say in respect of his Poetry, that he has enrich'd it from Theology with true Sentiments for Profit, adorn'd it with Allegories for Pleasure, and by using some Machines which have no farther Significancy or are so refin'd as to make it doubted if they have any, he has however produc'd that Character in Poetry which we call the *Marvellous*, and from which the *Agreeable* (according to *Aristotle*) is always inseparable.

If we take the State of *Greece* at his time in a *Political* <sup>Politicks.</sup> View, we find it a <sup>m</sup> disunited Country, made up of small

<sup>k</sup> *Maxim. Tyr. Diff.* 29.

<sup>l</sup> *Odyss.* II. v. 488.

<sup>m</sup> See *Thucydides, lib.* I.



States; and whatever was manag'd in War amounted to no more than intestine Skirmishes or Pyracies abroad, which were easily reveng'd on account of their Disunion. Thus one People stole *Europa*, and another *Io*; the *Gracians* took *Hesione* from *Troy*, and the *Trojans* took *Helena* from *Greece* in Revenge. But this last having greater Friends and Alliances than any upon whom the Rapes had hitherto fallen, the Ruin of *Troy* was the Consequence; and the Force of the *Asiatick* Coasts was so broken, that this Accident put an end to the Age of Pyracies. Then the intestine Broils of *Greece* (which had been discontinued during the League) were renew'd upon its Dissolution. War and Sedition mov'd People from Place to Place during its want of Inhabitants; Exiles from one Country were receiv'd for Kings in another; and Leaders took Tracts of Ground to bestow them upon their Followers. Commerce was neglected, living at home unsafe, and nothing of Moment transacted by any but against their Neighbours: *Athens* only, where the People were undisturb'd because it was a barren Soil which no Body coveted, had begun to send Colonies abroad, being over-stock'd with Inhabitants.

Now a Poem coming out at so seasonable a Time, with a Moral capable of healing these Disorders by promoting Union, we may reasonably think it was design'd for that End to which it is so peculiarly adapted. If we imagine therefore that *Homer* was a Politician in this Affair, we may suppose him to have look'd back into the Ages past, to see if at any time the Disorder had been less; and to have pitch'd upon that Story wherein it found a temporary Cure, that by celebrating it with all possible Honour he might instil a Desire of the same sort of Union into the Hearts of his Countrymen. This indeed was a Work which could belong to none but a Poet, when Governors had Power only over small Territories, and the numerous Governments were every way independent. It was then that all the Charms of Poetry were call'd forth to insinuate the important Glory of an Alliance, and the *Iliad* deliver'd from the *Muses* with all the Pomp of Words and artificial Influence. Union among themselves was recommended, Peace at home, and Glory abroad: And lest this should be render'd useless by Mismanagements,



nagements, he lets us into farther Lessons concerning it. How when his Kings quarrel, their Subjects suffer; when they act in Conjunction, Victory attends them. When they meet in Council, Plans are drawn and Provisions made for future Action; and when in the Field, the Arts of War are describ'd with the greatest Exactness. These were Lectures of general Concern to Mankind, proper for the Poet to deliver and Kings to attend to; such as made *Porphyrus* write of the Profit that Princes might receive from *Homer*; and *Stratocles*, *Hermias*, and *Frontinus* extract military Discipline out of him. Thus tho' *Plato* has banish'd him from one imaginary Commonwealth, he has still been serviceable to many real Kingdoms.

The *Morality* of *Greece* could not be perfect while there was a Weakness in its Government; Faults in Politicks are occasion'd by Faults in Ethicks, and occasion them in their turn. The Division into so many States was the rise of frequent Quarrels, whereby Men were bred up in a kind of rough untractable Disposition. Bodily Strength met with the greatest Honours, because it was daily necessary to the Subsistence of little Governments; and that headlong Courage which throws itself forward to Enterprize and Plunder, was universally caress'd, because it carry'd all things before it. It is no wonder in an Age of such Education and Customs, that, as *Thucydides* says, "Robbing was honour'd, provided it were done with Gallantry, and that the ancient Poets made People question one another as they sail'd by, *if they were Thieves?* as a thing for which no one ought either to be scorn'd or upbraided." These were the sort of Actions which the Singers then recorded, and it was out of such an Age that *Homer* was to take his Subjects. For this reason (not a want of *Morality* in him) we see a boasting Temper and unmanag'd Roughness in the Spirit of his Heroes, which ran out in Pride, Anger, or Cruelty. It is not in him as in our modern *Romances*, where Men are drawn in Perfection, and we but read with a tender Weakness what we can neither apply nor emulate. *Homer* writ for Men, and there-

*Morality.*

*Thucyd. lib. 2.*



fore he writ of them; if the World had been better, he would have shown it so; as the Matter now stands, we see his People with the turn of his Age, insatiably thirsting after Glory and Plunder; for which however he has found them a lawful Cause, and taken care to retard their Success by those very Faults.

In the Prosecution of the Story every Part of it has its Lessons of Morality: There is brotherly Love in *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, Friendship in *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, and the Love of his Country in *Hector*. But since we have spoken of the *Iliad* as more particular for its Politicks, we may consider the *Odyssey* as its Moral is more directly fram'd for Ethicks. It carries the Heroe through a world of Trials both of the dangerous and pleasurable Nature. It shows him first under most surprizing Weights of Adversity, among Shipwrecks and Savages; all these he is made to pass through in the Methods by which it becomes a Man to conquer; a Patience in suffering, and a Presence of Mind in every Accident. It shows him again in another View, tempted with the Baits of idle or unlawful Pleasures, and then points out the Methods of being safe from them. But if in general we consider the care our Author has taken to fix his Lessons of Morality by the Proverbs and Precepts he delivers, we shall not wonder if *Greece* which afterwards gave the Appellation of *Wise* to Men who settled single Sentences of Truth, should give him the Title of the *Father of Virtue* for introducing such a Number. To be brief, if we take the Opinion of *Horace*, he has propos'd him to us as a Master of Morality; he lays down the common Philosophical Division of *Good* into *pleasant*, *profitable*, and *honest*; and then asserts that *Homer* has more fully and clearly instructed us in each of them, than the most rigid Philosophers.

Some indeed have thought notwithstanding all this, that *Homer* had only a design to please in his Inventions; and that others have since extracted Morals out of his Stories (and indeed all Stories are capable of being us'd so.) But this is an

• Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

Hor. Ep. 2. lib 1.



Opinion concerning Poetry which the World has rather degenerated into, than begun with. The Traditions of *Orpheus's* civilizing Mankind by Hymns on the Gods, with others of the like Nature, may show there was a better use of the Art both known and practis'd. There is also a remarkable Passage of this kind in the third Book of the *Odysses*, that *Agamemnon* left one of the <sup>9</sup> Poets of his Times in the Court when he sail'd for *Troy*; and that his Queen was preserv'd virtuous by his Songs, 'till *Ægythus* was forc'd to expel him in order to debauch her. Here he has hinted what a true Poetical Spirit can do when apply'd to the Promotion of Virtue; and from this one may judge he could not but design That himself, which he recommends as the Duty and Merit of his Profession. Others since his Time may have seduc'd the Art to worse Intentions; but they who are offended at the Liberties of some Poets, should not judge all in the gross for trifling or Corruption; especially when the Evidence runs so strongly for any One to the contrary.

We may in general go on to observe, that the time when *Homer* was born did not abound in Learning. For wherever Politicks and Morality is weak, it wants its peaceable Air to thrive in, and that Opportunity which is not known in the Ages of unsettled Life. He is himself the Man from whom we have the first Accounts of Antiquity, either in its Actions or Learning; from whom we hear what *Ægypt* or *Greece* could inform him in, and whatever himself could discover by the Strength of Nature or Industry. But however that we may not mistake the Elogies of those Ancients who call him the *Father of Arts and Sciences*, and be surpriz'd to find so little of them (as they are now in Perfection) in his Works; we should know that this Character is not to be understood at large, as if he had included the full and regular Systems of every thing: He is to be consider'd professedly only in Quality of a Poet; this was his Business, to which, as whatever he knew was to be subservient, so he has not fail'd to introduce those Strokes of Knowledge from the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences, which the Subject de-



manded either for Necessity or Ornament. This will appear on a fair View of him in each of these Lights.

History.

Before his Time there were no *Historians* in *Greece*: He treated Historically of past Transactions, according as he could be inform'd by Tradition, Song, or whatever Method there was of preserving their Memory. For this we have the Consent of Antiquity; they have generally more appeal'd to his Authority, and more insisted on it than on the Testimony of any other Writer, when they treat of the Rites, Customs, and Manners of the first Times. They have generally believ'd that the Acts of *Tydeus* at *Thebes*, the second Siege of that City, the Settlement of *Rhodes*, the Battel between the *Curetes* and the *Ætolians*, the Account of the Kings of *Mycenæ* by the Sceptre of *Agamemnon*, the Acts of the *Greeks* at *Troy*, and many other such Accounts, are some of them wholly preserv'd by him, and the rest as faithfully related as by any Historian. Nor perhaps was all of his Invention which seems to be feign'd, but rather frequently the obscure Traces and Remains of real Persons and Actions; which as <sup>a</sup>*Strabo* observes, when History was transmitted by Oral Tradition, might be mix'd with Fable before it came into the Hands of the Poet. "This happen'd (says he) to *Herodotus*, the first  
" professed Historian, who is often as fabulous as *Homer*  
" when he defers to the common Reports of Countreys;  
" and it is not to be reckon'd to either as a fault, but as a  
" necessity of the Times." Nay, the very Passages which cause us to tax them at this distance with being fabulous, might be occasion'd by their Diligence, and a fear of erring, if they too hastily rejected those Reports which had pass'd current in the Nations they describ'd.

Geography.

Before his Time there was no such thing as *Geography* in *Greece*. For this we have the Suffrage of <sup>r</sup>*Strabo* the best of Geographers, who approves the Opinion of *Hipparchus* and other Ancients, that *Homer* was the very Author of it; and upon this Account begins his Treatise of the Science itself with an *Encomium* on him. As to the general Part of it, we find he had a Knowledge of the *Earth's* being surrounded with

<sup>a</sup> *Strabo*, l. 1.

<sup>r</sup> *Strabo*, *ibid.* *initio*.



the *Ocean*, because he makes the *Sun* and *Stars* both to rise and set in it; and that he knew the *Use* of the *Stars* is plain from his making *Ulysses* sail by the Observation of them. But the Instance of most alledg'd upon this Point is the *Shield of Achilles*: where he places the *Earth* encompass'd with the *Sea*, and gives the *Stars* the Names they are yet known by, as the *Hyades*, *Pleiades*, the *Bear*, and *Orion*. By the three first of these he represents the Constellations of the Northern Region; and in the last he gives a single Representative of the Southern, to which (as it were for a counter-balance) he adds a Title of Greatness, *ὄψεος ὀψωνος*. Then he tells us that the *Bear*, or *Stars* of the *Arctic Circle*, never disappear; as an Observation which agrees with no other. And if to this we add (what *Eratosthenes* thought he meant) that the five Plates which were fastened on the Shield, divided it by the Lines where they met, into the five *Zones*, it will appear an original design of *Globes* and *Spheres*. In the particular Parts of *Geography*, his Knowledge is intirely incontestable. *Strabo* refers to him upon all occasions, allowing that he knew the Extreame of the Earth, some of which he names and others describes by Signs, as the *Fortunate Islands*. The same Author takes notice of his Accounts concerning the several Soils, Plants, Animals, and Customs; as *Aegypt's* being fertile of medicinal Herbs, *Lybia's* Fruitfulness, where the Sheep have Horns, and yearn thrice a Year, &c. which are Knowledges that make *Geography* more various and profitable. But what all have agreed to celebrate is his Description of *Greece*; which has had Laws made for its Preservation, and Contests between Governments decided by its Authority: Which *Strabo* acknowledges to have no Epithet, or ornamental Expression for any Place, that is not drawn from its Nature, Quality, or Circumstances; and professes after so long an Interval to deviate from it only where the Countrey had undergone Alterations, that cast the Description into Obscurity.

In his time, *Rhetorick* was not known; that Art took its Rise out of Poetry, which was not 'till then establish'd. "The

Rhetorick.

\* Odyss. l. 5. v. 272.

\* Iliad 18. v. 482, &c.

" Strabo, l. 1.

" Strab. l. 8.

" Oratorical



“Oratorial Elocution (says <sup>x</sup> *Strabo*) is but an Imitation of  
 “the Poetical: this appear’d first and was approv’d: They  
 “who imitated it took off the Measures, but still preserv’d all  
 “the other Parts of Poetry in their Writings: Such as these  
 “were *Cadmus the Milesian, Pherocydes, and Hecateus*. Then  
 “their Followers took something more from what was left,  
 “and at last Elocution descended into the Prose which is  
 “now among us.” But if *Rhetorick* is owing to Poetry,  
 the Obligation is still more due to *Homer*. He (as <sup>y</sup> *Quintilian*  
 tells us) gave both the Pattern and Rise to all the Parts  
 of it. “*Hic omnibus eloquentiae partibus exemplum & ortum*  
 “*dedit: hunc nemo in magnis rebus sublimitate, in parvis*  
 “*proprietae, superavit. Idem latus & pressus, jucundus &*  
 “*gravis, tum copia tum brevitate admirabilis, nec Poetica*  
 “*modo sed oratoria virtute eminentissimus.*” From him there-  
 fore they who settled the Art found it proper to deduce the  
 Rules, which was easily done, when they had divided their  
 Observations into the *Kinds* and the *Ornaments* of Elocution.  
 For the *Kinds*, the “Ancients (says <sup>z</sup> *A. Gell.*) settled them  
 “according to the three which they observe in his principal  
 “Speakers; his *Ulysses* who is magnificent and flowing, his  
 “*Menelaus* who is short and close, and his *Nestor* who is  
 “moderate and dispassion’d, and has a kind of middle Elo-  
 “quence participating of both the former.” And for the  
*Ornaments*, <sup>a</sup> *Aristotle*, the great Master of the Rhetoricians,  
 shows what deference is paid to *Homer*, when he orders the  
 Orator to lay down his Heads, and express both the Manners  
 and Affections of his Work with an Imitation of that Diction,  
 and those Figures, which the *divine Homer* excel’d in. This  
 is the constant Language of those who succeeded him, and  
 the Opinion so far prevail’d as to make <sup>b</sup> *Quintilian* observe,  
 that they who have written concerning the Arts of Speaking,  
 take from *Homer* most of the Instances of their Similitudes,  
 Amplifications, Examples, Digressions, and Arguments.

Natural Phi-  
 losophy.

As to *Natural Philosophy*, the Age was not arriv’d in which  
 it flourish’d; however some of its Notions may be trac’d in

<sup>x</sup> *Strabo*, l. 1.

<sup>y</sup> *Quintil.* l. 10. cap. 1.

<sup>z</sup> *Aulus Gell.* l. 7. cap. 14.

<sup>a</sup> *Arist. Topic.*

<sup>b</sup> *Quintil.* l. 10.



him. As when he says that the Fountains and Rivers come from the Ocean, he holds a *Circulation of Fluids* in the Earth. But as this is a Branch of Learning which does not lie much in the way of a Poet who speaks of Heroes and Wars; the desire to prove his Knowledge this way has only run *Politian* and others into trifling Inferences; as when they would have it that he understood Nature, because he mentions Sun, Rain, Wind, and Thunder. The most probable way of making out his Knowledge in this kind, is by supposing he couch'd it in *Allegories*; and that he sometimes us'd the *Names of the Gods* as his *Terms* for the *Elements*, as the *Chymists* now use them for *Metals*. But in applying this to him we must tread very carefully; not searching for Allegory too industriously where the Passage may instruct by Example; and endeavouring rather to find the Fable an Ornament to what is easily known, than to make it a Cover to curious and unknown Problems.

As for *Medicine*, something of it must have been understood in that Age, though it was so far from Perfection that (according to *Celsus*) what concern'd Diet was invented long afterwards by *Hippocrates*. The Accidents of Life make the Search after Remedies too indispensable a Duty to be neglected at any time. Accordingly he tells us, that the *Ægyptians* who had many medicinal Plants in their Countrey, were all Physicians: and perhaps he might have learnt his own Skill from his Acquaintance with that Nation. The State of War which *Greece* had liv'd in, requir'd a Knowledge in the healing of Wounds: and this might make him breed his Princes, *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, *Podalirius*, and *Machaon* to the Science. What *Homer* thus attributes to others he knew himself, and he has given us reason to believe, not slightly. For if we consider his Insight into the Structure of the human Body, it is so nice, that he has been judg'd by some to have wounded his Heroes with too much Science: Or if we observe his Cure of Wounds, which are the Accidents proper to an Epic Poem, we find him directing the Chirurgical Operation, sometimes

Phyick.

<sup>c</sup> Politian, *Præfatio in Hom.*  
3

<sup>d</sup> Celsus, *lib. I.*  
P

<sup>e</sup> *Odyss. l. 4. v. 231.*  
infusing



infusing <sup>f</sup> Lenitives, and at other times bitter Powders, when the Effusion of Blood requir'd astringent Qualities.

Statuary.

For *Statuary*, it appears by the Accounts of *Ægypt* and the *Palladium*, that there was enough of it very early in the World for those Images which were requir'd in the Worship of their Gods; but there are none mention'd as valuable in *Greece* so early, nor was the Art establish'd on its Rules before *Homer*. He found it agreeable to the Worship in use, and necessary for his Machinery, that his Gods should be cloath'd in Bodies: Wherefore he took care to give them such as carry'd the utmost Perfection of the human Form; and distinguish'd them from each other even in this superior Beauty, with such Marks as were agreeable to each of the Deities. "This, says <sup>g</sup> *Strabo*, awaken'd the Conceptions of  
 " the eminent Statuaries, while they strove to keep up the  
 " Grandeur of that Idea which *Homer* had impress'd upon  
 " their Imagination; as we read of *Phidias* concerning  
 " the Statue of *Jupiter*." And because they copy'd their Gods from him in their best Performances, his Descriptions became the *Characters* which were afterwards pursu'd in all Works of a good Taste. Hence came the common Saying of the Ancients, "That either *Homer* was the only Man who  
 " had seen the Forms of the Gods, or the only one who had  
 " shown them to Men;" a Passage which <sup>h</sup> *Madam Dacier* wrests to prove the Truth of his Theology, different from *Strabo's* Acceptation of it.

There are, besides what we have spoken of, other Sciences pretended to be found in him. Thus *Macrobius* discovers that the *Chain* with which <sup>i</sup> *Jupiter* says he could lift the World, is a metaphysical Notion, that means a Connexion of all Things from the supream Being to the meanest Part of the Creation. Others, to prove him skilful in judicial Astrology, bring a Quotation concerning the Births of <sup>k</sup> *Hector* and *Polydamas* on the same Night; who were nevertheless of different Qualifications, one excelling in War,

<sup>f</sup> Il. 4. v. 218 and Il. 11. in fine.

<sup>g</sup> *Strabo*, l. 8.

<sup>h</sup> *Dacier*, Preface to *Homer*.

<sup>i</sup> Il. 8. v. 19. *Vid* *Macrobius de somn. Scip.* l. 1. c. 14.

<sup>k</sup> Il. 18. v. 252.

and



and the other in Eloquence. Others again will have him to be vers'd in Magick, from his Stories concerning *Ciree*. These and many of the like Nature are Interpretations strain'd or trifling, such as *Homer* does not want for a Proof of his Learning, and by which we contribute nothing to raise his Character, while we sacrifice our Judgment to him in the Eyes of others.

It is sufficient to have gone thus far, in shewing he was a Father of Learning, a Soul capable of ranging over the whole Creation with an intellectual View, shining alone in an Age of Obscurity, and shining beyond those who have had the Opportunity of more learned Ages; leaving behind him a Work adorn'd with the Knowledge of his own Time, and in which he has before-hand broken up the Fountains of several Sciences which were brought nearer to Perfection by Posterity: A Work which shall always stand at the top of the sublime Character, to be gaz'd at by Readers with an Admiration of its Perfection, and by Writers with a Despair that it should ever be emulated with Success.

F I N I S.

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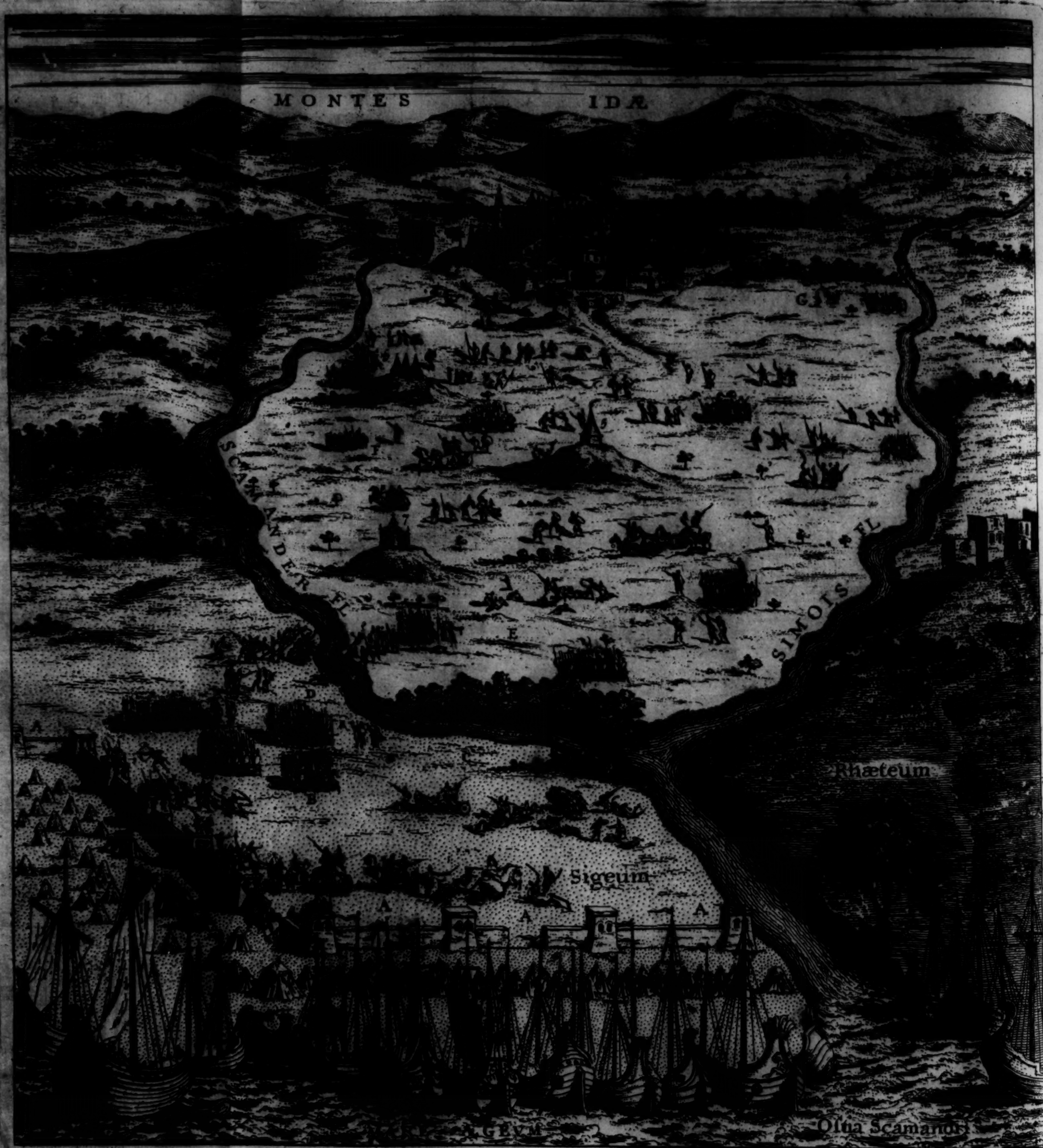
ERRATA in the ESSAY.

Page 15. line 34. for *brings him*, read *brings it*. Pag. 17. in the References at the bottom, for *δίκαιος*, read *δε κλίος*, and for *αυονόμω*, read *αυούμω*. Pag. 36. in the Citation from *Horace*, for *Argue*, read *Arguet*.









TROJA cum Locis pertinentibus. 1. Porta Scæa & Fagus. 2. Caprificus. 3. Fontes Scamandri duo: 4. Callicolone prope Simoim. 5. Batia seu Sepulcrum Myrinnes. 6. Ili Monumentum. 7. Tumulus Esietis. AA. Murus Achivorum. B. Locus Pugnae ante naves in lib. 8. 12. 13. 14. C. Gesta Diomedis hoc loco lib. 5. D. Achillis & Scamandri Certatio lib. 22 E. Locus Pugnae in lib. 6. F. Pugna in lib. 11. G. Pugnae in lib. 20.

A. Harris fecit.



THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF THE  
ILIAD.





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## The ARGUMENT.

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The Contention of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*.

**I**N the War of Troy, the Greeks having sack'd some of the neighbouring Towns, and taken from thence two beautiful Captives, *Chryseis* and *Briseis*, allotted the first to *Agamemnon*, and the last to *Achilles*. *Chryses*, the Father of *Chryseis* and Priest of *Apollo*, comes to the Grecian Camp to ransom her; with which the Action of the Poem opens, in the Tenth Year of the Siege. The Priest being refus'd and insolently dismiss'd by *Agamemnon*, intreats for Vengeance from his God, who inflicts a Pestilence on the Greeks. *Achilles* calls a Council, and encourages *Chalcas* to declare the Cause of it, who attributes it to the Refusal of *Chryseis*. The King being obliged to send back his Captive, enters into a furious Contest with *Achilles*, which *Nestor* pacifies; however as he had the absolute Command of the Army, he seizes on *Briseis* in revenge. *Achilles* in discontent withdraws himself and his Forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to *Thetis*, she supplicates *Jupiter* to render them sensible of the Wrong done to her Son, by giving Victory to the Trojans. *Jupiter* granting her Suit incenses *Juno*, between whom the Debate runs high, 'till they are reconciled by the Address of *Vulcan*.

The Time of two and twenty Days is taken up in this Book; nine during the Plague, one in the Council and Quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for *Jupiter's* Stay with the *Æthiopians*, at whose Return *Thetis* prefers her Petition. The Scene lies in the Grecian Camp, then changes to *Chrysa*, and lastly to the Gods on *Olympus*.

T H E



## FIRST BOOK

## ILLIAD.

**T**HE Wrath of *Peleus*' Son, the direful Spring  
 Of all the *Grecian* Woes, O Goddess, sing!  
 That Wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto*'s gloomy Reign  
 The Souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain;  
 Whose Limbs unbury'd on the naked Shore  
 Devouring Dogs and hungry Vultures tore.  
 Since Great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove,  
 Such was the Sov'reign Doom, and such the Will of *Jove*.  
 Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated Hour  
 Sprung the fierce Strife, from what offended Pow'r?  
*Latona*'s Son a dire Contagion spread,  
 And heap'd the Camp with Mountains of the Dead;

A

The



The King of Men his Rev'rend Priest defy'd,  
And, for the King's Offence, the People dy'd.

15 For *Chryses* fought with costly Gifts to gain  
His Captive Daughter from the Victor's Chain.

Suppliant the Venerable Father stands,  
*Apollo's* awful Ensigns grace his Hands:

By these he begs; and lowly bending down,  
20 Extends the Sceptre and the Laurel-Crown.

He su'd to All, but chief implor'd for Grace  
The Brother-Kings, of *Atreus'* Royal Race.

Ye Kings and Warriors! may your Vows be crown'd,  
And *Troy's* proud Walls lie level with the Ground.

25 May *Jove* restore you, when your Toils are o'er,  
Safe to the Pleasures of your native Shore.

But oh! relieve a wretched Parent's Pain,  
And give *Chryseis* to these Arms again;

If Mercy fail, yet let my Presents move,  
30 And dread avenging *Phæbus*, Son' of *Jove*.

The *Greeks*, in Shouts their joint Assent declare  
The Priest to rev'rence, and release the Fair.

Not so *Atrides*: He, with Kingly Pride,  
Repuls'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.

Hence



BOOK I. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

3

Hence on thy Life, and fly these hostile Plains, 35  
 Nor ask, Presumptuous, what the King detains;  
 Hence, with thy Laurel Crown, and Golden Rod,  
 Nor trust too far those Ensigns of thy God.  
 Mine is thy Daughter, Priest, and shall remain;  
 And Pray'rs, and Tears, and Bribes shall plead in vain; 40  
 'Till Time shall rifle ev'ry youthful Grace,  
 And Age dismiss her from my cold Embrace,  
 In daily Labours of the Loom employ'd,  
 Or doom'd to deck the Bed she once enjoy'd.  
 Hence then: to *Argos* shall the Maid retire; 45  
 Far from her native Soil, and weeping Sire.

The trembling Priest along the Shore return'd,  
 And in the Anguish of a Father mourn'd,  
 Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,  
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding Main: 50  
 'Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,  
 The God who darts around the World his Rays.

O *Smintheus*! sprung from fair *Latona's* Line,  
 Thou Guardian Pow'r of *Cilla* the Divine,  
 Thou Source of Light! whom *Tenedos* adores, 55  
 And whose bright Presence gilds thy *Chrysa's* Shores.



If e'er with Wreaths I hung thy sacred Fane,  
 Or fed the Flames with Fat of Oxen slain;  
 God of the Silver Bow! thy Shafts employ,  
 60 Avenge thy Servant, and the Greeks destroy.  
 Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring Pow'r attends,  
 And from Olympus' lofty Tops descends:  
 Bent was his Bow, the Grecian Hearts to wound;  
 Fierce as he mov'd, his Silver Shafts resound.  
 65 Breathing Revenge, a sudden Night he spread,  
 And gloomy Darkness roll'd around his Head.  
 The Elect in View, he twang'd his deadly Bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd Fates below.  
 On Mules and Dogs th' Infection first began,  
 70 And last, the vengeful Arrows fix'd in Man.  
 For nine long Nights, thro' all the dusky Air  
 The Fires thick-flaming shot a dismal Glare.  
 But ere the tenth revolving Day was run,  
 Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' God-like Son  
 75 Conven'd to Council all the Grecian Train;  
 For much the Goddess mourn'd her Heroes slain.  
 Th' Assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
 Achilles thus the King of Men address'd.

Why



BOOK I. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

5

Why leave we not the fatal *Trojan* Shore,  
 And measure back the Seas we crost before? 85  
 The Plague destroying whom the Sword would spare,  
 'Tis time to save the few Remains of War.  
 But let some Prophet, or some sacred Sage,  
 Explore the Cause of great *Apollo's* Rage;  
 Or learn the wastful Vengeance to remove, 85  
 By mystic Dreams; for Dreams descend from *Jove*.  
 If broken Vows this heavy Curse have laid,  
 Let Altars smoke, and Hecatombs be paid.  
 So Heav'n aton'd shall dying *Greece* restore,  
 And *Phæbus* dart his burning Shafts no more. 90

He said and fate: when *Chalcas* thus reply'd,  
*Chalcas* the wise, the *Grecian* Priest and Guide,  
 That sacred Seer whose comprehensive View  
 The past, the present, and the future knew.  
 Uprising slow, the venerable Sage 95  
 Thus spoke the Prudence and the Fears of Age.

Belov'd of *Jove*, *Achilles*! wou'dst thou know  
 Why angry *Phæbus* bends his fatal Bow?  
 First give thy Faith, and plight a Prince's Word  
 Of sure Protection by thy Pow'r and Sword. 100

B

For



For I must speak what Wisdom would conceal,  
 And Truths invidious to the Great reveal.  
 Bold is the Task, when Subjects grown too wise  
 Instruct a Monarch where his Error lies;  
 105 For tho' we deem the short-liv'd Fury past,  
 'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last.  
 To whom *Pelides*. From thy inmost Soul  
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.  
 Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the Day;  
 110 To whom thy Hands the Vows of *Greece* convey,  
 And whose blest Oracles thy Lips declare;  
 Long as *Achilles* breathes this vital Air,  
 No daring *Greek* of all the num'rous Band,  
 Against his Priest shall lift an impious Hand:  
 115 Not ev'n the Chief by whom our Hosts are led,  
 The King of Kings, shall touch that sacred Head.  
 Encourag'd thus, the blameless Priest replies:  
 Nor Vows unpaid, nor slighted Sacrifice,  
 But He, our Chief, provok'd the raging Pest,  
 120 *Apollo's* Vengeance for his injur'd Priest.  
 Nor will the God's awaken'd Fury cease,  
 But Plagues shall spread, and Fun'ral Fires increase,  
 Till



BOOK I. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

7

'Till the great King, without a Ransom paid,  
To her own *Chrysa* send the black-ey'd Maid.  
Perhaps, with added Sacrifice and Pray'r, 125  
The Priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The Prophet spoke; when with a gloomy Frown,  
The Monarch started from his shining Throne;  
Black Choler fill'd his Breast that boil'd with Ire,  
And from his Eyeballs flash'd the living Fire. 130

Augur accurst! denouncing Mischief still,  
Prophet of Plagues, for ever boding Ill!

Still must that Tongue some wounding Message bring,

And still thy Priestly Pride provoke thy King?

For this are *Phœbus'* Oracles explor'd, 135

To teach the *Greeks* to murmur at their Lord?

For this with Falshoods is my Honour stain'd;

Is Heav'n offended, and a Priest profan'd,

Because my Prize, my beauteous Maid I hold,

And heav'nly Charms prefer to proffer'd Gold? 140

A Maid, unmatch'd in Manners as in Face,

Skill'd in each Art, and crown'd with ev'ry Grace.

Not half so dear were *Clytemnestra's* Charms,

When first her blooming Beauties blest my Arms.

Yet



145 Yet if the Gods demand her, let her sail;  
 Our Cares are only for the Publick Weal:  
 Let me be deem'd the hateful Cause of all,  
 And suffer, rather than my People fall.  
 The Prize, the beauteous Prize I will resign,  
 150 So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine.  
 But since for common Good I yield the Fair,  
 My private Loss let grateful *Greece* repair;  
 Nor unrewarded let your Prince complain,  
 That He alone has fought and bled in vain.  
 155 Infatiate King (*Achilles* thus replies)  
 Fond of the Pow'r, but fonder of the Prize!  
 Would'st thou the *Greeks* their lawful Prey shou'd yield,  
 The due Reward of many a well-fought Field?  
 The Spoils of Cities raz'd, and Warriors slain,  
 160 We share with Justice, as with Toil we gain:  
 But to resume whate'er thy Av'rice craves,  
 (That Trick of Tyrants) may be born by Slaves.  
 Yet if our Chief for Plunder only fight,  
 The Spoils of *Ilion* shall thy Loss requite,  
 165 Whene'er, by *Jove's* Decree, our conqu'ring Pow'rs  
 Shall humble to the Dust her lofty Tow'rs.

Then



Book I. HOMER'S ILLIAD.

9

Then thus the King. Shall I my Prize resign  
With tame Content, and Thou possessest of thine?  
Great as thou art, and like a God in Fight,  
Think not to rob me of a Soldier's Right. 170  
At thy Demand shall I restore the Maid?  
First let the just Equivalent be paid;  
Such as a King might ask; and let it be  
A Treasure worthy Her, and worthy Me.  
Or grant me this, or with a Monarch's Claim 175  
This Hand shall seize some other Captive Dame.  
The mighty *Ajax* shall his Prize resign,  
*Ulysses'* Spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.  
The Man who suffers, loudly may complain;  
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180  
But this when Time requires----It now remains  
We launch a Bark to plow the watry Plains,  
And waft the Sacrifice to *Chrysa's* Shores,  
With chosen Pilots, and with lab'ring Oars.  
Soon shall the Fair the fable Ship ascend, 185  
And some deputed Prince the Charge attend;  
This *Creta's* King, or *Ajax* shall fulfill,  
Or wise *Ulysses* see perform'd our Will,

C

Or,



Or, if our Royal Pleasure shall ordain,  
 190 *Achilles* self conduct her o'er the Main;  
 Let fierce *Achilles*, dreadful in his Rage,  
 The God propitiate, and the Pest assuage.  
 At this, *Pelides* frowning stern, reply'd:  
 O Tyrant, arm'd with Insolence and Pride,  
 195 Inglorious Slave to Int'rest, ever join'd  
 With Fraud, unworthy of a Royal Mind.  
 What gen'rous *Greek* obedient to thy Word,  
 Shall form an Ambush, or shall lift the Sword?  
 What Cause have I to war at thy Decree?  
 200 The distant *Trojans* never injur'd me.  
 To *Pthia's* Realms no hostile Troops they led;  
 Safe in her Vales my warlike Coursers fed:  
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding Main  
 And Walls of Rocks, secure my native Reign,  
 205 Whose fruitful Soil luxuriant Harvests grace,  
 Rich in her Fruits, and in her martial Race.  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary Throng,  
 T'avenge a private, not a publick Wrong:  
 What else to *Troy* th' assembled Nations draws,  
 210 But thine, Ungrateful, and thy Brother's Cause?



BOOK I. HOMER'S ILIAD.

11

Is this the Pay our Blood and Toils deserve,  
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the Man we serve?  
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my Prize away,  
Due to the Deeds of many a dreadful Day?  
A Prize as small, O Tyrant! match'd with thine, 215  
As thy own Actions if compar'd to mine.  
Thine in each Conquest is the wealthy Prey,  
Tho' mine the Sweat and Danger of the Day.  
Some trivial Present to my Ships I bear,  
Or barren Praises pay the Wounds of War. 220  
But know, proud Monarch, I'm thy Slave no more;  
My Fleet shall waft me to *Thessalia's* Shore.  
Left by *Achilles* on the *Trojan* Plain,  
What Spoils, what Conquests shall *Atrides* gain?  
To this the King: Fly, mighty Warriour! fly, 225  
Thy Aid we need not, and thy Threats defy.  
There want not Chiefs in such a Cause to fight,  
And *Jove* himself shall guard a Monarch's Right.  
Of all the Kings (the Gods distinguish'd Care)  
To Pow'r superior none such Hatred bear: 230  
Strife and Debate thy restless Soul employ,  
And Wars and Horrors are thy savage Joy.

If



If thou hast Strength, 'twas Heav'n that Strength be-  
 For know, vain Man! thy Valour is from God. [stow'd,  
 235 Haste, launch thy Vessels, fly with Speed away,  
 Rule thy own Realms with arbitrary Sway:  
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
 Thy short-liv'd Friendship, and thy groundless Hate.  
 Go, threat thy Earth-born *Myrmidons*; but here  
 240 'Tis mine to threaten, Prince, and thine to fear.  
 Know, if the God the beauteous Dame demand,  
 My Bark shall waft her to her native Land;  
 But then prepare, Imperious Prince! prepare,  
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive Fair:  
 245 Ev'n in thy Tent I'll seize the blooming Prize,  
 Thy lov'd *Briseïs* with the radiant Eyes.  
 Hence shalt thou prove my Might, and curse the Hour,  
 Thou stood'st a Rival of Imperial Pow'r;  
 And hence to all our Host it shall be known,  
 250 That Kings are subject to the Gods alone.

*Achilles* heard, with Grief and Rage oppress'd,  
 His Heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his Breast.  
 Distracting Thoughts by turns his Bosom rul'd,  
 Now fir'd by Wrath, and now by Reason cool'd:

That



That prompts his Hand to draw the deadly Sword, 255  
Force thro' the *Greeks*, and pierce their haughty Lord;  
This whispers soft his Vengeance to controul,  
And calm the rising Tempest of his Soul.  
Just as in Anguish of Suspence he stay'd,  
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring Blade, 260  
*Minerva* swift descended from above,  
Sent by the \* Sister and the Wife of *Jove*; \* *Juno*.  
(For both the Princes claim'd her equal Care)  
Behind she stood, and by the Golden Hair  
*Achilles* seiz'd; to him alone confest; 265  
A fable Cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
He saw, and sudden to the Goddess cries,  
Known by the Flames that sparkled from her Eyes.

Descends *Minerva*, in her guardian Care,  
A heav'nly Witness of the Wrongs I bear 270  
From *Atreus*' Son? Then let those Eyes that view  
The daring Crime, behold the Vengeance too.

Forbear! (the Progeny of *Jove* replies)  
To calm thy Fury I forsook the Skies:  
Let great *Achilles*, to the Gods resign'd, 275  
To Reason yield the Empire o'er his Mind.

D

By



By awful *Juno* this Command is giv'n;  
 The King and You are both the Care of Heav'n,  
 The Force of keen Reproaches let him feel,  
 280 But sheath, Obedient, thy revenging Steel.  
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly Pow'r)  
 Thy injur'd Honour has its fated Hour,  
 When the proud Monarch shall thy Arms implore,  
 And bribe thy Friendship with a boundless Store.  
 285 Then let Revenge no longer bear the Sway,  
 Command thy Passions, and the Gods obey.  
 To her *Pelides*. With regardful Ear  
 'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy Dictates hear.  
 Hard as it is, my Vengeance I suppress:  
 290 Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.  
 He said, observant of the blue-ey'd Maid;  
 Then in the Sheath return'd the shining Blade.  
 The Goddess swift to high *Olympus* flies,  
 And joins the sacred Senate of the Skies.  
 295 Nor yet the Rage his boiling Breast forsook,  
 Which thus redoubling on the Monarch broke.  
 O Monster, mix'd of Insolence and Fear,  
 Thou Dog in Forehead, but in Heart a Deer!

When



When wert thou known in ambush'd Fights to dare,  
 Or nobly face the horrid Front of War? 300  
 'Tis ours, the Chance of fighting Fields to try,  
 Thine to look on, and bid the Valiant dye.  
 So much 'tis safer thro' the Camp to go,  
 And rob a Subject, than despoil a Foe.  
 Scourge of thy People, violent and base! 305  
 Sent in *Jove's* Anger on a slavish Race,  
 Who lost to Sense of gen'rous Freedom past  
 Are tam'd to Wrongs, or this had been thy last.  
 Now by this sacred Sceptre, hear me swear,  
 Which never more shall Leaves or Blossoms bear, 310  
 Which sever'd from the Trunk (as I from thee)  
 On the bare Mountains left its Parent Tree;  
 This Sceptre, form'd by temper'd Steel to prove  
 An Ensign of the Delegates of *Jove*,  
 From whom the Pow'r of Laws and Justice springs: 315  
 (Tremendous Oath! inviolate to Kings)  
 By this I swear, when bleeding *Greece* again  
 Shall call *Achilles*, she shall call in vain.  
 When flush'd with Slaughter, *Hector* comes, to spread  
 The purpled Shore with Mountains of the Dead, 320  
 . Then



Then shalt thou mourn th' Affront thy Madness gave,  
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:  
Then rage in Bitterness of Soul, to know  
This Act has made the bravest *Greek* thy Foe.  
325 He spoke; and furious, hurl'd against the Ground  
His Sceptre starr'd with golden Studs around.  
Then sternly silent fate: With like Disdain,  
The raging King return'd his Frowns again.  
To calm their Passion with the Words of Age,  
330 Slow from his Seat arose the *Pylia*n Sage;  
Th' experienc'd *Nestor*, in Persuasion skill'd,  
Words, sweet as Honey, from his Lips distill'd:  
Two Generations now had past away,  
Wise by his Rules, and happy by his Sway;  
335 Two Ages o'er his native Realm he reign'd,  
And now th' Example of the third remain'd.  
All view'd with Awe the Venerable Man;  
Who thus, with mild Benevolence, began;  
What Shame, what Woe is this to *Greece*! what Joy  
340 To *Troy*'s proud Monarch, and the Friends of *Troy*!  
That adverse Gods commit to stern Debate  
The best, the bravest of the *Grecian* State.

Young



Young as you are, this youthful Heat restrain,  
 Nor think your *Nestor's* Years and Wisdom vain.  
 A Godlike Race of Heroes once I knew, 345  
 Such, as no more these aged Eyes shall view!  
 Lives there a Chief to match *Pirithous'* Fame,  
*Dryas* the bold, or *Geneus'* deathless Name.  
*Theseus*, endu'd with more than mortal Might,  
 Or *Polyphemus*, like the Gods in Fight? 350  
 With these of old to Toils of Battel bred,  
 In early Youth my hardy Days I led;  
 Fir'd with the Thirst which Virtuous Envy breeds,  
 And smit with Love of Honourable Deeds.  
 Strongest of Men, they pierc'd the Mountain Boar, 355  
 Rang'd the wild Defarts red with Monsters Gore,  
 And from their Hills the shaggy *Centaurs* tore.  
 Yet these with soft, persuasive Arts I sway'd,  
 When *Nestor* spoke, they listen'd and obey'd:  
 If, in my Youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360  
 Do you, young Warriors, hear my Age advise.  
*Atrides*, seize not on the beauteous Slave;  
 That Prize the *Greeks* by common Suffrage gave:

E

Nor



Nor, thou, *Achilles*, treat our Prince with Pride;  
 365 Let Kings be just, and Sov'reign Pow'r preside.  
 Thee, the first Honours of the War adorn,  
 Like Gods in Strength, and of a Goddess born;  
 Him awful Majesty exalts above  
 The Pow'rs of Earth, and sceptred Sons of Jove.  
 370 Let both unite with well-consenting Mind,  
 So shall Authority with Strength be join'd,  
 Leave me, O King! to calm *Achilles*' Rage;  
 Rule thou thy self, as more advanc'd in Age.  
 Forbid it Gods! *Achilles* should be lost,  
 375 The Pride of Greece, and Bulwark of our Host.  
 This said, he ceas'd: The King of Men replies;  
 Thy Years are awful, and thy Words are wise.  
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd Soul,  
 No Laws can limit, no Respect controul.  
 380 Before his Pride must his Superiors fall,  
 His Word the Law, and He the Lord of all?  
 Him must our Hosts, our Chiefs, our Self obey?  
 What King can bear a Rival in his Sway?  
 Grant that the Gods his matchless Force have giv'n;  
 385 Has foul Reproach a Privilege from Heav'n?

Here



Here on the Monarch's Speech *Achilles* broke,  
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.  
Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling Chain,  
To live thy Slave, and still to serve in vain,  
Should I submit to each unjust Decree : 390  
Command thy Vassals, but command not Me.  
Seize on *Briseis*, whom the *Grecians* doom'd  
My Prize of War, yet tamely see resum'd ;  
And seize secure ; No more *Achilles* draws  
His conqu'ring Sword in any Woman's Cause. 395  
The Gods command me to forgive the past ;  
But let this first Invasion be the last :  
For know, thy Blood, when next thou dar'st invade,  
Shall stream in Vengeance on my reeking Blade.

At this, they ceas'd ; the stern Debate expir'd : 400  
The Chiefs in sullen Majesty retir'd.

*Achilles*, with *Patroclus* took his Way.  
Where near his Tents his hollow Vessels lay.  
Mean time *Atrides* launch'd with num'rous Oars  
A well-rigg'd Ship for *Chrysa*'s sacred Shores : 405  
High on the Deck was fair *Chryseis* plac'd,  
And sage *Ulysses* with the Conduct grac'd :



Safe in her Sides the Hecatomb they stow'd,  
 Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid Road.  
 410 The Host to expiate next the King prepares,  
 With pure Lustrations, and with solemn Pray'rs.  
 Wash'd by the briny Wave, the pious Train  
 Are cleans'd, and cast th' Ablutions in the Main.  
 Along the Shore whole Hecatombs were laid,  
 415 And Bulls and Goats to *Phæbus*' Altars paid.  
 The fable Fumes in curling Spires arise,  
 And waft their grateful Odours to the Skies.  
 The Army thus in sacred Rites engag'd,  
*Atrides* still with deep Resentment rag'd.  
 420 To wait his Will two sacred Heralds stood,  
*Talthybius* and *Eurybates* the good.  
 Haste to the fierce *Achilles*' Tent (he cries)  
 Thence bear *Briseïs* as our Royal Prize:  
 Submit he must; or if they will not part,  
 425 Ourself in Arms shall tear her from his Heart.  
 Th' unwilling Heralds act their Lord's Commands;  
 Pensive they walk along the barren Sands:  
 Arriv'd, the Heroe in his Tent they find,  
 With gloomy Aspect, on his Arm reclin'd.

At



At awful Distance long they silent stand, 430  
Loth to advance, or speak their hard Command;  
Decent Confusion! This the Godlike Man  
Perceiv'd, and thus with Accent mild began.

With Leave and Honour enter our Abodes,  
Ye sacred Ministers of Men and Gods! 435  
I know your Message; by Constraint you came;  
Not you, but your Imperious Lord I blame.  
*Patroclus* haste, the fair *Briseis* bring;  
Conduct my Captive to the haughty King.  
But witness, Heralds, and proclaim my Vow, 440  
Witness to Gods above, and Men below!  
But first, and loudest, to your Prince declare,  
That lawless Tyrant whose Commands you bear;  
Unmov'd as Death *Achilles* shall remain,  
Tho' prostrate *Greece* should bleed at ev'ry Vein: 445  
The raging Chief in frantick Passion lost,  
Blind to himself, and useless to his Host,  
Unskill'd to judge the Future by the Past,  
In Blood and Slaughter shall repent at last.

*Patroclus* now th' unwilling Beauty brought; 450  
She, in soft Sorrows, and in pensive Thought,



Supported by the Chiefs on either Hand,  
In Silence past along the winding Strand.

Not for his Loss the fierce *Achilles* bore;

455 But sad retiring to the founding Shore,

O'er the wild Margin of the Deep he hung,

That kindred Deep, from whence his Mother sprung.

There, bath'd in Tears of Anger and Disdain,

Thus loud lamented to the stormy Main.

460 O Parent Goddess! since in early Bloom

Thy Son must fall, by too severe a Doom;

Sure, to so short a Race of Glory born,

Great Jove in Justice should this Span adorn:

Honour and Fame at least the Thund'rer ow'd,

465 And ill he pays the Promise of a God;

If yon proud Monarch thus thy Son defies,

Obscures my Glories, and refumes my Prize.

Far in the deep Recesses of the Main,

Where aged *Ocean* holds his wat'ry Reign,

470 The Goddess-Mother heard. The Waves divide;

And like a Mist she rose above the Tide;

Beheld him mourning on the naked Shores,

And thus the Sorrows of his Soul explores.

Why



Why grieves my Son? Thy Anguish let me share,  
Reveal the Cause, and trust a Parent's Care. 475

He deeply sighing said: To tell my Woe,  
Is but to mention what too well you know.  
From *Thebes* sacred to *Apollo's* Name,  
(*Aetion's* Realm) our conqu'ring Army came,  
With Treasure loaded and triumphant Spoils, 480  
Whose just Division crown'd the Soldier's Toils;  
But bright *Chryseis*, heav'nly Prize, was led  
By Vote selected, to the Gen'ral's Bed.  
The Priest of *Phæbus* sought by Gifts to gain  
His beauteous Daughter from the Victor's Chain; 485  
The Fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,  
Held forth the Sceptre and the Laurel Crown,  
Entreating All: but chief implor'd for Grace  
The Brother Kings of *Atreus'* Royal Race:  
The gen'rous *Greeks* their joint Consent declare, 490  
The Priest to reverence, and release the Fair;  
Not so *Atrides*: He, with wonted Pride,  
The Sire insulted, and his Gifts deny'd:  
Th' insulted Sire (his God's peculiar Care)  
To *Phæbus* pray'd, and *Phæbus* heard the Pray'r: 495

A dread-



A dreadful Plague ensues; Th' avenging Darts  
 Incessant fly, and pierce the *Grecian* Hearts:  
 A Prophet then, inspir'd: by Heav'n arose,  
 And points the Crime, and thence derives the Woes!  
 500 My self the first th' assembl'd Chiefs incline  
 T' avert the Vengeance of the Pow'r Divine;  
 Then rising in his Wrath, the Monarch storm'd;  
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his Threats perform'd!  
 The fair *Chryseis* to her Sire was sent,  
 505 With offer'd Gifts to make the God relent;  
 But now He seiz'd *Briseis*' heav'nly Charms,  
 And of my Valour's Prize defrauds my Arms,  
 Defrauds the Votes of all the *Grecian* Train;  
 And Service, Faith, and Justice plead in vain.  
 510 But Goddess! thou, thy suppliant Son attend,  
 To high *Olympus*' shining Court ascend,  
 Urge all the Ties to former Service ow'd,  
 And sue for Vengeance to the Thund'ring God.  
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious Boast,  
 515 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' Æthereal Host,  
 When bold Rebellion shook the Realms above,  
 The undaunted Guard of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.

When



When the bright Partner of his awful Reign,  
 The Warlike Maid, and Monarch of the Main,  
 The Traytor-Gods, by mad Ambition driv'n, 520  
 Durst threat with Chains th' Omnipotence of Heav'n.  
 Then call'd by thee: the Monster *Titan* came,  
 (Whom Gods *Briareus*, Men *Ægeon* name)  
 Thro' wondring Skies enormous stalk'd along;  
 Not \* He that shakes the solid Earth so strong: 525 \* *Nep-*  
 With Giant-Pride at *Jove's* high Throne he stands, *tune.*  
 And brandish'd round him all his Hundred Hands;  
 Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful Lord,  
 They dropt the Fetters, trembled and ador'd.  
 This, Goddess, this to his Remembrance call, 530  
 Embrace his Knees, at his Tribunal fall;  
 Conjure him far to drive the *Grecian* Train,  
 To hurl them headlong to their Fleet and Main,  
 To heap the Shores with copious Death, and bring  
 The *Greeks* to know the Curse of such a King: 535  
 Let *Agamemnon* lift his haughty Head  
 O'er all his wide Dominion of the Dead,  
 And mourn in Blood, that e'er he durst disgrace  
 The boldest Warrior of the *Grecian* Race.



540 Unhappy Son! (fair *Thetis* thus replies,  
 While Tears Celestial trickled from her Eyes)  
 Why have I born thee with a Mother's Throes,  
 To Fates averse, and nurs'd for future Woes?  
 So short a Space the Light of Heav'n to view!  
 545 So short a Space, and fill'd with Sorrow too!  
 Oh might a Parent's careful Wish prevail,  
 Far, far from *Ilium* should thy Vessels sail,  
 And thou, from Camps remote, the Danger shun,  
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my Son.  
 550 Yet (what I can) to move thy Suit I'll go,  
 To great *Olympus* crown'd with fleecy Snow.  
 Mean time, secure within thy Ships from far  
 Behold the Field, nor mingle in the War.  
 The Sire of Gods, and all th' *Ethereal* Train,  
 555 On the warm Limits of the farthest Main,  
 Now mix with Mortals, nor disdain to grace  
 The Feasts of *Aethiopia's* blameless Race:  
 Twelve Days the Pow'rs indulge the Genial Rite,  
 Returning with the twelfth revolving Light.  
 560 Then will I mount the Brazen Dome, and move  
 The high Tribunal of Immortal Jove.



The Goddess spoke : The rowling Waves unclose ;  
 Then down the Deep she plung'd from whence she rose,  
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely Coast,  
 In wild Resentment for the Fair he lost. 565

In *Chrysa's* Port now sage *Ulysses* rode ;  
 Beneath the Deck the destin'd Victims stow'd :  
 The Sails they furl'd, they lash'd the Mast aside,  
 And dropt their Anchors, and the Pinnace ty'd.  
 Next on the Shore their Hecatomb they land, 570  
*Chryseis* last descending on the Strand.  
 Her, thus returning from the furrow'd Main,  
*Ulysses* led to *Phæbus* sacred Fane,  
 Where, at his solemn Altar, as the Maid  
 He gave to *Chryses*, thus the Heroe said. 575

Hail Rev'rend Priest ! to *Phæbus*' awful Dome  
 A Suppliant I from great *Atides* come :  
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless Fair ;  
 Accept the Hecatomb the *Greeks* prepare ;  
 And may thy God who scatters Darts around, 580  
 Aton'd by Sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the Sire embrac'd the Maid again,  
 So sadly lost, so lately fought in vain.

Then



Then near the Altar of the darting King,  
 585 Dispos'd in Rank their Hecatomb they bring:  
 With Water purify their Hands, and take  
 The sacred Off'ring of the salted Cake;  
 While thus with Arms devoutly rais'd in Air,  
 And solemn Voice, the Priest directs his Pray'r.  
 590 God of the Silver Bow, thy Ear incline,  
 Whose Power encircles *Cilla* the Divine,  
 Whose sacred Eye thy *Tenedos* surveys,  
 And gilds fair *Chrysa* with distinguish'd Rays!  
 If, fir'd to Vengeance at thy Priests request,  
 595 Thy direful Darts inflict the raging Pest;  
 Once more attend! avert the wastful Woe,  
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy Bow.  
 So *Chryses* pray'd, *Apollo* heard his Pray'r:  
 And now the *Greeks* their Hecatomb prepare;  
 600 Between their Horns the salted Barley threw,  
 And with their Heads to Heav'n the Victims flew:  
 The Limbs they sever from th' inclosing Hide;  
 The Thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:  
 On these, in double Cawls involv'd with Art,  
 605 The choicest Morfels lay from ev'ry Part.

The



The Priest himself before his Altar stands,  
And burns the Victims with his holy Hands,  
Pours the black Wine, and sees the Flames aspire;  
The Youth with Instruments surround the Fire:  
The Thighs thus sacrific'd, and Entrails drest,  
Th' Assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:  
Then spread the Tables, the Repast prepare,  
Each takes his Seat, and each receives his Share.  
When now the Rage of Hunger was repress'd,  
With pure Libations they conclude the Feast;  
The Youths with Wine the copious Goblets crown'd,  
And pleas'd, dispense the flowing Bowls around.  
With Hymns Divine the joyous Banquet ends,  
The *Pæans* lengthen'd 'till the Sun descends:  
The *Greeks* restor'd the grateful Notes prolong;  
*Apollo* listens, and approves the Song.

'Twas Night: the Chiefs beside their Vessel lie,  
'Till rose Morn had purpled o'er the Sky:  
Then launch, and hoist the Mast; Indulgent Gales  
Supply'd by *Phœbus*, fill the swelling Sails;  
The milk-white Canvas bellying as they blow;  
The parted Ocean foams and roars below:

H

Above



Above the bounding Billows swift they flew,  
 Till now the Grecian Camp appear'd in view.  
 630 Far on the Beach they haul their Bark to Land,  
 (The crooked Keel divides the yellow Sand)  
 Then part, where stretch'd along the winding Bay  
 The Ships and Tents in mingled Prospect lay.  
 But raging still amidst his Navy fate  
 635 The stern *Achilles*, stedfast in his Hate;  
 Nor mix'd in Combate, nor in Council join'd,  
 But wasting Cares lay heavy on his Mind:  
 In his black Thoughts Revenge and Slaughter roll,  
 And Scenes of Blood rise dreadful in his Soul.  
 640 Twelve Days were past, and now the dawning Light  
 The Gods had summon'd to th' *Olympian* Height.  
 Jove first ascending from the Wat'ry Bow'rs,  
 Leads the long Order of Ætherial Pow'rs.  
 When like a Morning Mist, in early Day,  
 645 Rose from the Flood the Daughter of the Sea;  
 And to the Seats Divine her Flight address.  
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
 The Thund'rer fate; where old *Olympus* shrouds  
 His hundred Heads in Heav'n, and props the Clouds.

Suppliant



Suppliant the Goddess stood: One Hand she plac'd 650  
Beneath his Beard, and one his Knees embrac'd.  
If e'er, O Father of the Gods! she said,  
My Words cou'd please thee, or my Actions aid;  
Some Marks of Honour on my Son bestow,  
And pay in Glory what in Life you owe. 655

Fame is at least by Heav'nly Promise due  
To Life so short, and now dishonour'd too.  
Avenge this Wrong, oh ever just and wise!  
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;  
'Till the proud King, and all th' Achaian Race 660  
Shall heap with Honours him they now disgrace.

Thus *Thetis* spoke, but *Jove* in Silence held  
The sacred Counsels of his Breast conceal'd.  
Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer prest,  
Still grasp'd his Knees, and urg'd the dear Request. 665  
O Sire of Gods and Men! thy Suppliant hear,  
Refuse, or grant; for what has *Jove* to fear?  
Or oh declare, of all the Pow'rs above  
Is wretched *Thetis* least the Care of *Jove*?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies 670  
Who rolls the Thunder o'er the vaulted Skies.

What



What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should *Jove* engage  
 In foreign Contests, and domestic Rage,  
 The Gods Complaints, and *Juno's* fierce Alarms,  
 675 While I, too partial, aid the *Trojan* Arms?  
 Go, lest the haughty Partner of my Sway  
 With jealous Eyes thy close Access survey;  
 But part in Peace, secure thy Pray'r is sped:  
 Witness the sacred Honours of our Head,  
 680 The Nod that ratifies the Will Divine,  
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable Sign;  
 This seals thy Suit, and this fulfills thy Vows—  
 He spoke, and awful, bends his sable Brows;  
 Shakes his Ambrosial Curls, and gives the Nod;  
 685 The Stamp of Fate, and Sanction of the God:  
 High Heav'n with trembling the dread Signal took,  
 And all *Olympus* to the Centre shook.  
 Swift to the Seas profound the Goddess flies,  
*Jove* to his starry Mansion in the Skies.  
 690 The shining Synod of th' Immortals wait  
 The coming God, and from their Thrones of State  
 Arising silent, wrapt in Holy Fear,  
 Before the Majesty of Heav'n appear.



Trembling they stand, while *Jove* assumes the Throne,  
All, but the God's Imperious Queen alone: 695

Late had she view'd the Silver-footed Dame,  
And all her Passions kindled into Flame.

Say, artful Manager of Heav'n (she cries)  
Who now partakes the Secrets of the Skies?

Thy *Juno* knows not the Decrees of Fate, 700  
In vain the Partner of Imperial State.

What fav'rite Goddess then those Cares divides,  
Which *Jove* in Prudence from his Confort hides?

To this the Thund'rer: Seek not thou to find  
The sacred Counfels of Almighty Mind: 705

Involv'd in Darknes lies the great Decree,  
Nor can the Depths of Fate be pierc'd by thee.

What fits thy Knowledge, thou the first shalt know;  
The first of Gods above and Men below:

But thou, nor they, shall search the Thoughts that roll 710  
Deep in the close Recesses of my Soul.

Full on the Sire the Goddess of the Skies  
Roll'd the large Orbs of her majestic Eyes,  
And thus return'd. Austere *Saturnius*, say,  
From whence this Wrath, or who controuls thy Sway? 715

I

Thy



Thy boundless Will, for me, remains in Force,  
 And all thy Counsels take the destin'd Course.  
 But 'tis for Greece I fear: For late was seen  
 In close Consult, the Silver-footed Queen.  
 720 Jove to his *Thetis* nothing could deny,  
 Nor was the Signal vain that shook the Sky.  
 What fatal Favour has the Goddess won,  
 To grace her fierce, inexorable Son?  
 Perhaps in Grecian Blood to drench the Plain,  
 725 And glut his Vengeance with my People slain.  
 Then thus the God: Oh restless Fate of Pride,  
 That strives to learn what Heav'n resolves to hide;  
 Vain is the Search, presumptuous and abhor'd,  
 Anxious to thee, and odious to thy Lord.  
 730 Let this suffice; th' immutable Decree  
 No Force can shake: What *is*, that ought to be.  
 Goddess submit, nor dare our Will withstand,  
 But dread the Pow'r of this avenging Hand;  
 Th' united Strength of all the Gods above  
 735 In vain resists th' Omnipotence of Jove.  
 The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply;  
 A rev'rend Horror silenc'd all the Sky.



The Feast disturb'd with Sorrow *Vulcan* saw,  
His Mother menac'd, and the Gods in Awe;  
Peace at his Heart, and Pleasure his Design, 740  
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine.

The wretched Quarrels of the mortal State  
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your Debate:  
Let Men their Days in senseless Strife employ,  
We, in eternal Peace and constant Joy. 745

Thou, Goddess-Mother, with our Sire comply,  
Nor break the sacred Union of the Sky:  
Lest, rous'd to Rage, he shake the blest Abodes,  
Launch the red Lightning, and dethrone the Gods.  
If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd; 750  
The gracious Pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus *Vulcan* spoke; and rising with a Bound,  
The double Bowl with sparkling *Nectar* crown'd,  
Which held to *Juno* in a chearful way,  
Goddess (he cry'd) be patient and obey. 755

Dear as you are, if *Jove* his Arm extend,  
I can but grieve, unable to defend.  
What God so daring in your Aid to move,  
Or lift his Hand against the Force of *Jove*?

Once



760 Once in your Cause I felt his matchless Might,  
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' Etherial Height;  
 Toft all the Day in rapid Circles round;  
 Nor 'till the Sun descended, touch'd the Ground:  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy Motion loft;

765 The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* Coast.

He said, and to her Hands the Goblet heav'd,  
 Which, with a Smile, the white-arm'd Queen receiv'd.  
 Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his Turn,  
 Each to his Lips apply'd the nectar'd Urn.

770 *Vulcan* with awkward Grace his Office plies,  
 And unextinguish'd Laughter shakes the Skies.

Thus the blest Gods the Genial Day prolong,  
 In Feasts Ambrosial, and Celestial Song.

*Apollo* tun'd the Lyre; the *Muses* round

775 With Voice alternate aid the silver Sound.

Meantime the radiant Sun, to mortal Sight  
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid Light.

Then to their starry Domes the Gods depart,

The shining Monuments of *Vulcan's* Art:

780 *Jove* on his Couch reclin'd his awful Head,

And *Juno* flumber'd on the golden Bed.

OBSER-



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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

First Book.

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OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS



Field Book



# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## FIRST BOOK.

**I**T is something strange that of all the Commentators upon *Homer*, there is hardly one whose principal Design is to illustrate the Poetical Beauties of the Author. They are voluminous in explaining those Sciences which he made but subservient to his Poetry, and sparing only upon that Art which constitutes his Character. This has been occasion'd by the Ostentation of Men who had more Reading than Taste, and were fonder of shewing their Variety of Learning in all Kinds, than their single Understanding in Poetry. Hence it comes to pass that their Remarks are rather Philosophical, Historical, Geographical, Allegorical, or in short rather any thing than Critical and Poetical. Even the Grammarians, tho' their whole Business and Use be only to render the Words of an Author intelligible, are strangely touch'd with the Pride of doing something more than they ought. The grand Ambition of one sort of Scholars is to encrease the Number of *Various Lections*; which they have done to such a degree of obscure Diligence, that we now begin to value the first Editions of Books as most correct, because they have been least corrected. The prevailing Passion of others is to discover *New Meanings* in an Author, whom they will cause to appear mysterious purely for the Vanity of being thought to unravel him. These account it a disgrace to be of the Opinion of those that preceded them; and it is generally the Fate of  
such



such People who will never say what was said before, to say what will never be said after them. If they can but find a Word that has once been strain'd by some dark Writer to signify any thing different from its usual Acceptation, it is frequent with them to apply it constantly to that uncommon Meaning, whenever they meet it in a clear Writer: For Reading is so much dearer to them than Sense, that they will discard it at any time to make way for a Criticism. In other Places where they cannot contest the Truth of the common Interpretation, they get themselves room for Dissertation by imaginary *Amphibologies*, which they will have to be design'd by the Author. This Disposition of finding out different Significations in one thing, may be the Effect of either too much, or too little Wit: For Men of a right Understanding generally see at once all that an Author can reasonably mean, but others are apt to fancy Two Meanings for want of knowing One. Not to add, that there is a vast deal of difference between the Learning of a Critick, and the Puzzling of a Grammarian.

It is no easy Task to make something out of a hundred Pedants that is not Pedantical; yet this he must do, who would give a tolerable Abstract of the former Expositors of *Homer*. The Commentaries of *Eustathius* are indeed an immense Treasury of the *Greek* Learning; but as he seems to have amassed the Substance of whatever others had written upon the Author, so he is not free from some of the foregoing Censures. There are those who have said, that a judicious Abstract of Him alone might furnish out sufficient Illustrations upon *Homer*. It was resolv'd to take the trouble of reading thro' that voluminous Work, and the Reader may be assur'd, those Remarks that any way concern the Poetry or Art of the Poet, are much fewer than is imagin'd. The greater Part of these is already plunder'd by succeeding Commentators, who have very little but what they owe to him: and I am oblig'd to say even of *Madam Dacier*, that she is either more beholden to him than she has confessed, or has read him less than she is willing to own. She has made a farther Attempt than her Predecessors to discover the Beauties of the Poet; tho' we have often only her



her general Praises and Exclamations instead of Reasons. But her Remarks all together are the most judicious Collection extant of the scatter'd Observations of the Ancients and Moderns, as her Preface is excellent, and her Translation equally careful and elegant.

The chief Design of the following Notes is to comment upon *Homer* as a Poet; whatever in them is extracted from others is constantly own'd; the Remarks of the Ancients are generally set at length, and the Places cited: all those of *Eustathius* are collected which fall under this Scheme: many which were not acknowledg'd by other Commentators, are restor'd to the true Owner; and the same Justice is shown to those who refus'd it to others.

I.

THE Plan of this Poem is form'd upon Anger and its ill Effects, the Plan of *Virgil's* upon pious Resignation and its Rewards: and thus every Passion or Virtue may be the Foundation of the Scheme of an Epic Poem. This Distinction between two Authors who have been so successful, seem'd necessary to be taken notice of, that they who would imitate either may not stumble at the very Entrance, or curb their Imaginations so as to deprive us of noble Morals told in a new Variety of Accidents. Imitation does not hinder Invention: We may observe the Rules of Nature, and write in the Spirit of those who have best hit upon them, without taking the same Track, beginning in the same Manner, and following the Main of their Story almost step by step; as most of the modern Writers of Epic Poetry have done after one of these great Poets.

II.

VERSE I.] *Quintilian* has told us, that from the beginning of *Homer's* two Poems the Rules of all *Exordiums* were deriv'd. "In paucissimis versibus utriusque operis ingressu, legem Proemiorum non dico servavit, sed constituit." Yet *Rapin* has been very free with this Invocation, in his Com-

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parison



*parifon* between Homer and Virgil; which is by no means the most judicious of his Works. He cavils first at the Poet's insisting so much upon the Effects of *Achilles's* Anger, That it was "the Cause of the Woes of the Greeks," that it "sent so many Heroes to the Shades," that "their Bodies were left a Prey to Birds and Beasts," the first of which he thinks had been sufficient. One may answer, that the Woes of Greece might consist in several other things than in the Death of her Heroes, which was therefore needful to be specify'd: As to the Bodies, he might have reflected how great a Curse the want of Burial was accounted by the Ancients, and how prejudicial it was esteem'd even to the Souls of the deceas'd: We have a most particular Example of the Strength of this Opinion from the Conduct of *Sophocles* in his *Ajax*; who thought this very Point sufficient to make the Distress of the last Act of that Tragedy after the Death of his Heroe, purely to satisfy the Audience that he obtain'd the Rites of Sepulture. Next he objects it as preposterous in *Homer* to desire the Muse to tell him the whole Story, and at the same time to inform her solemnly in his own Person that 'twas the Will of *Jove* which brought it about. But is a Poet then to be imagin'd intirely ignorant of his Subject, tho' he invokes the Muse to relate the Particulars? May not *Homer* be allow'd the Knowledge of so plain a Truth, as that the Will of God is fulfill'd in all things? Nor does his Manner of saying this infer that he *informs* the Muse of it, but only corresponds with the usual way of desiring Information from another concerning any thing, and at the same time mentioning that little we know of it in general. What is there more in this Passage? "Sing, O Goddess, that Wrath of *Achilles*, which prov'd so pernicious to the Greeks: We only know the Effects of it, that it sent innumerable brave Men to the Shades, and that it was *Jove's* Will it should be so. But tell me, O Muse, what was the Source of this destructive Anger?" I can't apprehend what *Rapin* means by saying, it is hard to know where this *Invocation* ends, and that it is confounded with the *Narration*, which so manifestly begins at *Ἀντὶς ἣ Διὸς ὕδρ*. But upon the whole, methinks the French Criticks play double with us, when they sometimes



## the FIRST BOOK.

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represent the Rules of Poetry to be form'd upon the Practice of *Homer*, and at other times arraign their Master as if he transgress'd them. *Horace* has said the Exordium of an Epic Poem ought to be plain and modest, and instances *Homer*'s as such, and *Rapin* from this very Rule will be trying *Homer* and judging it otherwise (for he criticises also upon the beginning of the *Odysses*). But for a full Answer we may bring the Words of *Quintilian* (whom *Rapin* himself allows to be the best of Criticks) concerning these Propositions and Invocations of our Author. "*Benevolum Auditorem invocatione*  
*"dearum quas presidere vatibus creditum est, inventum pro-*  
*"posita rerum magnitudine, & docilem summa celeriter com-*  
*"prehensa, facit.*"

### III.

VERSE 1.] Μῆνιν αἰεὶ θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.

*Plutarch* observes there is a Defect in the Measure of this first Line (I suppose he means in the *Eta*'s of the Patronymick.) This he thinks the fiery Vein of *Homer* making haste to his Subject, past over with a bold Neglect, being conscious of his own Power and Perfection in the greater Parts; as some (says he) who make Virtue their sole Aim, pass by Censure in smaller Matters. But perhaps we may find no occasion to suppose this a Neglect in him, if we consider that the word *Pelides*, had he made use of it without so many Alterations as he has put it to in Πηληϊάδεω, would still have been true to the Rules of Measure. Make but a Diphthong of the second *Eta* and the *Iota*, instead of their being two Syllables (perhaps by the fault of Transcribers) and the Objection is gone. Or perhaps it might be design'd that the Verse in which he professes to sing of violent Anger should run off in the Rapidity of Dactyles. This Art he is allow'd to have us'd in other Places, and *Virgil* has been particularly celebrated for it.

### IV.

VERSE 8. Will of Jove.] *Plutarch* in his Treatise of reading Poets, interprets Διὸς in this Place to signify Fate, not imagining



imagining it consistent with the Goodness of the supreme Being, or *Jupiter*, to contrive or practise any Evil against Men. *Eustathius* makes [*Will*] here to refer to the Promise which *Jupiter* gave to *Thetis*, that he would honour her Son by siding with *Troy* while he should be absent. But to reconcile these two Opinions, perhaps the Meaning may be that when *Fate* had decreed the Destruction of *Troy*, *Jupiter* having the Power of Incidents to bring it to pass, fulfill'd that Decree by providing Means for it. So that the Words may thus specify the Time of Action, from the beginning of the Poem, in which those Incidents work'd, 'till the Promise to *Thetis* was fulfil'd, and the Destruction of *Troy* ascertain'd to the *Greeks* by the Death of *Hector*. However it is certain that this Poet was not an absolute *Fatalist*, but still suppos'd the Power of *Jove* superior: For in the sixteenth *Iliad* we see him designing to save *Sarpedon* tho' the Fates had decreed his Death, if *Juno* had not interposed. Neither does he exclude *Free-will* in Men; for as he attributes the Destruction of the Heroes to the *Will* of *Jove* in the beginning of the *Iliad*, so he attributes the Destruction of *Ulysses's* Friends to their own *Folly* in the beginning of the *Odysses*,

Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.

## V.

VERSE 9. *Declare, O Muse.*] It may be question'd whether the first Period ends at Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βολή, and the Interrogation to the *Muse* begins with Εἰ δὲ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα---Or whether the Period does not end 'till the words, δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς, with only a single Interrogation at Τίς τ' ἄρ' σφῶε θεῶν---? I should be inclin'd to favour the former, and think it a double Interrogative, as *Milton* seems to have done in his Imitation of this Place at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

--Say first what Cause

Mov'd our grand Parents? &c. And just after,

Who first seduc'd them to that foul Revolt?

Besides that I think the Proposition concludes more nobly  
with



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with the Sentence *Such was the Will of Jove.* But the latter being follow'd by most Editions, and by all the Translations I have seen in any Language, the general Acceptation is here comply'd with, only transposing the Line to keep the Sentence last: And the next Verses are so turn'd as to include the double Interrogation, and at the same time do justice to another Interpretation of the Words *Εξ ὧν τὰ*, *Ex quo tempore*; which marks the *Date* of the Quarrel from whence the Poem takes its Rise. *Chapman* would have *Ex quo* understood of *Jupiter*, from whom the Debate was suggested; but this clashes with the Line immediately following, where he asks What God inspir'd the Contention? and answers, It was *Apollo*.

### VI.

VERSE 11. *Latona's Son.*] Here the Author who first invoc'd the Muse as the Goddess of Memory, vanishes from the Reader's view, and leaves her to relate the whole Affair through the Poem, whose Presence from this time diffuses an Air of Majesty over the Relation. And lest this should be lost to our Thoughts by the Continuation of the Story, he sometimes refreshes them with a new Invocation at proper Intervals. *Eustathius.*

### VII.

VERSE 20. *The Sceptre and the Laurel Crown.*] There is something exceedingly venerable in this Appearance of the Priest to command Attention. He comes with the Ensigns of the God he belong'd to; the Laurel Crown, now carry'd in his Hand to shew he was a Suppliant; and a golden Sceptre which the Ancients gave in particular to *Apollo*, as they did a silver one to the Moon, and other sorts to other Planets. *Eustathius.*

### VIII.

VERSE 23. *Ye Kings and Warriors.*] The Art of this Speech is remarkable. *Chryses* considers the Constitution of  
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the Greeks before Troy, as made up of Troops partly from Kingdoms and partly from Democracies: Wherefore he begins with a distinction which comprehends all. After this, as Apollo's Priest, he prays that they may obtain the two Blessings they had most in view, the Conquest of Troy, and a safe Return. Then as he names his Petition, he offers an extraordinary Ransom, and concludes with bidding them fear the God if they refuse it; like one who from his Office seems to foresee their Misery and exhorts them to shun it. Thus he endeavours to work by the Art of a general Application, by Religion, by Interest, and the Insinuation of Danger. This is the Substance of what *Eustathius* remarks on this Place; and in pursuance to his last Observation, the Epithet *Avenging* is added to this Version, that it may appear the Priest foretells the Anger of his God.

## IX.

VERSE 33. *He with Pride repuls'd.*] It has been remark'd in Honour of Homer's Judgment, and the Care he took of his Reader's Morals, that where he speaks of evil Actions committed, or hard Words given, he generally characterises them as such by a previous Expression. This Passage is given as one Instance of it, where he says the Repulse of *Chryses* was a proud injurious Action in *Agamemnon*: And it may be remark'd that before his Heroes fall on one another with hard Language, in this Book, he still takes care to let us know they were under a Distraction of Anger. *Plutarch of reading Poets.*

## X.

VERSE 41. *Till Time shall rife ev'ry youthful Grace,  
And Age dismiss her from my cold Embrace,  
In daily Labours of the Loom employ'd,  
Or doom'd to deck the Bed she once enjoy'd.*

The Greek is ἀντιώσται, which signifies either *making* the Bed, or *partaking* it. *Eustathius* and *Madam Dacier* insist very much upon its being taken in the former Sense only, for fear



of presenting a loose Idea to the Reader, and of offending against the Modesty of the *Muse* who is suppos'd to relate the Poem. This Observation may very well become a Bishop and a Lady. But that *Agamemnon* was not studying here for Civility of Expression, appears from the whole Tenour of his Speech; and that he design'd *Chryses* for more than a Servant-Maid may be seen from some other things he says of her, as that he prefer'd her to his Queen *Clytemnestra*, &c. The Impudence of which Confession Madam *Dacier* herself has elsewhere animadverted upon. Mr. *Dryden* in his Translation of this Book, has been juster to the Royal Passion of *Agamemnon*; tho' he has carry'd the Point so much on the other side, as to make him promise a greater Fondness for her in her old Age than in her Youth, which indeed is hardly credible.

*Mine she shall be, 'till creeping Age and Time  
Her Bloom have wither'd and destroy'd her Prime;  
'Till then my nuptial Bed she shall attend,  
And having first adorn'd it, late ascend.  
This for the Night; by Day the Web and Loom,  
And homely Household-Tasks shall be her Doom.*

Nothing could have made Mr. *Dryden* capable of this Mistake but extreme haste in Writing; which never ought to be imputed as a Fault to him, but to those who suffer'd so noble a Genius to lie under the necessity of it.

XI.

VERSE 47. *The trembling Priest.*] We may take notice here, once for all, that *Homer* is frequently Eloquent in his very Silence. *Chryses* says not a word in answer to the Insults of *Agamemnon*, but walks pensive along the Shore, and the melancholy Flowing of the Verse admirably expresses the Condition of the mournful and deserted Father.

Βῆ δ' ἀνέμῳ παρὰ θύα πόλεφ' ὁλοῖσ' ὁλοῖ δαλάρης.

XII. VERSE



## XII.

VERSE 61. *The favouring God attends.*] Upon this first Prayer in the Poem *Eustathius* takes occasion to observe, that the Poet is careful throughout his whole Work to let no Prayer ever fall entirely which has Justice on its side; but he who prays either kills his Enemy, or has Signs given him that he has been heard, or his Friends return, or his Undertaking succeeds, or some other visible Good happens. So far instructive and useful to Life has *Homer* made his Fable.

## XIII.

VERSE 67. *He bent his deadly Bow.*] In the tenth Year of the Siege of *Troy* a Plague happen'd in the *Grecian* Camp, occasion'd perhaps by immoderate Heats and gross Exhalations. At the Introduction of this Accident *Homer* begins his Poem, and takes occasion from it to open the Scene of Action with a most beautiful Allegory. He supposes that such Afflictions are sent from Heaven for the Punishment of our evil Actions, and because the Sun whom the Heathens worship'd was a principal Instrument of it, he says it was sent to punish *Agamemnon* for despising that God and injuring his Priest. *Eustathius*.

## XIV.

VERSE 69. *Mules and Dogs.*] *Hippocrates* observes two things of Plagues; that their Cause is in the Air, and that different Animals are differently touch'd by them according to their Nature or Nourishment. This Philosophy *Spondanus* refers to the Plague here mention'd. First, the Cause is in the Air, by reason of the *Darts* or *Beams* of *Apollo*. Secondly, the Mules and Dogs are said to die sooner than the Men; partly because they have by Nature a Quickness of Smell which makes the Infection sooner perceivable; and partly by the Nourishment they take, their feeding on the Earth with prone Heads making the Exhalation the more easy to be suck'd in with it. Thus has *Hippocrates* so long



long after *Homer* writ, subscrib'd to his Knowledge in the Rise and Progress of this Distemper. There have been some who have refer'd this Passage to a religious Sense, making the Death of the Mules and Dogs before the Men to point out a kind Method of Providence in punishing, whereby it sends some previous Afflictions to warn Mankind so as to make them shun the greater Evils by Repentance. This Monsieur *Dacier* in his Notes on *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry calls a Remark perfectly fine, and agreeable to God's Method of sending Plagues on the *Egyptians*, where first Horses, Asses, &c. were smitten, and afterwards the Men themselves.

## XV.

VERSE 74. *Thetis God-like Son convenes a Council.*] On the tenth Day a Council is held to enquire why the Gods were angry. We may observe with *Plutarch*, how justly he applies the Characters of his Persons to the Incidents; not making *Agamemnon* but *Achilles* call this Council, who of all the Kings was most capable of making Observations upon the Plague, and of foreseeing its Duration, as having been bred by *Chiron* to the Study of Physick. One may mention also a Remark of *Eustathius* in pursuance to this, that *Juno's* advising him in this case might allude to his Knowledge of an evil Temperament in the Air, of which she was Goddess.

## XVI.

VERSE 79. *Why leave we not the fatal Trojan Shore, &c.*] The Artifice of this Speech (according to *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* in his second Discourse, περί ἐσχηματισμένων) is admirably carry'd on to open an Accusation against *Agamemnon*, whom *Achilles* suspects to be the Cause of all their Miseries. He directs himself not to the Assembly, but to *Agamemnon*; he names not only the Plague but the War too, as having exhausted them all, which was evidently due to his Family. He leads the *Augurs* he would consult, by pointing at something lately done with respect to *Apollo*. And while he continues within the guard of civil Expression, scattering his

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Insinuations, he encourages those who may have more Knowledge to speak out boldly, by letting them see there is a Party made for their Safety; which has its Effect immediately in the following Speech of *Chalcas*, whose demand of Protection shows upon whom the Offence is to be plac'd.

## XVII.

VERSE 85. *By mystic Dreams.*] It does not seem that by the word *ὀνείροπολος* an Interpreter of Dreams is meant, for we have no hint of any preceding Dream which wants to be interpreted. We may therefore more probably refer it to such who us'd (after performing proper Rites) to lie down at some sacred Place, and expect a Dream from the Gods upon any particular Subject which they desir'd. That this was a Practice amongst them, appears from the Temples of *Amphiaraus* in *Boeotia*, and *Podalirius* in *Apulia*, where the Enquirer was oblig'd to sleep at the Altar upon the Skin of the Beast he had sacrific'd in order to obtain an Answer. It is in this manner that *Latinus* in *Virgil's* seventh Book goes to dream in the Temple of *Faunus*, where we have a particular Description of the whole Custom. *Strabo*, *Lib.* 16. has spoken concerning the Temple of *Jerusalem* as a Place of this Nature; "where (says he) the People either dream'd for themselves, or procur'd some good Dreamer to do it:" By which it should seem he had read something concerning the Visions of their Prophets, as that which *Samuel* had when he was order'd to sleep a third time before the Ark, and upon doing so had an Account of the Destruction of *Eli's* House: or that which happen'd to *Solomon* after having sacrific'd before the Ark at *Gibeon*. The same Author also has mention'd the Temple of *Serapis* in his seventeenth Book as a Place for receiving Oracles by Dreams.

## XVIII.

VERSE 97. *Belov'd of Jove, Achilles!*] These Appellations of Praise and Honour with which the Heroes in *Homer* so frequently



frequently salute each other, were agreeable to the Style of the ancient Times, as appears from several of the like Nature in the Scripture. *Milton* has not been wanting to give his Poem this Cast of Antiquity, throughout which our first Parents almost always accost each other with some Title that expresses a Respect to the Dignity of human Nature.

*Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve:*

*Adam, Earth's hallow'd Mould of God inspir'd.*

*Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's Lord. &c.*

## XIX.

VERSE 115. *Not even the Chief.*] After *Achilles* had brought in *Chalcas* by his dark Doubts concerning *Agamemnon*, *Chalcas* who perceiv'd them, and was unwilling to be the first that nam'd the King, artfully demands a Protection in such a manner, as confirms those Doubts, and extorts from him that warm and particular Expression "that he would protect him even against *Agamemnon*," who, as he says, is now the greatest Man of Greece, to hint that at the Expiration of the War he should be again reduc'd to be barely King of *Mycenæ*. This Place *Plutarch* takes notice of as the first in which *Achilles* shews his Contempt of Sovereign Authority.

## XX.

VERSE 117. *The Blameless Priest.*] The Epithet ἀμύμων or *blameless*, is frequent in *Homer*, but not always us'd with so much Propriety as here. The Reader may observe that Care has not been wanting thro' this Translation to preserve those Epithets which are peculiar to the Author, whenever they receive any Beauty from the Circumstances about them: as this of *blameless* manifestly does in the present Passage. It is not only apply'd to a Priest, but to one who being conscious of the Truth, prepares with an honest Boldness to discover it.

## XXI. VERSE



## XXI.

VERSE 131. *Augur accurst.*] This Expression is not meerly thrown out by chance, but proves what *Chalcas* said of the King when he ask'd Protection; that he harbour'd Anger in his Heart. For it aims at the Prediction *Chalcas* had given at *Aulis* nine Years before, for the sacrificing his Daughter *Iphigenia*. *Spondanus.*

This, and the two following Lines are in a manner Repe- titions of the same thing thrice over. It is left to the Rea- der to consider how far it may be allow'd, or rather praised for a Beauty, when we consider with *Eustathius* that it is a most natural Effect of Anger to be full of Words and in- sisting on that which galls us. We may add, that these re- iterated Expressions might be suppos'd to be thrown out one after another, according as *Agamemnon* is struck in the Confusion of his Passion, first by the Remembrance of one Prophecy, and then of another, which the same Man had utter'd against him.

## XXII.

VERSE 143. *Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's Charms.*] *Agamemnon* having heard the Charge which *Chalcas* drew up against him in two Particulars, that he had affronted the Priest, and refus'd to restore his Daughter; he offers one An- swer which gives softening Colours to both, that he lov'd her as well as his Queen *Clytemnestra* for her Perfecti- ons. Thus he would seem to satisfy the Father by Kind- ness to his Daughter, to excuse himself before the *Greeks* for what is past, and to make a Merit of yielding her in the fol- lowing Lines, and sacrificing his Passion for their Safety.

## XXIII.

VERSE 155. *Insatiate King.*] Here, where this Passion of Anger grows loud, it seems proper to prepare the Reader, and prevent his Mistake in the Character of *Achilles*, which might



might shock him in several Particulars following. We should know that the Poet has rather study'd Nature than Perfection in the laying down his Characters. He resolv'd to sing the Consequences of Anger; he consider'd what Virtues and Vices would conduce most to bring his Moral out of the Fable; and artfully dispos'd them in his chief Persons after the manner in which we generally find them; making the Fault which most peculiarly attends any good Quality, to reside with it. Thus he has plac'd Pride with Magnanimity in *Agamemnon*, and Craft with Prudence in *Ulysses*. And thus we must take his *Achilles*, not as a meer heroick dispassion'd Character, but as one compounded of Courage and Anger; one who finds himself almost invincible, and assumes an uncontroll'd Carriage upon the Self-consciousness of his Worth; whose high Strain of Honour will not suffer him to betray his Friends or fight against them, even when he thinks they have affronted him; but whose inexorable Resentment will not let him hearken to any Terms of Accommodation. These are the Lights and Shades of his Character, which *Homer* has heighten'd and darkned in Extrems; because on the one side Valour is the darling Quality of Epic Poetry, and on the other, Anger the particular Subject of his Poem. When Characters thus mix'd are well conducted, tho' they be not morally beautiful quite through, they conduce more to the end, and are still poetically perfect.

*Plutarch* takes occasion from the Observation of this Conduct in *Homer*, to applaud his just Imitation of Nature and Truth, in representing Virtues and Vices intermixed in his Heroes: contrary to the Paradoxes and strange Positions of the Stoicks, who held that no Vice could consist with Virtue, nor the least Virtue with Vice. *Plut. de aud. Poetis.*

XXIV.

VERSE 169. *Great as thou art, and like a God in Fight.*]  
The Words in the Original are θεοεικελ Ἀχιλλεύ. *Ulysses* is soon after call'd Διός, and others in other Places. The Phrase of *Divine* or *God-like* is not used by the Poet to signify Perfection in Men, but apply'd to considerable Persons upon ac-



count of some particular Qualification or Advantage which they were possess'd of far above the common Standard of Mankind. Thus it is ascrib'd to *Achilles* upon account of his great Valour, to *Ulysses* for his Preheminence in Wisdom, even to *Paris* for his exceeding Beauty, and to *Clytemnestra* for several fair Endowments.

## XXV.

VERSE 172. *First let the just Equivalent.*] The Reasoning in point of Right between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* seems to be this. *Achilles* pleads that *Agamemnon* could not seize upon any other Man's Captive without a new Distribution, it being an Invasion of private Property. On the other hand, as *Agamemnon's* Power was limited, how came it that all the *Grecian* Captains would submit to an illegal and arbitrary Action? I think the legal Pretence for his seizing *Briseis* must have been founded upon that Law, whereby the Commander in Chief had the Power of taking what part of the Prey he pleas'd for his own Use: And he being obliged to restore what he had taken, it seem'd but just that he should have a second Choice.

## XXVI.

VERSE 213. *And dar'st thou threat to snatch my Prize away,  
Due to the Deeds of many a dreadful Day?*]

The Anger of these two Princes was equally upon the account of Women, but yet it is observable that there is a different Air with which they are conducted. *Agamemnon* appears as a Lover, *Achilles* as a Warriour: The one speaks of *Chryseis* as a Beauty whom he valu'd equal to his Wife, and whose Merit was too considerable to be easily resign'd; the other treats *Briseis* as a Slave, whom he is concern'd to preserve in point of Honour, and as a Testimony of his Glory. Hence it is that we never hear him mention her but as his Spoil, the Reward of War, the Gift the *Græcians* gave him, or the like Expressions: and accordingly he yields her up, not in Grief for a Mistress whom he loses, but in Sullenness



Sullenness for an Injury that is done him. This Observation is Madam Dacier's, and will often appear just as we proceed farther. Nothing is finer than the Moral exhibited to us in this Quarrel, of the Blindness and Partiality of Mankind to their own Faults: The *Græcians* make a War to recover a Woman that was ravish'd, and are in danger to fail in the Attempt by a Dispute about another. *Agamemnon* while he is revenging a Rape, commits one; and *Achilles* while he is in the utmost Fury himself, reproaches *Agamemnon* for his passionate Temper.

XXVII.

VERSE 225. *Fly, mighty Warriour.*] *Achilles* having threaten'd to leave them in the former Speech, and spoken of his Acts of War; the Poet here puts an artful Piece of Spite in the Mouth of *Agamemnon*, making him opprobriously brand his Retreat as a Flight, and lessen the Appearance of his Courage by calling it the Love of Contention and Slaughter.

XXVIII.

VERSE 229. *Kings, the Gods distinguish'd Care.*] In the Original it is *Διοτρεφέες*, or *nurst by Jove*. *Homer* often uses to call his Kings by such Epithets as *Διογενεῖς*, *born of the Gods*, or *Διοτρεφέες*, *bred by the Gods*; by which he points out to themselves, the Offices they were ordain'd for; and to their People, the Reverence that should be pay'd them. These Expressions of his are perfectly in the exalted Style of the Eastern Nations, and correspondent to those Places of holy Scripture where they are call'd *Gods*, and *the Sons of the most High*.

XXIX.

VERSE 261. *Minerva swift descended from above.*] *Homer* having by degrees rais'd *Achilles* to such a Pitch of Fury as to make him capable of attempting *Agamemnon's* Life in the Council, *Pallas* the Goddess of Wisdom descends, and being seen only by him, pulls him back in the very Instant of Execution. He parlies with her a while as imagining she  
4 would



would advise him to proceed, but upon the promise of a time wherein there should be a full Reparation of his Honour, he sheaths his Sword in Obedience to her. She ascends to Heaven, and he being left to himself, falls again upon his General with bitter Expressions. The Allegory here may be allow'd by every Reader to be unforc'd: The Prudence of *Achilles* checks him in the rashest Moment of his Anger, it works upon him unseen to others, but does not entirely prevail upon him to desist, 'till he remembers his own Importance, and depends upon it that there will be a necessity of their courting him at any Expence into the Alliance again. Having perswaded himself by such Reflections, he forbears to attack his General, but thinking that he sacrifices enough to Prudence by this Forbearance, lets the thought of it vanish from him, and no sooner is Wisdom gone but he falls into more violent Reproaches for the Gratification of his Passion. All this is a most beautiful Passage whose Moral is evident, and generally agreed upon by the Commentators.

## XXX.

VERSE 268. *Known by the Flames that sparkled from her Eyes.* They who carry on this Allegory after the most minute manner, refer this to the Eyes of *Achilles*, as indeed we must, if we entirely destroy the bodily Appearance of *Minerva*. But what Poet designing to have his Moral so open, would take pains to form it into a Fable? In the proper mythological Sense, this Passage should be referr'd to *Minerva*: according to an Opinion of the Ancients, who suppos'd that the Gods had a peculiar Light in their Eyes. That *Homer* was not ignorant of this Opinion appears from his use of it in other Places, as when in the third *Iliad* *Helena* by this means discovers *Venus*: and that he meant it here is particularly asserted by *Heliodorus* in the third Book of his *Æthiopick* History. "The Gods, says he, are known in  
 " their Apparitions to Men by the fix'd Glare of their Eyes,  
 " or their gliding Passage through Air without moving the  
 " Feet; these Marks *Homer* has us'd from his Knowledge of  
 " the *Ægyptian* Learning, applying one to *Pallas*, and  
 " the



“ the other to *Neptune*.” Madam *Dacier* has gone into the contrary Opinion, and blames *Eustathius* and others without overthrowing these Authorities, or assigning any other Reason but that it was not proper for *Minerva*’s Eyes to *sparkle*, when her Speech was *mild*.

XXXI.

VERSE 298. *Thou Dog in Forehead.*] It has been one of the Objections against the Manners of *Homer*’s Heroes, that they are abusive. *Monf. de la Motte* affirms in his Discourse upon the *Iliad*, that great Men differ from the vulgar in their manner of expressing their Passion; but certainly in violent Passions (such as those of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*) the Great are as subject as any others to these Sallies; of which we have frequent Examples both from History and Experience. *Plutarch*, taking notice of this Line, gives it as a particular Commendation of *Homer*, that “ he constantly affords us a  
“ fine Lecture of Morality in his Reprehensions and Praises,  
“ by referring them not to the Goods of Fortune or the  
“ Body, but those of the Mind, which are in our Power, and  
“ for which we are blameable or praise-worthy. Thus, says  
“ he, *Agamemnon* is reproach’d for Impudence and Fear,  
“ *Ajax* for vain-bragging, *Idomeneus* for the Love of Con-  
“ tention, and *Ulysses* does not reprove even *Thersites* but as  
“ a Babbler, tho’ he had so many personal Deformities to  
“ object to him. In like manner also the Appellations and  
“ Epithets with which they accost one another, are gene-  
“ rally founded on some distinguishing Qualification of  
“ Merit, as *Wise Ulysses*, *Hector equal to Jove in Wis-*  
“ *dom*, *Achilles chief Glory of the Greeks*,” and the like.  
*Plutarch of reading Poets.*

XXXII.

VERSE 299. *In ambush’d Fights to dare.*] *Homer* has magnify’d the Ambush as the boldest manner of Fight. They went upon those Parties with a few Men only, and generally the most daring of the Army, on Occasions of the greatest  
G Hazard,



Hazard, where they were therefore more expos'd than in a regular Battel. Thus *Idomeneus* in the thirteenth Book expressly tells *Meriones* that the greatest Courage appears in this way of Service, each Man being in a manner singled out to the Proof of it. *Eustathius*.

## XXXIII.

VERSE 309. *Now by this sacred Sceptre.*] *Spondanus* in this Place blames *Eustathius*, for saying that *Homer* makes *Achilles* in his Passion swear by the first thing he meets with; and then assigns (as from himself) two Causes which the other had mention'd so plainly before, that it is a wonder they could be over-look'd. The Substance of the whole Passage in *Eustathius* is, that if we consider the Sceptre simply as Wood, *Achilles* after the manner of the Ancients takes in his Transport the first thing to swear by; but that *Homer* himself has in the Process of the Description assign'd Reasons why it is proper for the Occasion, which may be seen by considering it Symbolically. First, That as the Wood being cut from the Tree will never re-unite and flourish, so neither should their Amity ever flourish again, after they were divided by this Contention. Secondly, That a Sceptre being the mark of Power and Symbol of Justice, to swear by it might in effect be construed swearing by the God of Power, and by Justice itself; and accordingly it is spoken of by *Aristotle*, 3 *l. Polit.* as a usual solemn Oath of Kings.

I cannot leave this Passage without showing in Opposition to some Moderns who have criticiz'd upon it as tedious, that it has been esteem'd a Beauty of so fine a Nature by the Ancients as to engage them in its Imitation. *Virgil* has almost transcrib'd it in his 12 *Æn.* for the Sceptre of *Latinus*.

*Ut sceptrum hoc (sceptrum dextrâ nam fortè gerebat)  
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbrâs;  
Cum semel in silvis imo de stirpe recisum,  
Matre caret, posuitque comas & brachia ferro:  
Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus ære decoro  
Inclussit, Patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.*



But I cannot think this comes up to the Spirit or Propriety of *Homer*, notwithstanding the Judgment of *Scaliger* who decides for *Virgil* upon a trivial comparison of the Wording in each, *l. 5. cap. 3. Poet.* It fails in a greater Point than any he has mention'd, which is that being there us'd on occasion of a Peate, it has no emblematical reference to Division, and yet describes the cutting of the Wood and its Incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many Words as *Homer*. It is borrow'd by *Valerius Flaccus* in his third Book, where he makes *Jason* swear as a Warriour by his Spear,

*Hanc ego magnanimi spoliū Didymaonis hastam,  
Ut semel est avulsa jugis à matre perempta,  
Quæ neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,  
Fida ministeria & duras obit horrida pugnæ,  
Testor.*-----

And indeed, however he may here borrow some Expressions from *Virgil* or fall below him in others, he has nevertheless kept to *Homer* in the Emblem, by introducing the Oath upon *Jason's* Grief for sailing to *Colchis* without *Hercules*, when he had separated himself from the Body of the *Argonauts* to search after *Hylas*. To render the Beauty of this Passage more manifest, the Allusion is inserted (but with the fewest Words possible) in this Translation.

## XXXIV.

VERSE 324. *Thy Rashness made the bravest Greek thy Foe.]* Tho' self-praise had not been agreeable to the haughty Nature of *Achilles*, yet *Plutarch* has mention'd a Case, and with respect to him, wherein it is allowable. He says that *Achilles* has at other times ascrib'd his Success to *Jupiter*, but it is permitted to a Man of Merit and Figure who is injuriously dealt with, to speak frankly of himself to those who are forgetful and unthankful.

## XXXV.



## XXXV.

VERSE 333. *Two Generations.*] The Commentators make not *Nestor* to have liv'd three hundred Years (according to *Ovid's* Opinion;) they take the word *γένηα* not to signify a Century or Age of the World; but a Generation, or compass of Time in which one Set of Men flourish, which in the common Computation is thirty Years; and accordingly it is here translated as much the more probable..

From what *Nestor* says in this Speech, Madam *Dacier* computes the Age he was of, at the end of the *Trojan* War. The Fight of the *Lapithæ* and *Centaurs* fell out fifty five or sixty Years before the War of *Troy*: The Quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* happen'd in the tenth and last Year of that War. It was then fifty five or sixty five Years since *Nestor* fought against the *Centaurs*; he was capable at that time of giving Counsel, so that one cannot imagine him to have been under twenty: From whence it will appear that he was now almost arriv'd to the Conclusion of his third Age, and about fourscore and five, or fourscore and six Years of Age.

## XXXVI.

VERSE 339. *What Shame.*] The Quarrel having risen to its highest Extravagance, *Nestor* the wisest and most aged *Greek* is rais'd to quiet the Princes, whose Speech is therefore fram'd entirely with an opposite Air to all which has been hitherto said, sedate and inoffensive. He begins with a soft affectionate Complaint which he opposes to their Threats and haughty Language; he reconciles their Attention in an awful manner, by putting them in mind that they hear one whom their Fathers and the greatest Heroes have heard with deference. He sides with neither, that he might not anger any one, while he advises them to the proper Methods of Reconciliation; and he appears to side with both while he praises each, that they may be induc'd by the Recollection of one another's Worth to return to that Amity which would bring Success to the Cause. It was not however consistent with



with the Plan of the Poem that this should entirely appease them, for then the Anger would be at an end which was propos'd to be sung through the whole. *Homer* has not therefore made this Speech to have its full Success; and yet that the Eloquence of his *Nestor* might not be thrown out of Character by its proving unavailable, he takes care that the Violence with which the Dispute was manag'd should abate immediately upon his speaking; *Agamemnon* confesses that all he spoke was right, *Achilles* promises not to fight for *Briseis* if she should be sent for, and the Council dissolves.

It is to be observ'd that this Character of Authority and Wisdom in *Nestor*, is every where admirably used by *Homer*, and made to exert itself thro' all the great Emergencies of the Poem. As he quiets the Princes here, he proposes that Expedient which reduces the Army into their Order after the Sedition in the second Book. When the *Greeks* are in the utmost Distresses, 'tis he who advises the building the Fortification before the Fleet, which is the chief means of preserving them. And it is by his Persuasion that *Patroclus* puts on the Armour of *Achilles*, which occasions the Return of that Heroe, and the Conquest of *Troy*.

## XXXVII.

VERSE 394. ————— No more Achilles draws  
His conqu'ring Sword in any Woman's Cause.]

When *Achilles* promises not to contest for *Briseis*, he expresses it in a sharp despising Air, *I will not fight for the sake of a Woman*: by which he glances at *Helena*, and casts an oblique Reflection upon those Commanders whom he is about to leave at the Siege for her Cause. One may observe how well it is fancy'd of the Poet, to make one Woman the ground of a Quarrel which breaks an Alliance that was only form'd upon account of another: and how much the Circumstance thus consider'd contributes to keep up the Anger of *Achilles*, for carrying on the Poem beyond this Dissolution of the Council. For (as he himself argues with *Ulysses* in the 9th *Iliad*) it is as reasonable for him to retain his Anger upon the account of *Briseis*, as for the Brothers with all *Greece* to carry on a

H

War



War upon the score of *Helena*. I do not know that any Commentator has taken notice of this Sarcasm of *Achilles*, which I think a very obvious one.

## XXXVIII.

VERSE 413. *The Ablutions.*] All our former *English* Translations seem to have err'd in the Sense of this Line; the word λύματα being differently render'd by them, *Offals*, or *Entrails*, or *Purgaments*, or *Ordures*, a gross Set of Ideas of which *Homer* is not guilty. The word comes from λῶω, *eluo*, the same Verb from whence ἐπιλυμαίνοντο, which precedes in the Line, is deriv'd. So that the Sense appears to be as it is render'd here [*They wash'd, and threw away their Washings.*] Perhaps this Lustration might be used as a Physical Remedy in cleansing them from the Infection of the Plague: as *Pausanias* tells us it was by the *Arcadians*, from whence he says the Plague was called λύμη by the *Greeks*.

## XXXIX.

VERSE 430. *At awful distance silent.*] There was requir'd a very remarkable Management to preserve all the Characters which are concern'd in this nice Conjunction, wherein the Heralds were to obey at their Peril. *Agamemnon* was to be gratify'd by an Insult on *Achilles*, and *Achilles* was to suffer so as might become his Pride, and not have his violent Temper provok'd. From all this the Poet has found the Secret to extricate himself, by only taking care to make his Heralds stand in sight, and silent. Thus they neither make *Agamemnon's* Majesty suffer by uttering their Message submissively, nor occasion a rough Treatment from *Achilles* by demanding *Briseis* in the peremptory Air he order'd; and at the same time *Achilles* is gratify'd with the Opportunity of giving her up, as if he rather sent her than was forc'd to relinquish her. The Art of this has been taken notice of by *Eustathius*.

## XL. VERSE



## XL.

VERSE 451. *She in soft Sorrows.*] The Behaviour of *Briseis* in her Departure is no less beautifully imagin'd than the former. A *French* or *Italian* Poet had lavish'd all his Wit and Passion in two long Speeches on this Occasion, which the *Heralds* must have wept to hear; instead of which *Homer* gives us a fine Picture of Nature. We see *Briseis* passing unwillingly along, with a dejected Air, melted in Tenderness, and not able to utter a word: And in the Lines immediately following, we have a *Contraste* to this in the gloomy Resentment of *Achilles*, who suddenly retires to the Shore and vents his Rage aloud to the Seas. The Variation of the Numbers just in this Place adds a great Beauty to it, which has been endeavour'd at in the Translation.

## XLI.

VERSE 458. *There bath'd in Tears.*] *Eustathius* observes on this Place that it is no Weakness in Heroes to weep, but the very Effect of Humanity and Proof of a generous Temper; for which he offers several Instances, and takes notice that if *Sophocles* would not let *Ajax* weep, it is because he is drawn rather as a Madman than a Heroe. But this general Observation is not all we can offer in excuse for the Tears of *Achilles*: His are Tears of Anger and Disdain (as I have ventur'd to call them in the Translation) of which a great and fiery Temper is more susceptible than any other; and even in this case *Homer* has taken care to preserve the high Character, by making him retire to vent his Tears out of sight. And we may add to these an Observation of which *Madam Dacier* is fond, which is, the Reason why *Agamemnon* parts not in Tears from *Chryseis*, and *Achilles* should from *Briseis*: The one parts willingly from his Mistress, and because he does it for his People's Safety it becomes an Honour to him: the other is parted unwillingly, and because his General takes her by force the Action reflects a Dishonour upon him.

## XLII. VERSE



## XLII.

VERSE 464. *The Thund'rer ow'd.*] This alludes to a Story which *Achilles* tells the Embassadors of *Agamemnon*, *Il.* 9. That he had the Choice of two Fates: one less glorious at home, but blessed with a very long Life; the other full of Glory at *Troy*, but then he was never to return. The Alternative being thus propos'd to him (not from *Jupiter* but *Thetis* who reveal'd the Decree) he chose the latter, which he looks upon as his due; since he gives away length of Life for it: and accordingly when he complains to his Mother of the Disgrace he lies under, it is in this manner he makes a demand of Honour.

Monf. *de la Motte* very judiciously observes, that but for this Fore-knowledge of the Certainty of his Death at *Troy*, *Achilles's* Character could have drawn but little Esteem from the Reader. A Heroe of a vicious Mind, blest only with a Superiority of Strength, and invulnerable into the bargain, was not very proper to excite Admiration; but *Homer* by this exquisite Piece of Art has made him the greatest of Heroes, who is still pursuing Glory in contempt of Death, and even under that Certainty generously devoting himself in every Action.

## XLIII.

VERSE 478. *From Thebæ.*] *Homer* who open'd his Poem with the Action which immediately brought on *Achilles's* Anger, being now to give an Account of the same thing again, takes his Rise more backward in the Story. Thus the Reader is inform'd in what he should know, without having been delay'd from entering upon the promis'd Subject. This is the first Attempt which we see made towards the Poetical Method of Narration, which differs from the Historical in that it does not proceed always directly in the Line of Time, but sometimes relates things which have gone before when a more proper Opportunity demands it to make the Narration more informing or beautiful.



The foregoing Remark is in regard only to the first six Lines of this Speech. What follows is a Rehearsal of the preceding Action of the Poem, almost in the same Words he had used in the opening it; and is one of those Faults which has with most Justice been objected to our Author. It is not to be deny'd but the Account must be tedious, of what the Reader had been just before inform'd: and especially when we are given to understand it was no way necessary, by what *Achilles* says at the beginning, that *Thetis knew the whole Story already*. As to repeating the same Lines, a Practice usual with *Homer*, it is not so excusable in this Place as in those where Messages are deliver'd in the Words they were receiv'd, or the like; it being unnatural to imagine, that the Person whom the Poet introduces as actually speaking, should fall into the self-same Words that are us'd in the Narration by the Poet himself. Yet *Milton* was so great an Admirer and Imitator of our Author, as not to have scrupled even this kind of Repetition. The Passage is at the end of his tenth Book, where *Adam* having declar'd he would prostrate himself before God in certain particular Acts of Humiliation, those Acts are immediately after describ'd by the Poet in the same Words.

## XLIV.

VERSE 514. *Oft hast thou triumph'd.*] The Persuasive which *Achilles* is here made to put into the Mouth of *Thetis*, is most artfully contriv'd to suit the present Exigency. You, says he, must intreat *Jupiter* to bring Miseries on the *Greeks* who are protected by *Juno*, *Neptune*, and *Minerva*: Put him therefore in mind that those Deities were once his Enemies, and adjure him by that Service you did him when those very Powers would have bound him, that he will now in his turn assist you against the Endeavours they will certainly oppose to my Wishes. *Eustathius*.

As for the Story itself, some have thought (with whom is *Madam Dacier*) that there was some imperfect Tradition of the Fall of the Angels for their Rebellion, which the *Greeks* had receiv'd by Commerce with *Ægypt*: and thus they ac-



count the Rebellion of the Gods, the Precipitation of *Vulcan* from Heaven; and *Jove's* threatening the inferior Gods with *Tartarus* in *Il.* 8. but as so many Hints of Scripture faintly imitated. But it seems not improbable that the Wars of the Gods, described by the Poets, allude to the Confusion of the Elements before they were brought into their natural Order. It is almost generally agreed that by *Jupiter* is meant the *Æther*, and by *Juno* the *Air*. The ancient Philosophers suppos'd the *Æther* to be igneous, and by its kind Influence upon the *Air* to be the Cause of all Vegetation: Therefore *Homer* says in the 14th *Iliad*, *V.* 346. That upon *Jupiter's* embracing his Wife, the Earth put forth its Plants. Perhaps by *Thetis's* assisting *Jupiter*, may be meant that the watry Element subsiding and taking its natural Place, put an end to this Combat of the Elements.

## XLV.

VERSE 523. *Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name.*] This manner of making the Gods speak a Language different from Men (which is frequent in *Homer*) is a Circumstance that as far as it widens the distinction between divine and human Natures, so far might tend to heighten the Reverence paid the Gods. But besides this, as the difference is thus told in Poetry, it is of use to the Poets themselves: For it appears like a kind of Testimony of their Inspiration, or their Converse with the Gods, and thereby gives a Majesty to their Works.

## XLVI.

VERSE 554. *The Sire of Gods, and all th' Ætherial Train,  
On the warm Limits of the farthest Main,  
Now mix with Mortals, nor disdain to grace  
The Feasts of Æthiopia's blameless Race.*]

The *Æthiopians*, says *Diodorus*, *l.* 3. are said to be the Inventors of Poms, Sacrifices, solemn Meetings, and other Honours paid to the Gods. From hence arose their Character of Piety, which is here celebrated by *Homer*. Among these there was an annual Feast at *Diospolis*, which *Eustathius* mentions,



mentions, wherein they carry'd about the Statues of *Jupiter* and the other Gods, for twelve Days, according to their Number: to which if we add the ancient Custom of setting Meat before Statues, it will appear a Rite from which this Fable might easily arise. But it would be a great Mistake to imagine from this Place, that *Homer* represents the Gods as eating and drinking upon Earth: a gross Notion he was never guilty of, as appears from these Verses in the fifth Book, Line 340.

Ἰχθὺς οἷος πέρ περ ἄλλῃ μακάρεσσιν θεοῖσιν ;  
Οὐ γὰρ σίτου ἔδης ἔτι πλὺς αἰθέρα οἶνον,  
Τέρεν' ἐναίμονές εἰσι, καὶ ἀθανάτοι καλέονται.

*Macrobius* would have it, that by *Jupiter* here mention'd is meant the *Sun*, and that the Number Twelve hints at the twelve Signs; but whatever may be said in a critical Defence of this Opinion, I believe the Reader will be satisfy'd that *Homer* consider'd as a Poet would have his Machinery understood upon that System of the Gods which is properly *Græcian*.

One may take notice here, that it were to be wish'd some Passage were found in any authentic Author that might tell us the time of the Year when the *Æthiopians* kept this Festival at *Diospolis*: For from thence one might determine the precise Season of the Year wherein the Actions of the *Iliad* are represented to have happen'd, and perhaps by that means farther explain the Beauty and Propriety of many Passages in the Poem.

XLVII.

VERSE 600. *The Sacrifice.*] If we consider this Passage, it is not made to shine in Poetry: All that can be done is to give it Numbers, and endeavour to set the Particulars in a distinct View. But if we take it in another Light, and as a Piece of Learning, it is valuable for being the most exact Account of the ancient Sacrifices any where left us. There is first the Purification, by washing of Hands. Secondly the offering up of Prayers. Thirdly the *Mela*, or Barley Cakes thrown upon the Victim. Fourthly the manner of killing it with



with the Head turn'd upwards to the celestial Gods (as they turn'd it downwards when they offer'd to the Internals.) Fifthly their selecting the Thighs and Fat for their Gods as the best of the Sacrifice, and the disposing about them pieces cut from every part for a Representation of the whole: (Hence the Thighs, or *μηλα*, are frequently us'd in *Homer* and the *Greek* Poets for the whole Victim.) Sixthly the Libation of Wine. Seventhly consuming the Thighs in the Fire of the Altar. Eighthly the Sacrificers dressing and Feasting on the rest, with Joy and Hymns to the Gods. Thus punctually have the ancient Poets and in particular *Homer*, written with a care and respect to Religion. One may question whether any Country as much a Stranger to Christianity as we are to Heathenism, might be so well inform'd by our Poets in the Worship belonging to any Profession of Religion at present.

I am obliged to take notice how intirely Mr. *Dryden* has mistaken the Sense of this Passage, and the Custom of Antiquity; for in his Translation, the Cakes are thrown into the Fire instead of being cast on the Victim; the Sacrificers are made to eat the Thighs and whatever belong'd to the Gods; and no part of the Victim is consum'd for a Burnt-offering, so that in effect there is no Sacrifice at all. Some of the Mistakes (particularly that of *turning the Roast-meat on the Spits*, which was not known in *Homer's* Days) he was led into by *Chapman's* Translation.

## XLVIII.

VERSE 681. *The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable Sign.*] There are among Men three things by which the Efficacy of a Promise may be made void; the Design not to perform it, the want of Power to bring it to pass, and the Instability of our Tempers, from all which *Homer* saw that the Divinity must be exempted, and therefore he describes the *Nod*, or Ratification of *Jupiter's* word, as *faithful* in Opposition to *Fraud*, *sure* of being perform'd in Opposition to *Weakness*, and *irrevocable* in Opposition to our *repenting* of a Promise. *Eustathius*.



XLIX.

VERSE 683. *He spoke, and awful bends.*] This Description of the Majesty of *Jupiter* has something exceedingly grand and venerable. *Macrobius* reports, that *Phidias* having made his *Olympian Jupiter* which pass for one of the greatest Miracles of Art, he was ask'd from what Pattern he fram'd so divine a Figure, and answer'd, it was from that Archetype which he found in these Lines of *Homer*. The same Author has also taken notice of *Virgil's* imitating it, l. 10.

*Dixerat, idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,  
Per pice torrentes atraque voragine ripas;  
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

Here indeed he has preserv'd the *Nod* with its stupendous Effect, the making the Heavens tremble. But he has neglected the Description of the Eyebrows and the Hair, those chief Pieces of Imagery from whence the Artist took the Idea of a Countenance proper for the King of Gods and Men.

Thus far *Macrobius*, whom *Scaliger* answers in this manner; *Aut ludunt Phidiam, aut nos ludit Phidias: Etiam sine Homero puto illum scisse, Jovem non carere superciliis & casarie.*

L.

VERSE 694. *Jove assumes the Throne.*] As *Homer* makes the first Council of his Men to be one continued Scene of Anger, whereby the *Græcian* Chiefs became divided, so he makes the first Meeting of the Gods to be spent in the same Passion; whereby *Jupiter* is more fix'd to assist the *Trojans* and *Juno* more incens'd against them. Thus the Design of the Poem goes on: the Anger which began the Book overspreads all existent Beings by the latter end of it: Heaven and Earth become engag'd in the Subject, by which it rises to a great Importance in the Reader's Eyes, and is hasten'd forward into the briskest Scenes of Action that can be fram'd upon that violent Passion.



## LI.

VERSE 698. *Say, artful Manager.*] The Gods and Goddesses being describ'd with all the Desires and Pleasures, the Passions and Humours of Mankind, the Commentators have taken a Licence from thence to draw not only moral Observations, but also satyrical Reflections out of this part of the Poet. These I am sorry to see fall so hard upon Womankind, and all by *Juno's* means. Sometimes she procures them a Lesson for their Curiosity and Unquietness, and at other times for their loud and vexatious Tempers. *Juno* deserves them on the one hand, *Jupiter* thunders them out on the other, and the learned Gentlemen are very particular in enlarging with Remarks on both sides. In her first Speech they make the Poet describe the inquisitive Temper of Womankind in general, and their Restlessness if they are not admitted into every Secret. In his Answer to this, they trace those Methods of grave Remonstrance by which it is proper for Husbands to calm them. In her Reply, they find it is the Nature of Women to be more obstinate for being yielded to: and in his second Return to her, they see the last Method to be used with them upon failure of the first, which is the Exercise of Sovereign Authority.

Mr. *Dryden* has translated all this with the utmost Severity upon the Ladies, and spirited the whole with satyrical Additions of his own. But Madam *Dacier* (who has elsewhere animadverted upon the good Bishop of *Theffalonica*, for his sage Admonitions against the Fair Sex) has not taken the least notice of this general Defection from Complaisance in all the Commentators. She seems willing to give the whole Passage a more important Turn, and incline us to think that *Homer* design'd to represent the Folly and Danger of prying into the Secrets of Providence. 'Tis thrown into that Air in this Translation, not only as it is more noble and instructive in general, but as it is more respectful to the Ladies in particular; nor should we (any more than Madam *Dacier*) have mention'd what those old Fellows have said, but to desire their Protection against some modern Criticks their Disciples, who may arraign this Proceeding.

LII. VERSE



clear'd by Heat, or I mean the God of Heat. Him they  
when the Air is troubled about **III** but restor'd again when it is  
Joins as Heaven and the Air, whose Alliance is interrupted

VERSE 713. *Roll'd the large Orbs.*] The Greek is Βούπις πότνια Ἥρη, which is commonly translated *The venerable Oxen's Juno*. Madam *Dacier* very well observes that βού is only an augmentative Particle, and signifies no more than *valde*. It may be added, that the Imagination of Oxen having larger Eyes than ordinary is ill grounded, and has no Foundation in Truth; their Eyes are no larger in proportion than those of Men, or of most other Animals. But be it as it will, the design of the Poet which is only to express the Largeness of her Eyes, is answer'd in this Paraphrase.

Verenigde Staten van Noord-Amerika

VERSE 741. *Thus interpos'd the Architect divine.*] This Quarrel of the Gods being come to its height, the Poet makes *Vulcan* interpose, who freely puts them in mind of Pleasure, inoffensively advises *Juno*, illustrates his Advice by an Example of his own Misfortune, turning the Jest on himself to enliven the Banquet; and concludes the Part he is to support with serving *Nectar* about. *Homer* had here his *Minerva* or *Wisdom* to interpose again, and every other Quality of the Mind resided in Heaven under the Appearance of some Deity: So that his introducing *Vulcan*, proceeded not from a want of Choice, but an Insight into Nature. He knew that a Friend to Mirth often diverts or stops Quarrels, especially when he contrives to submit himself to the Laugh, and prevails on the angry to part in good Humour, or in a Disposition to Friendship; when grave Representations are sometimes Reproaches, sometimes lengthen the Debate by occasioning Defences, and sometimes introduce new Parries into the Consequences of it.

his Character perfectly conformed to the **VII.** he is the self of the Board, Dyson has treated Nelson a little barbarously. He makes

VERSE 760. *Once in your Cause I felt his matchless Might.*  
They who search another Vein of Allegory for hidden Know-  
ledges in Natural Philosophy, have consider'd *Jupiter* and  
*Juno*



*Juno* as *Heaven* and the *Air*, whose Alliance is interrupted when the *Air* is troubled above, but restor'd again when it is clear'd by *Heat*, or *Vulcan* the God of Heat. Him they call a divine Artificer, from the Activity or general Use of Fire in working. They suppose him to be born in *Heaven* where Philosophers say that Element has its proper Place; and is thence deriv'd to the *Earth* which is signify'd by the Fall of *Vulcan*; that he fell in *Lemnos*, because that Island abounds with Subterranean Fires; and that he contracted a Lameness or Imperfection by the Fall; the Fire not being so pure and active below, but mix'd and terrestrial. *Eustathius*.

## LVI.

VERSE 767. *Which with a Smile the white-arm'd Queen receiv'd.*] The Epithet λευκώλενος, or *white-arm'd*, is used by *Homer* several times before in this Book. This was the first Passage where it could be introduced with any Ease or Grace, because the Action she is here describ'd in, of extending her Arm to the Cup, gives it an occasion of displaying its Beauties, and in a manner demands the Epithet.

## LVII.

VERSE 771. *Laughter shakes the Skies.*] *Vulcan* design'd to move Laughter by taking upon him the Office of *Hebe* and *Ganymede*, with his awkward limping Carriage. But tho' he prevail'd and *Homer* tells you the Gods did laugh, yet he takes care not to mention a word of Lameness. It would have been cruel in him and Wit out of Season, to have enlarg'd with Derision upon an Imperfection which is out of one's Power to remedy.

According to this good-natur'd Opinion of *Eustathius*, Mr. *Dryden* has treated *Vulcan* a little barbarously. He makes his Character perfectly comical, he is the Jest of the Board, and the Gods are very merry upon the Imperfections of his Figure. *Chapman* led him into this Error in general, as well as into some Indecencies of Expression in particular, which will be seen upon comparing them,

## LVIII. VERSE



LVIII.

VERSE 778. *Then to their starry Domes.*] The Astrologers assign twelve Houses to the Planets, wherein they are said to have Dominion. Now because *Homer* tells us *Vulcan* built a Mansion for every God, the Ancients write that he first gave occasion for this Doctrine.

LIX.

VERSE 780. *Jove on his Couch reclin'd his awful Head.*] *Eustathius* makes a distinction between καθεύδειν and ὑπνῶν; the Words which are used at the end of this Book and the beginning of the next, with regard to *Jupiter's* sleeping. He says καθεύδειν only means Lying down in a Disposition to sleep; which salves the Contradiction that else would follow in the next Book, where it is said *Jupiter* did not sleep. I only mention this to vindicate the Translation which differs from Mr. *Dryden's*.

It has been remark'd by the Scholiasts, that this is the only Book of the twenty four without any *Simile*, a Figure in which *Homer* abounds every where else. The like Remark is made by Madam *Dacier* upon the first of the *Odysses*; and because the Poet has observ'd the same Conduct in both Works, it is concluded he thought a Simplicity of Style without the great Figures was proper during the first Information of the Reader. This Observation may be true, and admits of refin'd Reasonings; but for my part I cannot think the Book had been the worse, tho' he had thrown in as many *Similes* as *Virgil* has in the first *Æneid*.



Mr. H. R. B. Book

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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF THE  
ILIAD.

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## The ARGUMENT.

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The Tryal of the Army and Catalogue of the Forces.

**J**UPITER in pursuance of the Request of Thetis, sends a deceitful Vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the Army to Battel; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The General, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his Assistance, but fears the Army was discourag'd by his Absence and the late Plague, as well as by length of Time, contrives to make trial of their Disposition by a Stratagem. He first communicates his Design to the Princes in Council, that he would propose a Return to the Soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the Proposal was embrac'd. Then he assembles the whole Host, and upon moving for a Return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it and run to prepare the Ships. They are detain'd by the Management of Ulysses, who chastises the Insolence of Therites. The Assembly is recall'd, several Speeches made on the occasion, and at length the Advice of Nestor follow'd, which was to make a general Muster of the Troops, and to divide them into their several Nations, before they proceeded to Battel. This gives occasion to the Poet to enumerate all the Forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large Catalogue.

The Time employ'd in this Book consists not intirely of one Day. The Scene lies in the Græcian Camp and upon the Sea-Shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

T H E



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THE  
SECOND BOOK

OF THE  
ILIAD.

NOW pleasing *Sleep* had seal'd each mortal Eye,  
Stretch'd in the Tents the *Grecian* Leaders lie,  
Th' Immortals slumber'd on their Thrones above;  
All, but the ever-wakeful Eyes of *Jove*.  
To honour *Thetis'* Son he bends his Care, 5  
And plunge the *Greeks* in all the Woes of War:  
Then bids an empty *Phantome* rise to fight,  
And thus commands the *Vision* of the Night.

Fly hence, deluding *Dream!* and light as Air,  
To *Agamemnon's* ample Tent repair. 10  
Bid him in Arms draw forth th' embattel'd Train,  
Lead all his *Grecians* to the dusty Plain.

A

Declare



Declare, ev'n now 'tis giv'n him to destroy  
The lofty Tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.

15 For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,  
At *Juno*'s Suit the Heav'nly Factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted Wall,  
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending Fall.

Swift as the Word the vain *Illusion* fled,  
20 Descends and hovers o'er *Atrides*' Head;  
Cloath'd in the Figure of the *Pylian* Sage,  
Renown'd for Wisdom, and rever'd for Age;  
Around his Temples spreads his golden Wing,  
And thus the flatt'ring *Dream* deceives the King.

25 Canst thou, with all a Monarch's Cares oppress'd,  
Oh *Atreus*' Son! canst thou indulge thy Rest?  
Ill fits a Chief who mighty Nations guides,  
Directs in Council, and in War presides,  
To whom its Safety a whole People owes,  
30 To waste long Nights in indolent Repose?

Monarch awake! 'tis *Jove*'s Command I bear,  
Thou, and thy Glory, claim his heav'nly Care.  
In just Array draw forth th' embattel'd Train,  
Lead all thy *Grecians* to the dusty Plain;



Ev'n now, O King! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 35  
 The lofty Tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.  
 For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,  
 At *Juno's* Suit the Heav'nly Factions end.  
 Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted Wall,  
 And nodding *Ilium* waits th' impending Fall. 40  
 Awake, but waking this Advice approve,  
 And trust the *Vision* that descends from *Jove*.

The *Phantome* said; then, vanish'd from his sight,  
 Resolves to Air, and mixes with the Night.  
 A thousand Schemes the Monarch's Mind employ; 45  
 Elate in Thought, he facks untaken *Troy*:  
 Vain as he was, and to the Future blind;  
 Nor saw what *Jove* and secret Fate design'd,  
 What mighty Toils to either Host remain,  
 What Scenes of Grief and Mountains of the Slain! 50  
 Eager he rises, and in Fancy hears  
 The Voice Celestial murm'ring in his Ears.  
 First on his Limbs a slender Vest he drew,  
 Around him next the Regal Mantle threw,  
 Th' embroider'd Sandals on his Feet were ty'd, 55  
 The starry Faulchion glitter'd at his side;

And



And last his Arm the massy Sceptre loads,  
Unstain'd, immortal, and the Gift of Gods.

Now rose Morn ascends the Court of *Jove*,  
60 Lifts up her Light, and opens Day above.

The King dispatch'd his Heralds with Commands  
To range the Camp, and summon all the Bands:  
The gath'ring Hosts the Monarch's Word obey;  
While to the Fleet *Atrides* bends his way.

65 In his black Ship the *Pylian* Prince he found,  
There calls a Senate of the Peers around.

Th' Assembly plac'd, the King of Men exprest  
The Counsels lab'ring in his artful Breast.

Friends and Confed'rates! with attentive Ear  
70 Receive my Words, and credit what you hear.

Late as I slumber'd in the Shades of Night,  
A Dream Divine appear'd before my Sight;  
Whose Visionary Form like *Nestor* came,  
The same in Habit, and in Mien the same.

75 The heav'nly *Phantome* hover'd o'er my Head,  
And, Dost thou sleep, Oh *Atreus'* Son? (he said)  
Ill suits a Chief who mighty Nations guides,  
Directs in Council and in War presides,

To



# BOOK II. *HOMER'S ILLIAD.*

5

To whom its Safety a whole People owes ;  
To waste long Nights in indolent Repose. 80

Monarch awake ! 'tis *Jove's* Command I bear,  
Thou and thy Glory claim his heav'nly Care ;  
In just Array draw forth th' embattel'd Train,  
And lead the *Grecians* to the dusty Plain ;  
Ev'n now, O King ! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 85  
The lofty Tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.

For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,  
At *Juno's* Suit the Heav'nly Factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted Wall,  
And nodding *Ilium* waits th' impending Fall. 90

This hear observant; and the Gods obey !  
The Vision spoke, and past in Air away.  
Now, valiant Chiefs ! since Heav'n itself alarms,  
Unite, and rouse the Sons of *Greece* to Arms.  
But first, with Caution, try what yet they dare, 95  
Worn with nine Years of unsuccessful War ?  
To move the Troops to measure back the Main,  
Be mine ; and yours the Province to detain.

He spoke, and fate ; when *Nestor* rising said,  
(*Nestor*, whom *Pylus'* sandy Realms obey'd) 100

B

Princes



Princes of *Greece*, your faithful Ears incline,  
 Nor doubt the Vision of the Pow'rs Divine;  
 Sent by great *Jove* to him who rules the Host,  
 Forbid it Heav'n! this Warning should be lost!  
 105 Then let us haste, obey the Gods Alarms,  
 And join to rouse the Sons of *Greece* to Arms.  
 Thus spoke the Sage: The Kings without Delay  
 Dissolve the Council, and their Chief obey:  
 The sceptred Rulers lead; the following Host  
 110 Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the Coast.  
 As from some Rocky Cleft the Shepherd sees  
 Clust'ring in Heaps on Heaps the driving Bees,  
 Rolling, and black'ning, Swarms succeeding Swarms,  
 With deeper Murmurs and more hoarse Alarms;  
 115 Dusky they spread, a close-embod'ed Crowd,  
 And o'er the Vale descends the living Cloud.  
 So, from the Tents and Ships, a length'ning Train  
 Spreads all the Beach, and wide o'er shades the Plain:  
 Along the Region runs a deaf'ning Sound;  
 120 Beneath their Footsteps groans the trembling Ground.  
*Fame* flies before, the Messenger of *Jove*,  
 And shining soars and claps her Wings above.



BOOK II. HOMER'S ILIAD.

7

Nine sacred Heralds now proclaiming loud  
 The Monarch's Will, suspend the list'ning Crowd.  
 Soon as the Throngs in Order rang'd appear, 125  
 And fainter Murmurs dy'd upon the Ear,  
 The King of Kings his awful Figure rais'd;  
 High in his Hand the Golden Sceptre blaz'd:  
 The Golden Sceptre, of Celestial Frame,  
 By *Vulcan* form'd, from *Jove* to *Hermes* came: 130  
 To *Pelops* He th' immortal Gift resign'd;  
 Th' immortal Gift great *Pelops* left behind,  
 In *Atreus*' Hand; which not with *Atreus* ends,  
 To rich *Thyestes* next the Prize descends;  
 And now the Mark of *Agamemnon*'s Reign, 135  
 Subjects all *Argos*, and controuls the Main.

On this bright Sceptre now the King reclin'd,  
 And artful thus pronounc'd the Speech design'd.  
 Ye Sons of *Mars*, partake your Leader's Care,  
 Heroes of *Greece*, and Brothers of the War! 140  
 Of partial *Jove* with Justice I complain,  
 And Heav'nly Oracles believ'd in vain.  
 A safe Return was promis'd to our Toils,  
 Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with Spoils.

Now



145 Now shameful Flight alone can save the Host,  
Our Blood, our Treasure, and our Glory lost.  
So *Jove* decrees, resistless Lord of All!  
At whose Command whole Empires rise or fall:  
He shakes the feeble Props of human Trust,  
150 And Towns and Armies humbles to the Dust.  
What Shame to *Greece* a fruitless War to wage,  
Oh lasting Shame in ev'ry future Age!  
Once great in Arms, the common Scorn we grow,  
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble Foe.  
155 So small their Number, that if Wars were ceas'd,  
And *Greece* triumphant held a gen'ral Feast,  
All rank'd by Tens; whole Decads when they dine  
Must want a *Trojan* Slave to pour the Wine.  
But other Forces have our Hopes o'erthrown,  
160 And *Troy* prevails by Armies not her own.  
Now nine long Years of mighty *Jove* are run,  
Since first the Labours of this War begun:  
Our Cordage torn, decay'd our Vessels lie,  
And scarce ensure the wretched Pow'r to fly.  
165 Haste then, for ever leave the *Trojan* Wall!  
Our weeping Wives, our tender Children call:

Love,



BOOK II. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

9

Love, Duty, Safety, summon us away;  
'Tis Nature's Voice, and Nature we obey.  
Our shatter'd Barks may yet transport us o'er,  
Safe and inglorious, to our native Shore. 176  
Fly, *Grecians* fly, your Sails and Oars employ,  
And dream no more of Heav'n-defended *Troy*.

His deep Design unknown, the Hosts approve  
*Atrides'* Speech. The mighty Numbers move.  
So roll the Billows to th' *Icarian* Shore, 179  
From East and South when Winds begin to roar,  
Burst their dark Mansions in the Clouds, and sweep  
The whitening Surface of the ruffled Deep.  
And as on Corn when Western Gusts descend,  
Before the Blast the lofty Harvests bend : 180  
Thus o'er the Field the moving Host appears,  
With nodding Plumes and Groves of waving Spears.  
The gath'ring Murmur spreads; their trampling Feet  
Beat the loose Sands, and thicken to the Fleet.  
With long-resounding Cries they urge the Train, 185  
To fit the Ships, and launch into the Main.  
They toil, they sweat, thick Clouds of Dust arise,  
The doubling Clamours eccho to the Skies.

C

Ev'n



Ev'n then the *Greeks* had left the hostile Plain;  
 190 And Fate decreed the Fall of *Troy* in vain;  
 But *Jove's* Imperial Queen their Flight survey'd,  
 And sighing thus bespoke the blue-ey'd Maid.  
 Shall then the *Grecians* fly? Oh dire Disgrace!  
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious Race?  
 195 Shall *Troy*, shall *Priam*, and th'Adult'rous Spouse,  
 In Peace enjoy the Fruits of broken Vows?  
 And bravest Chiefs, in *Helen's* Quarrel slain,  
 Lie unreveng'd on yon' detested Plain?  
 No—let my *Greeks*, unmov'd by vain Alarms,  
 200 Once more refulgent shine in Brazen Arms.  
 Haste, Goddess, haste! the flying Host detain,  
 Nor let one Sail be hoisted on the Main.  
*Pallas* obeys, and from *Olympus'* Height  
 Swift to the Ships precipitates her Flight;  
 205 *Ulysses*, first in publick Cares, she found,  
 For prudent Counsel like the Gods renown'd:  
 Oppress'd with gen'rous Grief the Heroe stood,  
 Nor drew his fable Vessels to the Flood.  
 And is it thus, divine *Laertes'* Son!  
 210 Thus fly the *Greeks* (the Martial Maid begun)

Thus



Thus to their Country bear their own Disgrace,  
 And Fame eternal leave to Priam's Race?  
 Shall beauteous *Helen* still remain unfreed,  
 Still unreveng'd a thousand Heroes bleed?  
 Hasten gen'rous *Ithacus*! prevent the Shame, 215  
 Recall your Armies, and your Chiefs reclaim.  
 Your own resistless Eloquence employ,  
 And to th' Immortals trust the Fall of *Troy*.

The Voice Divine confess'd the Warlike Maid,  
*Ulysses* heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd. 220  
 Then meeting first *Atrides*, from his Hand  
 Receiv'd th' Imperial Sceptre of Command,  
 Thus grac'd, Attention and Respect to gain,  
 He runs, he flies, thro' all the *Grecian* Train,  
 Each Prince of Name, or Chief in Arms approv'd, 225  
 He fir'd with Praise or with Persuasion mov'd.

Warriors like you, with Strength and Wisdom blest,  
 By brave Examples should confirm the rest.  
 The Monarch's Will not yet reveal'd appears;  
 He tries our Courage, but resents our Fears. 230  
 Th' unwary *Greeks* his Fury may provoke;  
 Not thus the King in secret Council spoke.



*Jove* loves our Chief, from *Jove* his Honour springs;  
Beware! for dreadful is the Wrath of Kings.  
235 But if a clam'rous vile *Plebeian* rose,  
Him with Reproof he check'd, or tam'd with Blows.  
Be still thou Slave! and to thy Betters yield;  
Unknown alike in Council and in Field!  
Ye Gods, what Dastards would our Host command?  
240 Swept to the War, the Lumber of a Land.  
Be silent Wretch, and think not here allow'd  
That worst of Tyrants, an usurping Crowd.  
To One sole Monarch *Jove* commits the Sway;  
His are the Laws, and Him let all obey.  
245 With Words like these the Troops *Ulysses* rul'd,  
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.  
Back to th' Assembly roll the thronging Train,  
Desert the Ships, and pour upon the Plain.  
Murm'ring they move, as when old *Ocean* roars,  
250 And heaves huge Surges to the trembling Shores:  
The groaning Banks are burst with bellowing Sound,  
The Rocks remurmur, and the Deeps rebound.  
At length the Tumult sinks, the Noises cease,  
And a still Silence lulls the Camp to Peace.

*Thersites*



## BOOK II. HOMER'S ILIAD.

13

*Thersites* only clamour'd in the Throng, 255  
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of Tongue:  
 Aw'd by no Shame, by no Respect controul'd,  
 In Scandal busie, in Reproaches bold:  
 With witty Malice, studious to defame,  
 Scorn all his Joy, and Laughter all his Aim. 260  
 But chief he glory'd with licentious Style  
 To lash the Great, and Monarchs to revile.  
 His Figure such as might his Soul proclaim;  
 One Eye was blinking, and one Leg was lame:  
 His Mountain-Shoulders half his Breast o'erspread, 265  
 Thin Hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen Head.  
 Spleen to Mankind his envious Heart possess'd,  
 And much he hated All, but most the Best.  
*Ulysses* or *Achilles* still his Theme;  
 But Royal Scandal his Delight supreme. 270  
 Long had he liv'd the Scorn of ev'ry *Greek*,  
 Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.  
 Sharp was his Voice; which in the shrillest Tone,  
 Thus with injurious Taunts attack'd the Throne.  
 Amidst the Glories of so bright a Reign, 275  
 What moves the great *Atrides* to complain?

D

'Tis



'Tis thine whate'er the Warrior's Breast inflames,  
 The golden Spoil, and thine the lovely Dames,  
 With all the Wealth our Wars and Blood bestow,  
 280 Thy Tents are crowded, and thy Chests o'erflow.  
 Thus at full Ease in Heaps of Riches roll'd,  
 What grieves the Monarch? Is it Thirst of Gold?  
 Say shall we march with our unconquer'd Pow'rs,  
 (The *Greeks* and I) to *Ilion's* hostile Tow'rs,  
 285 And bring the Race of Royal Bastards here,  
 For *Troy* to ransom at a Price too dear?  
 But safer Plunder thy own Host supplies;  
 Say would'st thou seize some valiant Leader's Prize?  
 Or, if thy Heart to gen'rous Love be led,  
 290 Some Captive Fair, to bless thy Kingly Bed?  
 Whate'er our Master craves, submit we must,  
 Plagu'd with his Pride, or punish'd for his Lust.  
 Oh Women of *Achaia*! Men no more!  
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his Store  
 295 In Loves and Pleasures on the *Phrygian* Shore.  
 We may be wanted on some busie Day,  
 When *Hector* comes: So great *Achilles* may:

From



From him he forc'd the Prize we jointly gave,  
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:  
And durst he, as he ought, resent that Wrong,  
This mighty Tyrant were no Tyrant long. 300

Fierce from his Seat, at this, *Ulysses* springs,  
In gen'rous Vengeance of the King of Kings.  
With Indignation sparkling in his Eyes,  
He views the Wretch, and sternly thus replies.  
Peace, factious Monster, born to vex the State, 305  
With wrangling Talents form'd for foul Debate:  
Curb that impetuous Tongue, nor rashly vain  
And singly mad, asperse the Sov'reign Reign.  
Have we not known thee, Slave! of all our Host,  
The Man who acts the least, upbraids the most? 310  
Think not the *Greeks* to shameful Flight to bring,  
Nor let those Lips profane the Name of King.  
For our Return we trust the heav'nly Pow'rs;  
Be that their Care; to fight like Men be ours.  
But grant the Host with Wealth the Gen'ral load, 315  
Except Detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?  
Suppose some Hero should his Spoils resign,  
Art thou that Hero, could those Spoils be thine?

Gods!



320 Gods! let me perish on this hateful Shore;  
 And let these Eyes behold my Son no more;  
 If, on thy next Offence, this Hand forbear  
 To strip those Arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,  
 Expell the Council where our Princes meet,  
 325 And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the Fleet.  
 He said, and cow'ring as the Dastard bends,  
 The weighty Sceptre on his Back descends:  
 On the round Bunch the bloody Tumors rise;  
 The Tears spring starting from his haggard Eyes:  
 330 Trembling he fate, and shrunk in abject Fears,  
 From his vile Visage wip'd the scalding Tears.  
 While to his Neighbour each express'd his Thought;  
 Ye Gods! what Wonders has *Ulysses* wrought?  
 What Fruits his Conduct and his Courage yield?  
 335 Great in the Council, glorious in the Field,  
 Gen'rous he rises in the Crown's Defence,  
 To curb the factious Tongue of Insolence.  
 Such just Examples on Offenders shown,  
 Sedition silence, and assert the Throne.  
 340 'Twas thus the gen'ral Voice the Heroe prais'd,  
 Who rising, high th' Imperial Sceptre rais'd:

The



The blue-ey'd *Pallas*, his Celestial Friend,  
(In Form a Herald) bade the Crowds attend.

Th' expecting Crowds in still Attention hung,  
To hear the Wisdom of his heav'nly Tongue. 345

Then deeply thoughtful, pausing e're he spoke,  
His Silence thus the prudent Hero broke.

Unhappy Monarch! whom the *Grecian* Race  
With Shame deserting, heap with vile Disgrace.

Not such at *Argos* was their gen'rous Vow, 450  
Once all their Voice, but ah! forgotten now:

Ne'er to return, was then the common Cry,  
'Till *Troy's* proud Structures shou'd in Ashes lie.

Behold them weeping for their native Shore!

What cou'd their Wives or helpless Children more? 355

What Heart but melts to leave the tender Train,

And, one short Month, endure the Wintry Main?

Few Leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful Seat,

When the Ship tosses, and the Tempests beat:

Then well may this long Stay provoke their Tears, 360

The tedious Length of nine revolving Years.

Not for their Grief the *Grecian* Host I blame;

But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal Shame!

E

Expect



Expect the Time to *Troy's* Destruction giv'n,  
 365 And try the Faith of *Calchas* and of Heav'n.  
 What past at *Aulis*, *Greece* can witness bear,  
 And all who live to breathe this *Phrygian* Air.  
 Beside a Fountain's sacred Brink we rais'd  
 Our verdant Altars, and the Victims blaz'd;  
 370 ('Twas where the Plane-tree spread its Shades around)  
 The Altars heav'd; and from the crumbling Ground  
 A mighty Dragon shot, of dire Portent;  
 From *Jove* himself the dreadful Sign was sent.  
 Strait to the Tree his sanguine Spires he roll'd,  
 375 And curl'd around in many a winding Fold.  
 The topmost Branch a Mother-Bird possess'd;  
 Eight callow Infants fill'd the mossie Nest;  
 Herself the ninth: The Serpent as he hung,  
 Stretch'd his black Jaws, and crash'd the crying Young;  
 380 While hov'ring near, with miserable Moan,  
 The drooping Mother wail'd her Children gone.  
 The Mother last, as round the Nest she flew,  
 Seiz'd by the beating Wing, the Monster flew:  
 Nor long surviv'd; to Marble turn'd he stands  
 385 A lasting Prodigy on *Aulis'* Sands.



Such was the Will of *Jove*; and hence we dare  
Trust in his Omen, and support the War.  
For while around we gaz'd with wondring Eyes,  
And trembling sought the Pow'rs with Sacrifice,  
Full of his God, the rev'rend *Calchas* cry'd, 390  
Ye *Grecian* Warriors! lay your Fears aside.  
This wondrous Signal *Jove* himself displays,  
Of long, long Labours, but Eternal Praise.  
As many Birds as by the Snake were slain,  
So many Years the Toils of *Greece* remain; 395  
But wait the Tenth, for *Ilion's* Fall decreed:  
Thus spoke the Prophet, thus the Fates succeed.  
Obey, ye *Grecians*! with Submission wait,  
Nor let your Flight avert the *Trojan* Fate.

He said: the Shores with loud Applauses sound, 400  
The hollow Ships each deaf'ning Shout rebound.  
Then *Nestor* thus----These vain Debates forbear,  
Ye talk like Children, not like Heroes dare.  
Where now are all your high Resolves at last,  
Your Leagues concluded, your Engagements past? 405  
Vow'd with Libations and with Victims then,  
Now vanish'd like their Smoke: The Faith of Men,  
While



While useless Words consume th' unactive Hours,  
No wonder *Troy* so long resists our Pow'rs.  
410 Rise, great *Atrides*! and with Courage sway;  
We march to War if thou direct the Way.  
But leave the few that dare resist thy Laws,  
The mean Deferters of the *Grecian* Cause,  
To grudge the Conquests mighty *Jove* prepares,  
415 And view, with Envy, our successful Wars.  
On that great Day when first the martial Train  
Big with the Fate of *Ilion*, plow'd the Main,  
*Jove*, on the Right, a prosp'rous Signal sent,  
And Thunder rolling shook the Firmament.  
420 Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious Strife,  
'Till ev'ry Soldier grasp a *Phrygian* Wife,  
'Till *Helen's* Woes at full reveng'd appear,  
And *Troy's* proud Matrons render Tear for Tear.  
Before that Day, if any *Greek* invite  
425 His Country's Troops to base, inglorious Flight,  
Stand forth that *Greek*! and hoist his Sail to fly;  
And dye the Dastard first, who dreads to dye.  
But now, O Monarch! all thy Chiefs advise:  
Nor what they offer, thou thy self despise.



Among those Counsels, let not mine be vain; 430  
 In Tribes and Nations to divide thy Train:  
 His sep'rate Troops let ev'ry Leader call,  
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.  
 What Chief, or Soldier, of the num'rous Band,  
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys Command, 435  
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,  
 And what the Cause of *Ilium* not o'erthrown?  
 If Fate resists, or if our Arms are slow,  
 If Gods above prevent, or Men below?

To him the King: How much thy Years excell, 440  
 In Arts of Council, and in speaking well!  
 Oh would the Gods, in Love to *Greece*, decree  
 But ten such Sages as they grant in thee;  
 Such Wisdom soon should *Priam's* Force destroy,  
 And soon should fall the haughty Tow'rs of *Troy*! 445  
 But *Jove* forbids, who plunges those he hates  
 In fierce Contention and in vain Debates.  
 Now great *Achilles* from our Aid withdraws,  
 By me provok'd; a Captive Maid the Cause:  
 If e'er as Friends we join, the *Trojan* Wall 450  
 Must shake, and heavy will the Vengeance fall!

F

But



But now, ye Warriors, take a short Repast;  
 And, well refresh'd, to bloody Conflict haste.  
 His sharpen'd Spear let ev'ry *Grecian* wield,  
 455 And ev'ry *Grecian* fix his Brazen Shield,  
 Let all excite the fiery Steeds of War,  
 And all for Combate fit the ratling Car.  
 This Day, this dreadful Day, let each contend;  
 No Rest, no Respite, 'till the Shades descend;  
 460 'Till Darknefs, or 'till Death shall cover all:  
 Let the War bleed, and let the Mighty fall!  
 'Till bath'd in Sweat be ev'ry manly Breast,  
 With the huge Shield each brawny Arm deprest,  
 Each aking Nerve refuse the Lance to throw,  
 465 And each spent Courser at the Chariot blow.  
 Who dares, inglorious, in his Ships to stay,  
 Who dares to tremble on this signal Day,  
 That Wretch, too mean to fall by martial Pow'r,  
 The Birds shall mangle, and the Dogs devour.  
 470 The Monarch spoke: and strait a Murmur rose,  
 Loud as the Surges when the Tempest blows,  
 That dash'd on broken Rocks tumultuous roar,  
 And foam and thunder on the stony Shore.



Strait to the Tents the Troops dispersing bend,  
The Fires are kindled, and the Smokes ascend; 475  
With hasty Feasts they sacrifice, and pray  
T'avert the Dangers of the doubtful Day.  
A Steer of five Year's Age, large limb'd, and fed,  
To Jove's high Altars *Agamemnon* led:  
There bade the noblest of the *Grecian* Peers; 480  
And *Nestor* first, as most advanc'd in Years.  
Next came *Idomeneus* and *Tydeus'* Son,  
*Ajax* the less, and *Ajax Telamon*;  
Then wise *Ulysses* in his Rank was plac'd;  
And *Menelaus* came unbid, the last. 485  
The Chiefs surround the destin'd Beast, and take  
The sacred Off'ring of the salted Cake:  
When thus the King prefers his solemn Pray'r.  
Oh Thou! whose Thunder rends the clouded Air,  
Who in the Heav'n of Heav'ns hast fix'd thy Throne, 490  
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone!  
Hear! and before the burning Sun descends,  
Before the Night her gloomy Veil extends,  
Low in the Dust be laid yon' hostile Spires,  
Be *Priam's* Palace sunk in *Grecian* Fires, 495

In



In *Hector's* Breast be plung'd this shining Sword,  
And slaughter'd Heroes groan around their Lord!

Thus pray'd the Chief: His unavailing Pray'r  
Great *Jove* refus'd, and tost in empty Air:

500 The God averse, while yet the Fumes arose,  
Prepar'd new Toils and doubled Woes on Woes.

Their Pray'rs perform'd, the Chiefs the Rite pursue,  
The Barley sprinkled, and the Victim flew.

The Limbs they sever from th' inclosing Hyde,  
505 The Thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.

On these, in double Cauls involv'd with Art,  
The choicest Morfels lie from ev'ry Part.

From the cleft Wood the crackling Flames aspire,  
While the fat Victim feeds the sacred Fire.

510 The Thighs thus sacrific'd and Entrails drest,  
Th' Assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;

Then spread the Tables, the Repast prepare,  
Each takes his Seat, and each receives his Share.

Soon as the Rage of Hunger was suppress'd,  
515 The gen'rous *Nestor* thus the Prince address'd.

Now bid thy Heralds sound the loud Alarms,  
And call the Squadrons sheath'd in Brazen Arms:



Now seize th' Occasion, now the Troops survey,  
And lead to War, when Heav'n directs the Way.

He said; the Monarch issu'd his Commands; 520

Strait the loud Heralds call the gath'ring Bands.

The Chiefs inclose their King; the Hosts divide,

In Tribes and Nations rank'd on either side.

High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;

From Rank to Rank she darts her ardent Eyes: 525

The dreadful *Aegis*, *Jove's* immortal Shield,

Blaz'd on her Arm, and lighten'd all the Field:

Round the vast Orb an hundred Serpents roll'd,

Form'd the bright Fringe, and seem'd to burn in Gold.

With this, each *Grecian's* manly Breast she warms, 530

Swells their bold Hearts, and strings their nervous Arms;

No more they sigh, inglorious to return,

But breathe Revenge, and for the Combate burn.

As on some Mountain, thro' the lofty Grove

The crackling Flames ascend and blaze above, 535

The Fires expanding as the Winds arise,

Shoot their long Beams, and kindle half the Skies:

So from the polish'd Arms, and brazen Shields,

A gleamy Splendor flash'd along the Fields.



540 Not less their Number, than th' embody'd Cranes,  
Or milk-white Swans in *Asius*' watry Plains,  
That o'er the Windings of *Cayster*'s Springs,  
Stretch their long Necks, and clap their rustling Wings,  
Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy Rounds;  
545 Now light with Noise; with Noise the Field resounds.  
Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,  
The Legions crowd *Scamander*'s flow'ry Side,  
With rushing Troops the Plains are cover'd o'er,  
And thund'ring Footsteps shake the sounding Shore:  
550 Along the River's level Meads they stand,  
Thick as in Spring the Flow'rs adorn the Land,  
Or Leaves the Trees; or thick as Insects play,  
The wandring Nation of a Summer's Day,  
That drawn by milky Steams, at Ev'ning Hours,  
555 In gather'd Swarms surround the Rural Bow'rs;  
From Pail to Pail with busie Murmur run  
The gilded Legions glitt'ring in the Sun.  
So throng'd, so close, the *Grecian* Squadrons stood  
In radiant Arms, and thirst for *Trojan* Blood.  
560 Each Leader now his scatter'd Force conjoins  
In close Array, and forms the deep'ning Lines.

Not



Not with more Ease, the skilful Shepherd Swain  
 Collects his Flock from Millions on the Plain.  
 The King of Kings, majestically tall,  
 Tow'rs o'er his Armies, and outshines them all : 565  
 Like some proud Bull that round the Pastures leads  
 His Subject-Herds, the Monarch of the Meads.  
 Great as the Gods th' exalted Chief was seen,  
 His Strength like *Neptune*, and like *Mars* his Mien,  
*Jove* o'er his Eyes celestial Glories spread, 570  
 And dawning Conquest play'd around his Head.

Say, Virgins, seated round the Throne Divine,  
 All-knowing *Goddeesses*! immortal Nine!  
 Since Earth's wide Regions, Heav'n's unmeasur'd Height,  
 And Hell's Abyss hide nothing from your sight, 575  
 (We, wretched Mortals! lost in Doubts below,  
 But guess by Rumour, and but boast we know)  
 Oh say what Heroes, fir'd by Thirst of Fame,  
 Or urg'd by Wrongs, to *Troy's* Destruction came?  
 To count them all, demands a thousand Tongues, 580  
 A Throat of Brass, and Adamantine Lungs.  
 Daughters of *Jove* assist! inspir'd by You  
 The mighty Labour dauntless I pursue :

What



What crowded Armies, from what Climes they bring,  
 585 Their Names, their Numbers, and their Chiefs I sing.

---

THE

## CATALOGUE of the SHIPS.

THE hardy Warriors whom *Bœotia* bred,  
*Peneleus*, *Leitus*, *Prothoënor* led:  
 With these *Arcefilaus* and *Clonius* stand,  
 Equal in Arms, and equal in Command.  
 590 These head the Troops that Rocky *Aulis* yields,  
 And *Eteon's* Hills, and *Hyrie's* watry Fields,  
 And *Schoenos*, *Scolos*, *Græa* near the Main,  
 And *Mycaleffia's* ample Piny Plain.  
 Those who in *Peteon* or *Ilesion* dwell,  
 595 Or *Harma* where *Apollo's* Prophet fell;  
*Heleon* and *Hylè*, which the Springs o'erflow;  
 And *Medeon* lofty, and *Ocalea* low;  
 Or in the Meads of *Haliartus* stray,  
 Or *Thespia* sacred to the God of Day.



*Onchestus*, *Neptune's* celebrated Groves; 600  
*Copæ*, and *Thisbè*, fam'd for silver Doves,  
 For Flocks *Erythræ*, *Gliffa* for the Vine;  
*Plataea* green, and *Nisa* the divine.

And they whom *Thebè's* well-built Walls inclose,  
 Where *Mydè*, *Eutresis*, *Coronè* rose; 605  
 And *Arnè* rich, with purple Harvests crown'd;  
 And *Anthedon*, *Bœotia's* utmost Bound.

Full fifty Ships they send, and each conveys  
 Twice sixty Warriors thro' the foaming Seas.

To these succeed *Aspledon's* martial Train, 610  
 Who plow the spacious *Orchomenian* Plain.

Two valiant Brothers rule th' undaunted Throng,  
*Iälmen* and *Ascalaphus* the strong:

Sons of *Astyochè* the Heav'nly Fair,  
 Whose Virgin Charms subdu'd the God of War: 615

(In *Actor's* Court as she retir'd to Rest,  
 The Strength of *Mars* the blushing Maid comprest)

Their Troops in thirty sable Vessels sweep  
 With equal Oars, the hoarse-resounding Deep.

The *Phocians* next in forty Barks repair, 620  
*Epistrophus* and *Schedius* head the War.

H

From



From those rich Regions where *Cephisus* leads  
 His silver Current thro' the flow'ry Meads;  
 From *Panopæa*, *Chrysa* the Divine,  
 625 Where *Anemoria*'s stately Turrets shine,  
 Where *Pytho*, *Daulis*, *Cyparissus* stood,  
 And fair *Lilæa* views the rising Flood.  
 These rang'd in Order on the floating Tide,  
 Close, on the left, the bold *Bæotians* side.  
 630 Fierce *Ajax* led the *Locrian* Squadrons on,  
*Ajax* the less, *Oileus*' valiant Son;  
 Skill'd to direct the flying Dart aright;  
 Swift in Pursuit, and active in the Fight.  
 Him, as their Chief, the chosen Troops attend,  
 635 Which *Bessa*, *Thronus*, and rich *Cynos* send:  
*Opus*, *Calliarus*, and *Scarphe*'s Bands;  
 And those who dwell where pleasing *Augia* stands, }  
 And where *Boägrius* floats the lowly Lands, }  
 Or in fair *Tarphe*'s Sylvan Seats reside;  
 640 In forty Vessels cut the yielding Tide.  
*Eubæa* next her martial Sons prepares,  
 And sends the brave *Abantes* to the Wars:

Breathing



Breathing Revenge, in Arms they take their Way  
From *Chalcis*' Walls, and strong *Eretria*;  
Th' *Isteian* Fields for gen'rous Vines renown'd, 645  
The fair *Carystos*, and the *Styrian* Ground;  
Where *Dios* from her Tow'rs o'erlooks the Plain,  
And high *Cerintus* views the Neighb'ring Main.  
Down their broad Shoulders falls a Length of Hair;  
Their Hands dismiss not the long Lance in Air; 650  
But with portended Spears in fighting Fields,  
Pierce the tough Cors'lets and the brazen Shields.  
Twice twenty Ships transport the warlike Bands,  
Which bold *Elphenor*, fierce in Arms, commands.  
Full fifty more from *Athens* stem the Main, 655  
Led by *Menestheus* thro' the liquid Plain,  
(*Athens* the fair, where great *Erectheus* sway'd,  
That ow'd his Nurture to the blue-ey'd Maid,  
But from the teeming Furrow took his Birth,  
The mighty Offspring of the foodful Earth. 660  
Him *Pallas* plac'd amidst her wealthy Fane,  
Ador'd with Sacrifice and Oxen slain;  
Where as the Years revolve her Altars blaze,  
And all the Tribes resound the Goddess' Praise.)

No



665 No Chief like thee, *Menestheus*! Greece could yield,  
 To martial Armies in the dusty Field,  
 Th' extended Wings of Battel to display,  
 Or close th' embody'd Host in firm Array.  
*Nestor* alone, improv'd by Length of Days,  
 670 For martial Conduct bore an equal Praise.  
 With these appear the *Salaminian* Bands,  
 Whom the Gigantic *Telamon* commands;  
 In twelve black Ships to *Troy* they steer their Course,  
 And with the great *Athenians* join their Force.  
 675 Next move to War the gen'rous *Argive* Train,  
 From high *Træzenè*, and *Mafeta's* Plain,  
 And fair *Agina* circled by the Main:  
 Whom strong *Tyrinthè's* lofty Walls surround,  
 And *Epidaurè* with Viny Harvests crown'd:  
 680 And where fair *Asinen* and *Hermion* show  
 Their Cliffs above, and ample Bay below.  
 These by the brave *Euryalus* were led,  
 Great *Sthenelus*, and greater *Diomed*,  
 But chief *Tydides* bore the Sov'reign Sway;  
 685 In fourscore Barks they plow the watry Way.

The



The proud *Myccene* arms her martial Pow'rs,  
*Cleonè*, *Corinth*, with Imperial Tow'rs,  
 Fair *Arcthyrea*, *Ornia's* fruitful Plain,  
 And *Egion*, and *Adrastus*' ancient Reign;  
 And those who dwell along the sandy Shore, 696  
 And where *Pellene* yields her fleecy Store,  
 Where *Helice* and *Hyperefia* lie,  
 And *Gonoëssa's* Spires salute the Sky.  
 Great *Agamedimon* rules the num'rous Band,  
 A hundred Vessels in long Order stand, 695  
 And crowded Nations wait his dread Command.  
 High on the Deck the King of Men appears,  
 And his refulgent Arms in Triumph wears;  
 Proud of his Host, unrival'd in his Reign,  
 In silent Pomp he moves along the Main. 700

His Brother follows, and to Vengeance warms  
 The hardy *Spartans*, exercis'd in Arms:  
*Phares* and *Bryfia's* valiant Troops, and those  
 Whom *Lacedæmon's* lofty Hills inclose:  
 Or *Messè's* Tow'rs for silver Doves renown'd, 705  
*Amyclæ*, *Laïs*, *Augia's* happy Ground;

I

And



And those whom *Oetylos*' low Walls contain,  
 And *Helos*, on the Margin of the Main.  
 These, o'er the bending Ocean, *Helen's* Cause  
 710 In sixty Ships with *Menelaus* draws:  
 Eager and loud, from Man to Man he flies,  
 Revenge and Fury flaming in his Eyes;  
 While vainly fond, in Fancy oft he hears  
 The Fair one's Grief, and sees her falling Tears.  
 715 In ninety Sail, from *Pylor*' sandy Coast,  
*Nestor* the Sage conducts his chosen Host:  
 From *Amphigenia's* ever-fruitful Land;  
 Where *Apy* high, and little *Pteleon* stand;  
 Where beauteous *Arenè* her Structures shows,  
 720 And *Thryon's* Walls *Alphèus*' Streams inclose:  
 And *Dorion*, fam'd for *Thamyris*' Disgrace,  
 Superior once of all the tuneful Race,  
 'Till vain of Mortal's empty Praise, he strove  
 To match the Seed of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
 725 Too daring Bard! whose unsuccessful Pride  
 Th' Immortal *Muses* in their Art defy'd.  
 Th' avenging *Muses* of the Light of Day  
 Depriv'd his Eyes, and snatch'd his Voice away;

No



No more his heav'nly Voice was heard to sing;  
His Hand no more awak'd the silver String. 730

Where under high *Cyllenè* crown'd with Wood,  
The shaded Tomb of old *Æpytus* stood;  
From *Ripè*, *Stratie*, *Tegea*'s bord'ring Towns,  
The *Phenean* Fields, and *Orchomenian* Downs,  
Where the fat Herds in plenteous Pasture rove; 735  
And *Stymphelus* with her furrounding Grove;  
*Parrhasia*, on her snowy Cliffs reclin'd,  
And high *Enispè* shook by wintry Wind,  
And fair *Mantineia*'s ever-pleasing Site;  
In sixty Sail th' *Arcadian* Bands unite. 740  
Bold *Agapenor* glorious at their Head,  
(*Anceus*' Son) the mighty Squadron led.  
Their Ships, supply'd by *Agamemnon*'s Care,  
Thro' roaring Seas the wond'ring Warriors bear;  
The first to battel on th' appointed Plain, 745  
But new to all the Dangers of the Main.

Those, where fair *Elis* and *Buprasium* join;  
Whom *Hyrmin*, here, and *Myrsinus* confine,  
And bounded there, where o'er the Vallies rose  
Th' *Olenian* Rock; and where *Alisium* flows; 750

Beneath



Beneath four Chiefs (a num'rous Army) came:  
 The Strength and Glory of th' *Epean* Name.  
 In sep'rate Squadrons these their Train divide,  
 Each leads ten Vessels thro' the yielding Tide.  
 755 One was *Amphimachus*, and *Thalpius* one;  
 (*Eurytus*' this, and that *Teätus*' Son)  
*Diores* sprung from *Amarynceus*' Line;  
 And great *Polyxenus*, of Force divine.  
 But those who view fair *Elis* o'er the Seas  
 760 From the blest Islands of th' *Echinades*,  
 In forty Vessels under *Meges* move,  
 Begot by *Phyleus*, the Belov'd of *Jove*.  
 To strong *Dulichium* from his Sire he fled,  
 And thence to *Troy* his hardy Warriors led.  
 765 *Ulysses* follow'd thro' the watry Road,  
 A Chief, in Wisdom equal to a God.  
 With those whom *Cephalenia*'s Isle inclos'd,  
 Or till'd their Fields along the Coast oppos'd;  
 Or where fair *Ithaca* o'erlooks the Floods,  
 770 Where high *Neritos* shakes his waving Woods,  
 Where *Ægilipa*'s rugged Sides are seen,  
*Crocylia* rocky, and *Zacynthus* green.

These



These in twelve Galleys with Vermillion Prores,  
Beneath his Conduct fought the *Phrygian* Shores,

*Thoas* came next, *Andraemon's* valiant Son, 775  
From *Pleuron's* Walls and chalky *Calydon*,  
And rough *Pylenè*, and th' *Olenian* Steep,  
And *Chalcis*, beaten by the rolling Deep.  
He led the Warriors from th' *Ætolian* Shore,  
For now the Sons of *Oeneus* were no more! 780

The Glories of the mighty Race were fled!  
*Oeneus* himself, and *Meleager* dead;  
To *Thoas's* Care now trust the martial Train,  
His forty Vessels follow thro' the Main.

Next eighty Barks the *Cretan* King commands, 785  
Of *Gnossus*, *Lyctus*, and *Gortyna's* Bands,  
And those who dwell where *Rhytion's* Domes arise,  
Or white *Lycastus* glitters to the Skies,  
Or where by *Phæstus* silver *Jardan* runs;  
*Crete's* hundred Cities pour forth all her Sons. 790

These march'd, *Idomeneus*, beneath thy Care,  
And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of War.

*Tlepolemus*, the Son of *Hercules*,  
Led nine swift Vessels thro' the foamy Seas;

K

From



795 From *Rhodes* with everlasting Sunshine bright,  
*Falyssus*, *Lindus*, and *Camirus* white.  
 His captive Mother fierce *Alcides* bore  
 From *Ephyr*'s Walls, and *Sellè*'s winding Shore,  
 Where mighty Towns in Ruins spread the Plain,  
 800 And saw their blooming Warriors early slain.  
 The Hero, when to Manly Years he grew,  
*Alcides*' Uncle, old *Lycimnius*, slew;  
 For this, constrain'd to quit his native Place,  
 And shun the Vengeance of th' *Herculean* Race,  
 805 A Fleet he built, and with a num'rous Train  
 Of willing Exiles wander'd o'er the Main;  
 Where many Seas, and many Suff'rings past,  
 On happy *Rhodes* the Chief arriv'd at last:  
 There in three Tribes divides his native Band,  
 810 And rules them peaceful in a foreign Land:  
 Encreas'd and prosper'd in their new Abodes,  
 By mighty *Jove*, the Sire of Men and Gods;  
 With Joy they saw the growing Empire rise,  
 And Show'rs of Wealth descending from the Skies.  
 815 Three Ships with *Nireus* fought the *Trojan* Shore,  
*Nireus*, whom *Aglæ* to *Charopus* bore,  
*Nireus*,



*Nireus*, in faultless Shape, and blooming Grace,  
The loveliest Youth of all the *Grecian* Race;  
*Pelides* only match'd his early Charms;  
But few his Troops, and small his Strength in Arms. 820

Next thirty Gallies cleave the liquid Plain,  
Of those *Calydnæ's* Sea-girt Isles contain;  
With them the Youth of *Nisyros* repair,  
*Casus* the strong, and *Crapathus* the fair;  
*Cos*, where *Eurypylus* possess the Sway, 825  
'Till great *Alcides* made the Realms obey:  
These *Antiphus* and bold *Phidippus* bring,  
Sprung from the God, by *Theffalus* the King.

Now Muse recount *Pelasgic Argos'* Pow'rs,  
From *Alos*, *Alopè*, and *Trechin's* Tow'rs; 830  
From *Pthia's* spacious Vales; and *Hella*, blest  
With Female Beauty far beyond the rest.  
Full fifty Ships beneath *Achilles'* Care  
Th' *Achaians*, *Myrmidons*, *Helleneans* bear,  
*Theffalians* all, tho' various in their Name, 835  
The same their Nation, and their Chief the same.  
But now inglorious, stretch'd along the Shore,  
They hear the brazen Voice of War no more;

No



No more the Foe they face in dire Array;  
 840 Close in his Fleet their angry Leader lay:  
 Since fair *Briseis* from his Arms was torn,  
 The noblest Spoil from sack'd *Lyrnessus* born,  
 Then, when the Chief the *Theban* Walls o'erthrew,  
 And the bold Sons of great *Evenus* flew.  
 845 There mourn'd *Achilles*, plung'd in Depth of Care,  
 But soon to rise in Slaughter, Blood, and War.  
 To these the Youth of *Phylacè* succeed,  
*Itona*, famous for her fleecy Breed,  
 And grassy *Pteleon* deck'd with chearful Greens,  
 850 The Bow'rs of *Ceres*, and the Sylvan Scenes,  
 Sweet *Pyrrhasus*, with blooming Flourets crown'd,  
 And *Antron's* watry Dens and cavern'd Ground.  
 These own'd as Chief *Protesilas* the brave,  
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy Grave:  
 855 The first who boldly touch'd the *Trojan* Shore,  
 And dy'd a *Phrygian* Lance with *Grecian* Gore:  
 There lies, far distant from his native Plain;  
 Unfinish'd his proud Palaces remain,  
 And his sad Confort beats her Breast in vain.

His



His Troops in forty Ships *Podarces* led, 860  
*Iphiclus*' Son, and Brother to the Dead;  
 Nor he unworthy to command the Host;  
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient Leader lost.

The Men who *Glaphyra*'s fair Soil partake,  
 Where Hills encircle *Bæbe*'s lowly Lake, 865  
 Where *Pheræ* hears the neighb'ring Waters fall,  
 Or proud *Iolcus* lifts her Airy Wall:  
 In ten black Ships embark'd for *Ilion*'s Shore,  
 With bold *Eumelus*, whom *Alcestè* bore.  
 All *Pelias*' Race *Alcestè* far outshin'd, 870  
 The Grace and Glory of the beauteous Kind.

The Troops *Methonè*, or *Thaumacia* yields,  
*Olyzon*'s Rocks, or *Mælibæa*'s Fields,  
 With *Philoctetes* sail'd, whose matchless Art  
 From the tough Bow directs the feather'd Dart. 875  
 Sev'n were his Ships; each Vessel fifty row,  
 Skill'd in his Science of the Dart and Bow.  
 But he lay raging on the *Lemnian* Ground,  
 A pois'nous *Hydra* gave the burning Wound,  
 There groan'd the Chief in agonizing Pain; 880  
 Whom *Greece* at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.

L

His



His Forces *Medon* led from *Lemnos*' Shore,  
*Oileus*' Son whom beauteous *Rhena* bore.

Th' *Oechalian* Race, in those high Tow'rs contain'd,  
 885 Where once *Eurytus* in proud Triumph reign'd,  
 Or where her humbler Turrets *Trica* rears,  
 Or where *Ithomè*, rough with Rocks, appears;  
 In thirty Sail the sparkling Waves divide,  
 Which *Podalirius* and *Machaon* guide.

*\*Æscu-* 890 To these his Skill their \* Parent-God imparts,  
*lapius.* Divine Professors of the Healing Arts.

The bold *Ormenian* and *Afterian* Bands  
 In forty Barks *Eurypilus* commands,  
 Where *Titan* hides his hoary Head in Snow,  
 895 And where *Hyperia*'s silver Fountains flow.

Thy Troops, *Argissa*, *Polyphætes* leads,  
 And *Eleon*, shelter'd by *Olympus*' Shades,  
*Girtonè*'s Warriors; and where *Orthè* lies,  
 And *Oloësson*'s chalky Cliffs arise.

900 Sprung from *Pirithoüs* of immortal Race,  
 The Fruit of fair *Hippodamè*'s Embrace,  
 (That Day, when hurl'd from *Pelion*'s cloudy Head,  
 To distant Dens the shaggy *Centaur*s fled)

With



With *Polypætes* join'd in equal Sway  
*Leonteus* leads, and forty Ships obey. 905

In twenty Sail the bold *Perrhebian*s came  
 From *Cyphus*, *Guneus* was their Leader's Name.  
 With these the *Ænians* join'd, and those who freeze  
 Where cold *Dodona* lifts her Holy Trees;  
 Or where the pleasing *Titaresius* glides, 910  
 And into *Peneus* rolls his easy Tides;  
 Yet o'er the silver Surface pure they flow,  
 The sacred Stream unmix'd with Streams below,  
 Sacred and awful! From the dark Abodes  
*Styx* pours them forth, the dreadful Oath of Gods! 915

Last under *Prothous* the *Magnesian*s stood,  
*Prothous* the swift, of old *Tenthredon*'s Blood;  
 Who dwell where *Pelion* crown'd with Piny Boughs  
 Obscures the Glade, and nods his shaggy Brows,  
 Or where thro' flow'ry *Tempè Peneus* stray'd, 920  
 (The Region stretch'd beneath his mighty Shade)  
 In forty sable Barks they stem'd the Main;  
 Such were the Chiefs, and such the *Grecian* Train.

Say next O Muse! of all *Achaia* breeds,  
 Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest Steeds? 925

*Eumelus'*



*Eumelus'* Mares were foremost in the Chace,  
As Eagles fleet, and of *Pheretian* Race;  
Bred where *Pieria's* fruitful Fountains flow,  
And train'd by Him who bears the Silver Bow.  
930 Fierce in the Fight, their Nostrils breath'd a Flame,  
Their Height, their Colour, and their Age the same;  
O'er Fields of Death they whirl the rapid Car,  
And break the Ranks, and thunder thro' the War.  
*Ajax* in Arms the first Renown acquir'd,  
935 While stern *Achilles* in his Wrath retir'd:  
(His was the Strength that mortal Might exceeds,  
And his, th' unrival'd Race of Heav'nly Steeds)  
But *Thetis'* Son now shines in Arms no more;  
His Troops, neglected on the sandy Shore,  
940 In empty Air their sportive Jav'lines throw,  
Or whirl the Disk, or bend an idle Bow:  
Unstain'd with Blood his cover'd Chariots stand;  
Th' Immortal Coursers graze along the Strand;  
But the brave Chiefs th' inglorious Life deplor'd,  
945 And wand'ring o'er the Camp, requir'd their Lord.  
Now, like a Deluge, cov'ring all around,  
The shining Armies swept along the Ground;



Swift as a Flood of Fire, when Storms arise,  
Floats the wide Field, and blazes to the Skies  
Earth groan'd beneath them ; as when angry *Jove* 950  
Hurls down the forky Light'ning from above,  
On *Arime* when he the Thunder throws,  
And fires *Typhaeus* with redoubled Blows,  
Where *Typhon*, prest beneath the burning Load,  
Still feels the Fury of th' avenging God. 955

But various *Iris*, *Jove*'s Commands to bear,  
Speeds on the Wings of Winds thro' liquid Air ;  
In *Priam*'s Porch the *Trojan* Chiefs she found,  
The Old consulting, and the Youths around,  
*Polites*' Shape, the Monarch's Son, she chose, 960  
Who from *Aesetes*' Tomb observ'd the Foes ;  
High on the Mound ; from whence in Prospect lay  
The Fields, the Tents, the Navy, and the Bay.  
In this dissembled Form, she hasts to bring  
Th' unwelcome Message to the *Phrygian* King. 965

Cease to consult, the Time for Action calls,  
War, horrid War, approaches to your Walls !  
Assembled Armies oft' have I beheld ;  
But ne'er 'till now such Numbers charg'd a Field.

M

Thick



970 Thick as Autumnal Leaves, or driving Sand,  
The moving Squadrons blacken all the Strand;  
Thou, Godlike *Hector*! all thy Force employ,  
Assemble all th' united Bands of *Troy*;  
In just Array let ev'ry Leader call  
975 The foreign Troops: This Day demands them all.  
The Voice Divine the mighty Chief alarms;  
The Council breaks, the Warriors rush to Arms.  
The Gates unfolding pour forth all their Train,  
Nations on Nations fill the dusky Plain,  
980 Men, Steeds, and Chariots shake the trembling Ground;  
The Tumult thickens, and the Skies resound.  
Amidst the Plain in sight of *Ilium* stands  
A rising Mount the Work of human Hands,  
(This for *Myrinne's* Tomb th' Immortals know,  
985 Tho' call'd *Bateia* in the World below)  
Beneath their Chiefs in martial Order here,  
Th' Auxiliar Troops and *Trojan* Hosts appear.  
The Godlike *Hector*, high above the rest,  
Shakes his huge Spear, and nods his Plumed Crest:  
990 In Throngs around his native Bands repair,  
And Groves of Lances glitter in the Air.

Divine



Divine *Æneas* brings the *Dardan* Race;  
*Anchises*' Son, by *Venus*' stol'n Embrace,  
 Born in the Shades of *Ida*'s secret Grove,  
 (A Mortal mixing with the Queen of Love) 993  
*Archilochus* and *Achamas* divide  
 The Warrior's Toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair *Zeleeia*'s wealthy Vallies till,  
 Fast by the Foot of *Ida*'s sacred Hill:  
 Or drink, *Æsepus*, of thy fable Flood; 1000  
 Were led by *Pandarus*, of Royal Blood.  
 To whom his Art *Apollo* deign'd to shew,  
 Grac'd with the Present of his Shafts and Bow.

From rich *Apæsus* and *Adrestia*'s Tow'rs,  
 High *Teree*'s Summits, and *Pityea*'s Bow'rs; 1005  
 From these the congregated Troops obey  
 Young *Amphius* and *Adrastus*' equal Sway;  
 Old *Merops* Sons; whom skill'd in Fate to come  
 The Sire forewarn'd, and prophecy'd their Doom:  
 Fate urg'd them on! the Sire forewarn'd in vain, 1010  
 They rush'd to War, and perish'd on the Plain.

From *Præti*'s Stream, *Percotè*'s Pasture Lands,  
 And *Sestos* and *Abydos*' neighb'ring Strands,

From



From great *Arisba's* Walls and *Sellè's* Coast,  
 1015 *Asius Hyrtacides* conducts his Host:

High on his Car he shakes the flowing Reins,  
 His fiery Coursers thunder o'er the Plains.

The fierce *Pelasgi* next, in War renown'd,  
 March from *Larissa's* ever-fertile Ground:

1020 In equal Arms their Brother-Leaders shine,  
*Hippothous* bold, and *Pyleus* the Divine.

Next *Acamas* and *Pyrus* lead their Hosts  
 In dread Array, from *Thracia's* wintry Coasts;  
 Round the bleak Realms where *Hellespontus* roars,  
 1025 And *Boreas* beats the hoarse-resounding Shores.

With great *Euphemus* the *Ciconians* move,  
 Sprung from *Trezenian Ceus*, lov'd by *Jove*.

*Pyrechmes* the *Pæonian* Troops attend,  
 Skill'd in the Fight their crooked Bows to bend;  
 1030 From *Axius'* ample Bed he leads them on,  
*Axius*, that laves the distant *Amrydon*,  
*Axius*, that swells with all his neighb'ring Rills,  
 And wide around the floated Region fills.

The *Paphlagonians Pylæmenes* rules,  
 1035 Where rich *Henetia* breeds her savage Mules,

Where



Where *Erythinus*' rising Clifts are seen,  
Thy Groves of Box, *Cyturus*! ever green;  
And where *Aegyalus* and *Cromna* lie,  
And lofty *Sesamus* invades the Sky;  
And where *Parthenius*, roll'd thro' Banks of Flow'rs,<sup>1043</sup>  
Reflects her bord'ring Palaces and Bow'rs.

Here march'd in Arms the *Halizonian* Band,  
Whom *Odius* and *Epistrophus* command,  
From those far Regions where the Sun refines  
The ripening Silver in *Alybean* Mines.<sup>1045</sup>

There, mighty *Chromis* led the *Mysian* Train,  
And Augur *Ennomus*, inspir'd in vain,  
For stern *Achilles* lopt his sacred Head,  
Roll'd down *Scamander* with the Vulgar Dead.

*Phorcys* and brave *Ascanius* here unite<sup>1050</sup>  
Th' *Ascanian Phrygians*, eager for the Fight.

Of those who round *Mæonia*'s Realms reside,  
Or whom the Vales in Shade of *Tmolus* hide,  
*Mestles* and *Antiphus* the Charge partake;  
Born on the Banks of *Gyges*' silent Lake.<sup>1055</sup>  
There, from the Fields where wild *Mæander* flows,  
High *Mycale*, and *Latmos*' shady Brows,

N

And



And proud *Miletus*, came the *Carian* Throngs,  
With mingled Clamors, and with barb'rous Tongues.  
1060 *Amphimachus* and *Naustes* guide the Train,  
*Naustes* the bold, *Amphimachus* the vain,  
Who trick'd with Gold, and glitt'ring on his Car,  
Rode like a Woman to the Field of War.  
Fool that he was! by fierce *Achilles* slain,  
1065 The River swept him to the briny Main:  
There whelm'd with Waves the gawdy Warrior lies;  
The valiant Victor seiz'd the golden Prize.  
The Forces last in fair Array succeed,  
Which blameless *Glaucus* and *Sarpedon* lead;  
1070 The warlike Bands that distant *Lycia* yields,  
Where gulphy *Xanthus* foams along the Fields.

OBSER-



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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Second Book.

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80 HOMOER. ILLU. Book II

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OBSERVATIONS

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# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## SECOND BOOK.

VERSE I.

**N**OW *pleasing Sleep, &c.*] *Aristotle* tells us in the twenty sixth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, that this Place had been objected to by some Criticks in those Times. They thought it gave a very ill Idea of the military Discipline of the *Greeks*, to represent a whole Army unguarded, and all the Leaders a-sleep: They also pretended it was ridiculous to describe all the Gods sleeping besides *Jupiter*. To both these *Aristotle* answers, that nothing is more usual or allowable than that Figure which puts *All* for the greater Part. One may add with respect to the latter Criticism, that nothing could give a better Image of the Superiority of *Jupiter* to the other Gods (or of the supreme Being to all second Causes) than the Vigilancy here ascrib'd to him, over all Things Divine and Human.

II.

VERSE 9. *Fly hence, deluding Dream.*] It appears from *Aristotle, Poet. cap. 26.* that *Homer* was accus'd of Impiety, for making *Jupiter* the Author of a Lye in this Passage. It seems there were anciently these Words in his Speech to the Dream; *Δίδομεν δὲ οἱ εὖχος ἀγέσθαι, Let us give him great Glory.*

(Instead



(Instead of which we have in the present Copies, Τῶσσι δὲ κηδὲ ἐφῆπται) but *Hippias* found a way to bring off *Homer*, only by placing the Accent on the last Syllable but one, Διδόμεν, for Διδόμεναι, the Infinitive for the Imperative: which amounts to no more than that he bade the Dream to *Promise* him great Glory. But *Macrobius de Somnio Scip.* l. 1. c. 7. takes off this Imputation entirely, and will not allow there was any Lye in the Case. “*Agamemnon* (says he) was order’d by the Dream to lead out *All* the Forces of the *Greeks* (Πανουδῆν is the word) and promis’d the Victory on that Condition: Now *Achilles* and his Forces not being summon’d to the Assembly with the rest, that Neglect absolv’d *Jupiter* from his Promise.” This Remark *Madam Dacier* has inserted without mentioning its Author. Mr. *Dacier* takes notice of a Passage in the Scripture exactly parallel to this, where God is represented making use of the Malignity of his Creatures to accomplish his Judgments. ’Tis in 2 *Chron.* ch. 18. V. 19, 20, 21. And the Lord said, Who will persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead? And there came forth a Spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying Spirit in the Mouth of all his Prophets, And he said, Thou shalt persuade him and prevail also: Go forth and do so. Vide *Dacier* upon *Aristotle*, cap. 26.

## III.

VERSE 20. Descends and hovers o’er Atrides’ Head.] The whole Action of the Dream is beautifully natural, and agreeable to Philosophy. It perches on his Head, to intimate that Part to be the Seat of the Soul: It is circumfused about him, to express that total Possession of the Senses which Fancy has during our Sleeps. It takes the Figure of the Person who was dearest to *Agamemnon*; as whatever we think of most when awake, is the common Object of our Dreams. And just at the Instant of its vanishing, it leaves such an Impression that the Voice seems still to sound in his Ear. No Description can be more exact or lively. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

## IV. VERSE



IV.

VERSE 33. *Draw forth th' embattel'd Train, &c.*] The Dream here repeats the Message of *Jupiter* in the same Terms that he receiv'd it. It is no less than the Father of Gods and Men who gives the Order, and to alter a word were Presumption. *Homer* constantly makes his Envoys observe this Practice as a Mark of Decency and respect. *Madam Dacier* and others have applauded this in general, and ask'd by what Authority an Ambassador could alter the Terms of his Commission, since he is not greater or wiser than the Person who gave the Charge? But this is not always the Case in our Author, who not only makes use of this Conduct with respect to the Orders of a higher Power, but in regard to Equals also; as when one Goddess desires another to represent such an Affair, and she immediately takes the Words from her Mouth and repeats them, of which we have an Instance in this Book. Some Objection too may be rais'd to this manner, when Commissions are given in the utmost haste (in a Battel or the like) upon sudden Emergencies; where it seems not very natural to suppose a Man has time to get so many Words by heart as he is made to repeat exactly. In the present Instance, the Repetition is certainly graceful, tho' *Zenodotus* thought it not so the third time, when *Agamemnon* tells his Dream to the Council. I do not pretend to decide upon the Point: For tho' the Reverence of the Repetition seem'd less needful in that Place than when it was deliver'd immediately from *Jupiter*; yet (as *Eustathius* observes) it was necessary for the Assembly to know the Circumstances of this Dream, that the Truth of the Relation might be unsuspected.

V.

VERSE 93. *Now valiant Chiefs, &c.*] The best Commentary extant upon the first Part of this Book is in *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, who has given us an admirable Explication of this whole Conduct of *Agamemnon* in his second Treatise



Περὶ ἐσχηματισμένον. He says, " This Prince had nothing so  
 " much at Heart as to draw the *Greeks* to a Battel, yet knew  
 " not how to proceed without *Achilles*, who had just retir'd  
 " from the Army; and was apprehensive that the *Greeks*  
 " who were displeas'd at the Departure of *Achilles*, might re-  
 " fuse Obedience to his Orders, should he absolutely com-  
 " mand it. In this Circumstance he proposes to the Princes  
 " in Council to make a Tryal of arming the *Græcians*,  
 " and offers an Expedient himself; which was that he should  
 " sound their Dispositions by exhorting him to set sail for  
 " *Greece*, but that then the other Princes should be ready to  
 " dissuade and detain them. If any object to this Stratagem  
 " that *Agamemnon's* whole Scheme would be ruin'd if the  
 " Army should take him at his word (which was very pro-  
 " bable) it is to be answer'd, that his Design lay deeper than  
 " they imagine, nor did he depend upon his Speech only for  
 " detaining them. He had some Cause to fear the *Greeks*  
 " had a Pique against him which they had conceal'd, and  
 " whatever it was, he judg'd it absolutely necessary to know  
 " it before he proceeded to a Battel. He therefore furnishes  
 " them with an Occasion to manifest it, and at the same  
 " time provides against any ill Effects it might have by his  
 " secret Orders to the Princes. It succeeds accordingly, and  
 " when the Troops are running to embark, they are stop'd  
 " by *Ulysses* and *Nestor*."—One may farther observe that  
 " this whole Stratagem is concerted in *Nestor's* Ship, as one  
 " whose Wisdom and Secrecy was most confided in. The Story  
 " of the Vision's appearing in his Shape, could not but engage  
 " him in some degree: It look'd as if *Jupiter* himself added  
 " Weight to his Counsels by making use of that venerable Ap-  
 " pearance, and knew this to be the most powerful Method of  
 " recommending them to *Agamemnon*. It was therefore but  
 " natural for *Nestor* to second the Motion of the King, and by  
 " the help of his Authority it prevail'd on the other Princes.

## VI.

VERSE III. *As from some rocky Cleft.*] This is the first  
 Simile in *Homer*, and we may observe in general that he ex-  
 cels



## the SECOND BOOK.

7

cels all Mankind in the Number, Variety, and Beauty of his Comparisons. There are scarce any in *Virgil* which are not translated from him, and therefore when he succeeds best in them he is to be commended but as an Improver. *Scaliger* seems not to have thought of this when he compares the Similes of these two Authors (as indeed they are the Places most obvious to Comparison.) The present Passage is an Instance of it, to which he opposes the following Verses in the first *Aeneid*.

IIV

*Qualis apes aestate novâ per florea rura  
Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos  
Educunt foetus, aut cum liquentia mella  
Stipant, & dulci distendunt nectare cellas:  
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto  
Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent;  
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.*

This he very much prefers to *Homer's*, and in particular extols the Harmony and Sweetness of the Versification above that of our Author; against which Censure we need only appeal to the Ears of the Reader.

IIV

*Ἡὐτε θάνα εἴσι μελισσῶν ἀδυνάων,  
Πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ ὕδον ἐρχομέναων,  
Βοτρυδὸν δὲ πέτῳνται ἐπ' ἀνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσιν,  
Αἱ μὲν τ' ἐνθα ἄλγος πε ποτῆσται, αἱ δὲ τε ἐνθα, &c.*

But *Scaliger* was unlucky in his Choice of this particular Comparison: There is a very fine one in the sixth *Aeneid*, V. 707. that better agrees with *Homer's*: And nothing is more evident than that the design of these two is very different: *Homer* intended to describe the Multitude of Greeks pouring out of the Ships, *Virgil* the Diligence and Labour of the Builders at Carthage. And *Macrobius* who observes this difference *Sat. l. 5. c. 11.* should also have found, that therefore the Similes ought not to be compar'd together. The Beauty of *Homer's* is not inferior to *Virgil's*, if we consider with what Exactness it answers to its end. It consists of three Particulars;



lars; the vast Number of the Troops is exprest in the Swarms, their tumultuous manner of issuing out of the Ships, and the perpetual Egression which seem'd without end, are imaged in the Bees pouring out of the Rock; and lastly their Dispersion over all the Shore, in their descending on the Flowers in the Vales. *Spondanus* was therefore mistaken when he thought the whole Application of this Comparison lay in the single word *ῥαδόν*, *catervatim*, as *Chapman* has justly observ'd.

## VII.

VERSE 121. *Fame flies before.*] This assembling of the Army is full of Beauties: The lively Description of their overspreading the Field, the noble Boldness of the Figure when Fame is represented in Person shining at their Head, the universal Tumult succeeded by a solemn Silence; and lastly the graceful rising of *Agamemnon*, all contribute to cast a Majesty on this Part. In the Passage of the Sceptre, *Homer* has found an artful and poetical manner of acquainting us with the high Descent of *Agamemnon*, and celebrating the hereditary Right of his Family; as well as finely hinted the Original of his Power to be deriv'd from Heaven, in saying the Sceptre was first the Gift of *Jupiter*. It is with reference to this that in the Line where he first mentions it, he calls it *Ἀφθιτον αἰεὶ*, and accordingly it is translated in that Place.

## VIII.

VERSE 138. *And artful thus pronounc'd the Speech design'd.*] The Remarks of *Dionysius* upon this Speech I shall give the Reader altogether, tho' they lie scatter'd in his two Discourses *περὶ ἐσχηματισμένον*, the second of which is in a great Degree but a Repetition of the Precepts and Examples of the first. This happen'd, I believe, from his having compos'd them at distinct Times and upon different Occasions.

“ It is an exquisite Piece of Art, when you seem to aim at  
 “ persuading one thing, and at the same time inforce the  
 “ contrary. This kind of Rhetorick is of great use in all  
 “ Occasions



“ Occasions of Danger, and is what *Homer* has afforded a  
 “ most powerful Example of in the Oration of *Agamemnon*.  
 “ ’Tis a Method perfectly wonderful, and even carries in it  
 “ an Appearance of Absurdity; for all that we generally  
 “ esteem the Faults of Oratory, by this means become the  
 “ Virtues of it. Nothing is look’d upon as a greater Error  
 “ in a Rhetorician than to alledge such Arguments as either  
 “ are easily answer’d, or may be retorted upon himself, the  
 “ former is a weak Part, the latter a dangerous one; and *Aga-*  
 “ *memnon* here designedly deals in both. For it is plain that  
 “ if a Man must not use weak Arguments, or such as may  
 “ make against him, when he intends to persuade the Thing  
 “ he says; then on the other side, when he does not intend  
 “ it; he must observe the contrary Proceeding, and make  
 “ what are the Faults of Oratory in general, the Excellencies  
 “ of that Oration in particular, or otherwise he will contra-  
 “ dict his own Intention and persuade the contrary to what  
 “ he means. *Agamemnon* begins with an Argument easily  
 “ answer’d, by telling them that *Jupiter* had promis’d to  
 “ crown their Arms with Victory. For if *Jupiter* had pro-  
 “ mis’d this, it was a reason for the Stay in the Camp. But  
 “ now (says he) *Jove* has deceiv’d us, and we must return  
 “ with Ignominy. This is another of the same kind, for it  
 “ shews what a Disgrace it is to return. What follows is of  
 “ the second sort and may be turn’d against him. *Jove*  
 “ will have it so: For which they have only *Agamemnon*’s  
 “ Word, but *Jove*’s own Promise for the contrary. That  
 “ God has overthrow many Cities, and will yet overturn many  
 “ others. This was a strong Reason to stay, and put their  
 “ Confidence in him. It is shameful to have it told to all  
 “ Posterity that so many thousand Greeks, after a War  
 “ of so long Continuance, at last return’d home baffled and  
 “ unsuccessful. All this might have been said by a pro-  
 “ fess’d Adversary to the Cause he pleads, and indeed is the  
 “ same thing *Ulysses* says elsewhere in Reproach of their  
 “ Flight. The Conclusion evidently shews the Intent of  
 “ the Speaker. Haste then, let us fly; *Φεγωμεν*, the Word  
 “ which of all others was most likely to prevail upon  
 “ them to stay; the most open Term of Disgrace he could



“ possibly have us’d: ’Tis the same which *Juno* makes use  
 “ of to *Minerva*, *Minerva* to *Ulysses*, and *Ulysses* again to  
 “ the Troops, to dissuade their Return; the same which  
 “ *Agamemnon* himself had used to insult *Achilles*, and which  
 “ *Homer* never employs but with the Mark of Cowardice and  
 “ Infamy.

The same Author farther observes, “ That this whole  
 “ Oration has the Air of being spoken in a Passion. It be-  
 “ gins with a Stroke of the greatest Rashness and Impatience.  
 “ *Jupiter has been unjust, Heaven has deceiv’d us.* This ren-  
 “ ders all he shall say of the less Authority, at the same time  
 “ that it conceals his own Artifice; for his Anger seems  
 “ to account for the Incongruities he utters.” I could not  
 suppress so fine a Remark, tho’ it falls out of the Order of  
 those which precede it.

Before I leave this Article, I must take notice that this  
 Speech of *Agamemnon* is again put into his Mouth in the  
 ninth *Iliad*, and (according to *Dionysius*) for the same Pur-  
 pose, to detain the Army at the Siege after a Defeat; tho’  
 it seems unartful to put the same Trick twice upon the  
*Greeks* by the same Person, and in the same Words too. We  
 may indeed suppose the first Feint to have remain’d undis-  
 cover’d, but at best it is a Management in the Poet not very  
 entertaining to the Readers.

## IX.

VERSE 155. *So small their Number, &c.*] This Part has  
 a low Air in Comparison with the rest of the Speech. *Scaliger*  
 calls it *Tabernariam Orationem*: But it is well observ’d by  
*Madam Dacier*, that the Image *Agamemnon* here gives of the  
*Trojans*, does not only render their Numbers contemptible in  
 Comparison of the *Greeks*, but their Persons too. For it makes  
 them appear but as a few vile Slaves fit only to serve them  
 with Wine: To which we may add that it affords a Prospect  
 to his Soldiers of their future State and Triumph after the  
 Conquest of their Enemies.

This Passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a Com-  
 putation of the Number of the *Trojans*, which the learned  
*Angelus*



## the SECOND BOOK.

II

*Angelus Politian* has offer'd at in his *Preface to Homer*. He thinks they were fifty thousand without the Auxiliaries, from the Conclusion of the eighth *Iliad*, where it is said there were a thousand funeral Piles of *Trojans*, and fifty Men attending each of them. But that the Auxiliaries are to be admitted into that Number appears plainly from this Place: *Agamemnon* exprefly diftinguiſhes the native *Trojans* from the Aids, and reckons but one to ten *Græcians*, at which Estimate there could not be above ten thousand *Trojans*. See the *Notes on the Catalogue*.

### X.

VERSE 163. -----*Decay'd our Veffels lie,  
And ſcarce enſure the wretched Power to fly.*

This, and ſome other Paſſages, are here tranſlated correſpondent to the general Air and Senſe of this Speech, rather than juſt to the Letter. The telling them in this Place how much their Shipping was decay'd, was a Hint of their Danger in returning, as *Madam Dacier* has remark'd.

### XI.

VERSE 175. *So roll the Billows, &c.*] One may take notice that *Homer* in theſe two Similitudes has judiciously made choice of the two moſt wavering and inconstant Things in Nature, to compare with the Multitude; the *Waves*, and *Ears of Corn*. The firſt alludes to the Noiſe and Tumult of the People, in the breaking and rolling of the Billows; the ſecond to their taking the ſame Courſe, like Corn bending one way; and both to the Eaſineſs with which they are mov'd by every *Breath*.

### XII.

VERSE 243. *To one ſole Monarch.*] Thoſe Perſons are under a Miſtake who would make this Sentence a Praise of Absolute Monarchy. *Homer* ſpeaks it only with regard to a General of an Army during the time of his Commiſſion. Nor is *Agamemnon* ſtyl'd *King of Kings* in any other Senſe, than as the reſt of the Princes had given him the ſupreme Authority



Authority over them in the Siege. *Aristotle* defines a King, Στρατήγος γὰρ ἦν δὴ δικάζης ὁ βασιλεὺς, ἢ τῶν πρὸς Θεοὺς Κύριος; *Leader of the War, Judge of Controversies, and President of the Ceremonies of the Gods.* That he had the principal Care of religious Rites appears from many Places in *Homer*; and that his Power was no where absolute but in War: for we find *Agamemnon* insulted in the Council, but in the Army threatening Deserters with Death. He was under an Obligation to preserve the Privileges of his Country, pursuant to which Kings are called by our Author Δικασπόλες, and Θεμισοπόλες, the Dispensers or Managers of Justice. And *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* acquaints us, that the old *Græcian* Kings, whether Hereditary or Elective, had a Council of their chief Men, as *Homer* and the most ancient Poets testify; nor was it (he adds) in those Times as in ours, when Kings have a full Liberty to do whatever they please. *Dion. Hal. lib. 2. Hist.*

## XIII.

VERSE 255. *Thersites only.*] The Ancients have ascrib'd to *Homer* the first Sketch of *Satyrical* or *Comic* Poetry, of which sort was his Poem call'd *Margites*, as *Aristotle* reports. Tho' that Piece be lost, this Character of *Thersites* may give us a Taste of his Vein in that kind. But whether ludicrous Descriptions ought to have Place in the *Epic* Poem, has been justly question'd: Neither *Virgil* nor any of the most approv'd Ancients have thought fit to admit them into their Compositions of that Nature; nor any of the best Moderns except *Milton*, whose Fondness for *Homer* might be the reason of it. However this is in its kind a very masterly Part, and our Author has shewn great Judgment in the Particulars he has chosen to compose the Picture of a pernicious Creature of Wit; the chief of which are a Desire of promoting Laughter at any rate, and a Contempt of his Superiors. And he sums up the whole very strongly, by saying that *Thersites* hated *Achilles* and *Ulysses*; in which, as *Plutarch* has remark'd in his Treatise of Envy and Hatred, he makes it the utmost Completion of an ill Character to bear a Malevolence to the best Men. What  
is



is farther observable is, that *Thersites* is never heard of after this his first Appearance: Such a scandalous Character is to be taken no more notice of, than just to shew that 'tis despised. *Homer* has observ'd the same Conduct with regard to the most *deform'd* and most *beautiful* Person of his Poem: For *Nireus* is thus mention'd once and no more throughout the *Iliad*. He places a worthless *Beauty* and an ill-natur'd *Wit* upon the same Foot, and shews that the Gifts of the Body without those of the Mind are not more despicable, than those of the Mind itself without Virtue.

XIV.

VERSE 275. *Amidst the Glories.*] 'Tis remark'd by *Dionysius Halicar.* in his Treatise of the *Examination of Writers*; that there could not be a better Artifice thought on to recal the Army to their Obedience, than this of our Author. When they were offended at their General in favour of *Achilles*, nothing could more weaken *Achilles's* Interest than to make such a Fellow as *Thersites* appear of his Party, whose Impertinence would give them a Disgust of thinking or acting like him. There is no surer Method to reduce generous Spirits, than to make them see they are pursuing the same Views with People of no Merit, and such whom they cannot forbear despising themselves. Otherwise there is nothing in this Speech but what might become the Mouth of *Nestor* himself, if you except a word or two. And had *Nestor* spoken it, the Army had certainly set sail for *Greece*; but because it was utter'd by a ridiculous Fellow whom they are ashamed to follow, they are reduc'd, and satisfy'd to continue the Siege.

XV.

VERSE 284. *The Greeks and I.*] These Boasts of himself are the few Words which *Dionysius* objects to in the foregoing Passage. I cannot but think the grave Commentators here very much mistaken, who imagine *Thersites* in earnest in these Vaunts, and seriously reprove his Insolence. They seem to me manifest Strokes of Irony, which had render'd them

D d

so



so much the more improper in the Mouth of *Nestor*, who was otherwise none of the least Boasters himself. And consider'd as such they are equal to the rest of the Speech, which has an infinite deal of Spirit, Humour, and Satyr.

## XVI.

VERSE 326. *He said, and cowering.*] The vile Figure *Thersites* makes here is a good Piece of *Grotesque*; the Pleasure express'd by the Soldiers at this Action of *Ulysses* (notwithstanding they are disappointed by him of their Hopes of returning) is agreeable to that generous Temper, at once honest and thoughtless, which is commonly found in military Men; to whom nothing is so odious as a Dastard, and who have not naturally the greatest Kindness for a Wit.

## XVII.

VERSE 348. *Unhappy Monarch! &c.*] *Quintilian* speaking of the various Kinds of Oratory which may be learn'd from *Homer*, mentions among the greatest Instances the Speeches in this Book. *Nonne vel unus liber quo missa ad Achillem legatio continetur, vel in primo inter duces illa contentio, vel dicta in secundo sententia, omnes litium ac consiliorum explicat artes? Affectus quidem vel illos mites, vel hos concitados, nemo erit tam indoctus, qui non suâ in potestate hunc autorem habuisse fateatur.* It is indeed hardly possible to find any where more refin'd Turns of Policy, or more artful Touches of Oratory. We have no sooner seen *Agamemnon* excel in one sort, but *Ulysses* is to shine no less in another directly opposite to it. When the Stratagem of pretending to set sail, had met with too ready a Consent from the People, his Eloquence appears in all the Forms of Art. In his first Speech he had persuaded the Captains with Mildness, telling them the People's Glory depended upon them, and readily giving a Turn to the first Design, which had like to have been so dangerous, by representing it only as a Project of *Agamemnon* to discover the cowardly. In his second, he had commanded the Soldiers with



with Bravery, and made them know what Part they sustain'd in the War. In his third, he had rebuk'd the Seditious in the Person of *Thersites*, by Reproofs, Threats, and actual Chastisements. And now in this fourth, when all are gather'd together, he applies to them in Topics which equally affect them all: He raises their Hearts by putting them in mind of the Promises of Heaven, and those Prophecies of which as they had seen the Truth in the nine Years Delay, they might now expect the Accomplishment in the tenth Year's Success: which is a full Answer to what *Agamemnon* had said of *Jupiter's* deceiving them.

*Dionysius* observes one singular Piece of Art, in *Ulysses's* manner of applying himself to the People when he would insinuate any thing to the Princes, and addressing to the Princes when he would blame the People. He tells the Soldiers, they must not all pretend to be Rulers there, let there be one King, one Lord; which is manifestly a Precept design'd for the Leaders to take to themselves. In the same manner *Tiberius Rhetor* remarks the beginning of his last Oration to be a fine *Ethopopeia* or oblique Representation of the People, upon whom the Severity of the Reproach is made to fall, while he seems to render the King an Object of their Pity.

*Unhappy Monarch! whom the Græcian Race  
With Shame deserting, &c.*

XVIII.

VERSE 402. *Then Nestor thus.*] Nothing is more observable than *Homer's* Conduct of this whole Incident; by what judicious and well-imagined Degrees the Army is restrain'd, and wrought up to the Desires of the General. We have given the Detail of all the Methods *Ulysses* proceeded in: The Activity of his Character is now to be contrasted with the Gravity of *Nestor's*, who covers and strengthens the other's Arguments, and constantly appears thro' the Poem a weighty Closer of Debates. The *Greeks* had already seen their General give way to his Authority, in the Dispute with *Achilles* in the former Book, and could expect no less than that their Stay should be concluded



cluded on by *Agamemnon* as soon as *Nestor* undertook that Cause. For this was all they imagin'd his Discourse aim'd at; but we shall find it had a farther Design, from *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*. "There are two things (says that excellent Critick) "worthy of Admiration in the Speeches of *Ulysses* and *Nestor*, "which are the different Designs they speak with, and the different Applauses they receive. *Ulysses* has the Acclamations of the Army, and *Nestor* the Praise of *Agamemnon*. One may enquire the Reason, why he extols the latter preferably to the former, when all that *Nestor* alledges seems only a Repetition of the same Arguments which *Ulysses* had given before him? It might be done in Encouragement to the old Man, in whom it might raise a Concern to find his Speech not follow'd with so general an Applause as the other's. But we are to refer the Speech of *Nestor* to that Part of Oratory which seems only to confirm what another has said, and yet superinduces and carries a farther Point. *Ulysses* and *Nestor* both compare the *Greeks* to Children for their unmanly Desire to return home; they both reproach them with the Engagements and Vows they had past, and were now about to break; they both alledge the prosperous Signs and Omens receiv'd from Heaven. Notwithstanding this, the End of their Orations is very different. *Ulysses's* Business was to detain the *Græcians* when they were upon the Point of flying; *Nestor* finding that Work done to his Hands, design'd to draw them instantly to Battel. This was the utmost *Agamemnon* had aim'd at, which *Nestor's* Artifice brings to pass; for while they imagine by all he says that he is only persuading them to stay, they find themselves unawares put into Order of Battel, and led under their Princes to fight. *Dion. Hal. περί ἐσχηματισμένου, Part 1 and 2.*

We may next take notice of some Particulars of this Speech: Where he says they lose their time in empty Words, he hints at the Dispute between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*: Where he speaks of those who deserted the *Græcian Cause*, he glances at *Achilles* in particular. When he represents *Helen* in Affliction and Tears, he removes the Odium from the Person in whose Cause they were to fight; and when he moves *Agamemnon*



*memnon* to advise with his Council, artfully prepares for a Reception of his own Advice by that modest way of proposing it. As for the Advice itself, to divide the Army into Bodies, each of which should be compos'd entirely of Men of the same Country; nothing could be better judg'd both in regard to the present Circumstance, and with an Eye to the future carrying on of the War. For the first, its immediate Effect was to take the whole Army out of its Tumult, break whatever Cabals they might have form'd together by separating them into a new Division, and cause every single Mutineer to come instantly under the View of his own proper Officer for Correction. For the second, it was to be thought the Army would be much strengthen'd by this Union: Those of different Nations who had different Aims, Interests and Friendships, could not assist each other with so much Zeal or so well concur to the same End, as when Friends aided Friends, Kinsmen their Kinsmen, &c. when each Commander had the Glory of his own Nation in view, and a greater Emulation was excited between Body and Body; as not only warring for the Honour of *Greece* in general, but for that of every distinct *State* in particular.

XIX.

VERSE 440. *How much thy Years excel.*] Every one has observ'd how glorious an Elogium of Wisdom *Homer* has here given, where *Agamemnon* so far prefers it to Valour, as to wish not for ten *Ajax's* or *Achilles's* but only for ten *Nestors*. For the rest of this Speech, *Dionysius* has summ'd it up as follows. " *Agamemnon* being now convinc'd  
" the *Greeks* were offended at him on account of the De-  
" parture of *Achilles*, pacifies them by a generous Confession  
" of his Fault, but then asserts the Character of a supreme  
" Ruler, and with the Air of Command threatens the Diso-  
" bedient." I cannot conclude this Part of the Speeches without remarking how beautifully they rise above one another, and how they more and more awaken the Spirit of War in the *Græcians*. In this last there is a wonderful Fire and Vivacity, when he prepares them for the glorious  
E c Toils



Toils they were to undergo by a warm and lively Description of them. The Repetition of the Words in that Part has a Beauty, which (as well as many others of the same kind) has been lost by most Translators.

Εὖ μὲν τις δόρυ θηξάθω, εὖ δ' ἀσπίδα θέσθω,  
 Εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισιν δειπνον δότω ὠκυπόδεσσιν,  
 Εὖ δέ τις ἄρματος ἀμφὶς ἰδὼν——.

I cannot but believe *Milton* had this Passage in his Eye in that of his sixth Book.

—————*Let each*  
*His Adamantine Coat gird well; and each*  
*Fit well his Helm, gripe fast his orbed Shield, &c.*

## XX.

VERSE 485. *And Menelaus came unbid.*] The Criticks have enter'd into a warm Dispute, whether *Menelaus* was in the right or in the wrong, in coming uninvited: Some maintaining it the Part of an Impertinent or a Fool to intrude upon another Man's Table; and others insisting upon the Privilege a Brother or a Kinsman may claim in this Case. The *English* Reader had not been troubled with the Translation of this Word *Αὐτόματος*, but that *Plato* and *Plutarch* have taken notice of the Passage. The Verse following this in most Editions, Ἦδε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν, &c. being rejected as spurious by *Demetrius Phalereus*, is omitted here upon his Authority.

## XXI.

VERSE 526. *The dreadful Aegis, Jove's immortal Shield.*] *Homer* does not expressly call it a Shield in this Place, but he does in the fifth *Iliad*, where this *Aegis* is describ'd with a Sublimity that is inexpressible. The Figure of the *Gorgon's* Head upon it is there specify'd, which will justify the mention of the Serpents in the Translation here: The Verses are remarkably sonorous in the Original. The Image of the Goddess  
 of



of Battels blazing with her immortal Shield before the Army, inspiring every Heroe, and assisting to range the Troops, is agreeable to the bold Painting of our Author. And the Encouragement of a divine Power seem'd no more than was requisite to change so totally the Dispositions of the *Græcians*, as to make them now more ardent for the Combate than they were before desirous of a Return. This finishes the Conquest of their Inclinations, in a manner at once wonderfully Poetical, and correspondent to the Moral which is every where spread through *Homer*, that nothing is entirely brought about but by the divine Assistance.

XXII.

VERSE 534. *As on some Mountain, &c.]* The Imagination of *Homer* was so vast and so lively, that whatsoever Objects presented themselves before him impress'd their Images so forcibly, that he pour'd them forth in Comparisons equally simple and noble; without forgetting any Circumstance which could instruct the Reader, and make him see those Objects in the same strong Light wherein he saw them himself. And in this one of the principal Beauties of Poetry consists. *Homer*, on the sight of the March of this numerous Army, gives us five Similes in a Breath, but all entirely different. The first regards the Splendor of their Armour, As a Fire, &c. The second the various Movements of so many thousands before they can range themselves in Battel-Array, Like the Swans, &c. The third respects their Number, As the Leaves or Flowers, &c. The fourth the Ardour with which they run to the Combate, Like the Legions of Insects, &c. And the fifth the Obedience and exact Discipline of the Troops, ranged without Confusion under their Leaders, As Flocks under their Shepherds. This Fecundity and Variety can never be enough admired. *Dacier.*

XXIII.

VERSE 545. *Or milk white Swans on Afius' watry Plains.]* Scaliger, who is seldom just to our Author, yet confesses these



Verfes to be *pleniffima Nectaris*. But he is greatly miftaken when he accuses this Simile of Impropriety, on the Suppofition that a Number of Birds flying without Order are here compar'd to an Army ranged in Array of Battel. On the contrary, *Homer* in this expreffes the Stir and Tumult the Troops were in, before they got into Order, running together from the Ships and Tents: Νεῶν ἄπο, καὶ κλισιαῶν. But when they are plac'd in their Ranks, he compares them to the Flocks under their Shepherds. This Distinction will plainly appear from the Detail of the five Similes in the foregoing Note.

*Virgil* has imitated this with great Happinefs in his feventh *Æneid*.

*Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cynci  
Cum sese è pastu referunt, & longa canoros  
Dant per colla modos, sonat amnis & Asia longè  
Pulsa palus-----.*

Like a long Team of fnowy Swans on high,  
Which clap their Wings and cleave the liquid Sky,  
When homeward from their watry Pastures born,  
They fing, and *Asia's* Lakes their Notes return.

Mr. *Dryden* in this Place has miftaken *Asius* for *Asia*, which *Virgil* took care to distinguish by making the first Syllable of *Asius* long, as of *Asia* fhort. Tho' (if we believe *Madam Dacier*) he was himself in an Error, both here and in the first *Georgic*.

-----*Quæ Asia circum  
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri.*

For ſhe will not allow that 'Ασιω can be a Patronymic Adjective, but the Genitive of a proper Name, 'Ασις, which being turn'd into *Ionic* is 'Ασιω, and by a *Syncope* makes 'Ασιω. This puts me in mind of another Criticism upon the 290th Verſe of this Book: 'Tis obſerv'd that *Virgil* uſes *Inarime* for *Arime*, as if he had read Εἰνὰρῆμοις, inſtead of Εἰν' Ἀρῆμοις. *Scaliger* ridicules this trivial Remark, and asks if it can be imagin'd



imagin'd that *Virgil* was ignorant of the Name of a Place so near him as *Baia*? It is indeed unlucky for good Writers, that Men who have Learning should lay a Stress upon such Trifles, and that those who have none should think it Learning to do so.

XXIV.

VERSE 552. *Or thick as Insects play.*] This Simile translated literally runs thus; *As the numerous Troops of Flies about a Shepherd's Cottage in the Spring, when the Milk moistens the Pails; such Numbers of Greeks stood in the Field against the Trojans, desiring their Destruction.* The Lowness of this Image in Comparison with those which precede it, will naturally shock a modern Critick, and would scarce be forgiven in a Poet of these Times. The utmost a Translator can do is to heighten the Expression, so as to render the Disparity less observable: which is endeavour'd here, and in other Places. If this be done successfully the Reader is so far from being offended at a low Idea, that it raises his Surprise to find it grown great in the Poet's Hands, of which we have frequent Instances in *Virgil's Georgicks*. Here follows another of the same kind, in the Simile of *Agamemnon* to a *Bull* just after he has been compar'd to *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Neptune*. This, *Eustathius* tells us, was blam'd by some Criticks, and Mr. *Hobbes* has left it out in his Translation. The Liberty has been taken here to place the humbler Simile first, reserving the noble one as a more magnificent Close of the Description: The bare turning the Sentence removes the Objection. *Milton* who was a close Imitator of our Author, has often copy'd him in these humble Comparisons. He has not scrupled to insert one in the midst of that pompous Description of the Rout of the Rebel-Angels in the sixth Book, where the Son of God in all his dreadful Majesty is represented pouring his Vengeance upon them:

-----As a Herd  
Of Goats, or tim'rous Flocks together throng'd,  
Drove them before him Thunder-struck-----.



## XXV.

VERSE 568. *Great as the Gods.*] *Homer* here describes the Figure and Port of *Agamemnon* with all imaginable Grandeur, in making him appear cloath'd with the Majesty of the greatest of the Gods; and when *Plutarch* (in his second Oration of the Fortune of *Alexander*) blamed the Comparison of a Man to three Deities at once, that Censure was not pass'd upon *Homer* as a Poet, but by *Plutarch* as a Priest. This Character of Majesty in which *Agamemnon* excels all the other Heroes, is preserv'd in the different Views of him throughout the *Iliad*. It is thus he appears on his Ship in the Catalogue, thus he shines in the Eyes of *Priam* in the third Book, thus again in the beginning of the thirteenth, and so in the rest.

## XXVI.

VERSE 572. *Say Virgins.*] It is hard to conceive any Address more solemn, any Opening to a Subject more noble and magnificent, than this Invocation of *Homer* before his Catalogue. That Omnipresence he gives to the Muses, their Post in the highest Heaven, their comprehensive Survey thro' the whole Extent of the Creation, are Circumstances greatly imagined. Nor is any thing more perfectly fine or exquisitely moral, than the Opposition of the extensive Knowledge of the Divinities on the one side, to the Blindness and Ignorance of Mankind on the other. The Greatness and Importance of his Subject is highly rais'd by his exalted manner of declaring the Difficulty of it, *Not tho' my Lungs were Brass*, &c. and by the Air he gives as if what follows were immediately inspir'd, and no less than the joint Labour of all the Muses.

## XXVII.

VERSE 586. *The hardy Warriors.*] The Catalogue begins in this Place, which I forbear to treat of at present: only I must acknowledge here that the Translation has not been exactly punctual to the Order in which *Homer* places his Towns.

However



However it has not trespass'd against Geography; the Transpositions I mention being no other than such minute ones, as *Strabo* confesses the Author himself is not free from: 'Ο δὲ Ποιητὴς γένια μὲν χώρας λέγει συνεχῶς, ὥσπερ κὶ νῆται. Οἷον ὕμνον ἐνέμοντο, κὶ Αὐλίδαι, &c. Ἄλλο τὲ δ' αὖχώς ἐστὶ τῇ τάξει, Σκοῖνοντ' Ἐσπερίαν Γραῖαντε. *Lib. 8.* There is not to my Remembrance any Place throughout this Catalogue omitted; a Liberty which Mr. *Dryden* has made no difficulty to take and to confess, in his *Virgil*. But a more scrupulous Care was owing to *Homer*, on account of that wonderful Exactness and unequal'd Diligence, which he has particularly shewn in this Part of his Work.

XXVIII.

VERSE 649. *Down their broad Shoulders, &c.*] The Greek has it ὀπίθεν νομοῶντες, à tergo comantes. It was the Custom of these People to shave the fore-part of their Heads, which they did that their Enemies might not take the Advantage of seizing them by the Hair: the hinder Part they let grow, as a valiant Race that would never turn their Backs. Their manner of fighting was hand to hand, without quitting their Javelins (in the way of our Pike-men.) *Plutarch* tells us this in the Life of *Theseus*; and cites to strengthen the Authority of *Homer*, some Verses of *Archilochus* to the same Effect. *Eobanus Hessus* who translated *Homer* into *Latine* Verse was therefore mistaken in his Version of this Passage.

*Præcipuè Jaculatores, hastamque periti  
Vibrare, & longis contingere pectora telis.*

XXIX.

VERSE 711. *Eager and loud from Man to Man he flies.*] The Figure *Menelaus* makes in this Place is remarkably distinguish'd from the rest, and sufficient to shew his Concern in the War was personal, while the others acted only for Interest or Glory in general. No Leader in all the List is represented thus eager and passionate; he is louder than them  
all



all in his Exhortations; more active in running among the Troops; and inspirited with the Thoughts of Revenge, which he still encreases with the secret Imagination of *Helen's* Repentance. This Behaviour is finely imagined.

The Epithet *βοῦν ἀγὰρὸς* which is apply'd in this and other Places to *Menelaus*, and which literally signifies *loud-voiced*, is made by the Commentators to mean *valiant*, and translated *bello strenuus*. The reason given by *Eustathius* is, that a loud Voice is a Mark of Strength, the usual Effect of Fear being to cut short the Respiration. I own this seems to be forc'd, and rather believe it was one of those kind of Sir-Names given from some distinguishing Quality of the Person (as that of a loud Voice might belong to *Menelaus*) which *Monf. Boileau* mentions in his ninth Reflection upon *Longinus*; in the same manner as some of our Kings were called *Edward Long-shanks*, *William Rufus*, &c. But however it be, the Epithet taken in the literal Sense has a Beauty in this Verse from the Circumstance *Menelaus* is described in, which determined the Translator to use it.

## XXX.

VERSE 746. *New to all the Dangers of the Main.*] The *Arcadians* being an Inland People were unskill'd in Navigation, for which reason *Agamemnon* furnish'd them with Shipping. From hence, and from the last Line of the Description of the Sceptre, where he is said to preside over many Islands, *Thucydides* takes occasion to observe that the Power of *Agamemnon* was superior to the rest of the Princes of Greece, on account of his Naval Forces, which had render'd him Master of the Sea. *Thucyd. lib. 1.*

## XXXI.

VERSE 815. *Three Ships with Nireus.*] This Leader is nowhere mention'd but in these Lines, and is an Exception to the Observation of *Macrobius* that all the Persons of the Catalogue make their Appearance afterwards in the Poem. *Homer* himself gives us the reason, because *Nireus* had but a small



small Share of Worth and Valour; his Quality only gave him a Privilege to be nam'd among Men. The Poet has caused him to be remember'd no less than *Achilles* or *Ulysses*, but yet in no better manner than he deserv'd, whose only Qualification was his Beauty: 'Tis by a bare Repetition of his Name three times, which just leaves some Impression of him on the Mind of the Reader. Many others, of as trivial Memory as *Nireus*, have been preserv'd by Poets from Oblivion; but few Poets have ever done this Favour to Want of Merit with so much Judgment. *Demetrius Phalereus* *meg. Epphrasius*, Sect. 61. takes notice of this beautiful Repetition, which in a just Deference to so delicate a Critick is here preserv'd in the Translation.

XXXII.

VERSE 871. *The Grace and Glory of the beauteous Kind.*] He gives *Alcestis* this Elogy of the Glory of her Sex, for her conjugal Piety, who dy'd to preserve the Life of her Husband *Admetus*. *Euripides* has a Tragedy on this Subject, which abounds in the most masterly Strokes of Tenderness: In particular the first Act, which contains the Description of her Preparation for Death; and her Behaviour in it can never be enough admired.

XXXIII.

VERSE 906. *In twenty Ships the bold Perrhæbians came.*] I cannot tell whether it be worth observing that, except *Ogilby*, we have not met with one Translator who has exactly preserv'd the Number of the Ships. *Chapman* puts eighteen under *Eumelus* instead of eleven. *Hobbes* but twenty under *Ascalaphus* and *Ialmen* instead of thirty, and but thirty under *Menelaus* instead of sixty. *Valterie* (the former French Translator) has given *Agapenor* forty for sixty, and *Nestor* forty for ninety. *Madam Dacier* gives *Nestor* but eighty. I must confess this Translation not to have been quite so exact as *Ogilby's*, having cut off one from the Number of *Eumelus's* Ships, and two from those of *Guneus*: *Eleven* and *two* and



*twenty* would sound but oddly in *English* Verse, and a Poem contracts a Littleness by insisting on such trivial Niceties.

## XXXIV.

VERSE 925. *Or rein'd the noblest Steeds.*] This coupling together the Men and Horses seems odd enough, but *Homer* every where treats these noble Animals with remarkable Regard. We need not wonder at this Enquiry, *which were the best Horses?* from him, who makes his Horses of heavenly Extraction as well as his Heroes, who makes his Warriours address them with Speeches and excite them by all those Motives which affect a human Breast, who describes them shedding Tears of Sorrow, and even capable of Voice and Prophecy: In most of which Points *Virgil* has not scrupled to imitate him.

## XXXV.

VERSE 939. *His Troops, &c.*] The Image in these Lines of the Amusements of the *Myrmidons*, while *Achilles* detain'd them from the Fight, has an exquisite Propriety in it. Tho' they are not in Action, their very Diversions are Military, and a kind of Exercise of Arms. The cover'd Chariot and feeding Horses, make a natural Part of the Picture; and nothing is finer than the manly Concern of the Captains, who as they are suppos'd more sensible of Glory than the Soldiers, take no share in their Diversions, but wander sorrowfully round the Camp, and lament their being kept from the Battel. This difference betwixt the Soldiers and the Leaders (as *Dacier* observes) is a Decorum of the highest Beauty. *Milton* has admirably imitated this in the Description he gives in his second Book of the Diversions of the Angels during the Absence of *Lucifer*.

*Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,  
Upon the Wing, or in swift Race contend;  
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal  
With rapid Wheels, or fronted Brigades form.*



But how nobly and judiciously has he raised the Image, in proportion to the Nature of those more exalted Beings, in that which follows.

*Others with vast Typhœan Rage more fell  
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
In Whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 950. *As when angry Jove.*] The Comparison preceding this, of a Fire which runs thro' the Corn and blazes to Heaven, had exprest at once the dazling of their Arms and the Swiftneſs of their March. After which *Homer* having mention'd the Sound of their Feet, ſuperadds another Simile, which comprehends both the Ideas of the Brightneſs and the Noiſe: for here (ſays *Euſtathius*) the Earth appears to *burn* and *groan* at the ſame time. Indeed the firſt of theſe Similes is ſo full and ſo noble, that it ſcarce ſeem'd poſſible to be exceeded by any Image drawn from Nature. But *Homer* to raiſe it yet higher, has gone into the *Marvellous*, given a prodigious and ſupernatural Proſpect, and brought down *Jupiter* himſelf, array'd in all his Terrors, to diſcharge his Lightnings and Thunders on *Typhœus*. The Poet breaks out into this Deſcription with an Air of Enthuſiaſm, which greatly heightens the Image in general, while it ſeems to transport him beyond the Limits of an exact Compariſon. And this daring manner is particular to our Author above all the Ancients, and to *Milton* above all the Moderns.

XXXVII.

VERSE 1012. *From Practius' Stream, Percote's Pasture Lands.*] *Homer* does not expreſſly mention *Practius* as a River, but *Strabo*, lib. 13. tells us it is to be underſtood ſo in this Paſſage. The Appellative of Paſture Lands to *Percote* is juſtify'd in the 15th *Iliad*, V. 547. where *Hicetaon* is ſaid to feed his Oxen in that Place.

XXXVIII.



## XXXVIII.

VERSE 1032. *Axius, that swells with all his neighb'ring Rills.*] According to the common Reading this Verse should be translated, *Axius that diffuses his beautiful Waters over the Land.* But we are assured by *Strabo* that *Axius* was a muddy River, and that the Ancients understood it thus, *Axius that receives into it several beautiful Rivers.* The Criticism lies in the last word of the Verse, *Αἴη*, which *Strabo* reads *Αἴης*, and interprets of the River *Æa*, whose Waters were pour'd into *Axius*. However *Homer* describes this River agreeable to the vulgar reading in *Il.* 21. V. 158. *Ἀἴη, ὅς κ' ἄλλων ἰδὺν ἐνὶ γαίῃ ἰσὺν.* This Version takes in both.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE CATALOGUE.

**I**F we look upon this Piece with an Eye to ancient Learning, it may be observ'd that however fabulous the other Parts of *Homer's* Poem may be according to the Nature of Epic Poetry, this Account of the People, Princes, and Countries is purely Historical, founded on the real Transactions of those Times, and by far the most valuable Piece of History and Geography left us concerning the State of Greece in that early Period. Greece was then divided into several Dynasties, which our Author has enumerated under their respective Princes; and his Division was look'd upon so exact, that we are told of many Controversies concerning the Boundaries of Græcian Cities which have been decided upon the Authority of this Piece. *Eustathius* has collected together the following Instances. The City of *Calydon* was adjudg'd to the *Ætolians* notwithstanding the Pretensions of *Æolia*, because *Homer* had rank'd it among the Towns belonging to the former. *Sestos* was given to those of *Abydos*, upon the Plea that he had said, the *Abydonians* were Possessors of *Sestos*, *Abydos*, and *Arisbe*. When the *Milesians* and People of *Priene* disputed their Claim to *Mycale*, a Verse of *Homer* carry'd



carry'd it in favour of the *Milesians*. And the *Athenians* were put in Possession of *Salamis* by another which was cited by *Solon*, or (as some think) interpolated by him for that Purpose. Nay in so high Estimation has this Catalogue been held, that (as *Porphyry* has written) there have been Laws in some Nations for the Youth to learn it by heart, and particularly *Cerdius* (whom *Cuperus de Apoth. Homer.* takes to be *Cercydas* a Law-giver of the *Megalopolitans*) made it one to his Countrymen.

But if we consider the Catalogue purely as poetical, it will not want its Beauties in that Light. *Rapin* who was none of the most superstitious Admirers of our Author, reckons it among those Parts which had particularly charm'd him. We may observe first, what an Air of Probability is spread over the whole Poem by the particularizing of every Nation and People concern'd in this War. Secondly, what an entertaining Scene he presents to us, of so many Countries drawn in their liveliest and most natural Colours, while we wander along with him amidst a beautiful Variety of Towns, Havens, Forests, Vineyards, Groves, Mountains, and Rivers, and are perpetually amus'd with his Observations on the different Soils, Products, Situations, or Prospects. Thirdly, what a noble Review he passes before us of so mighty an Army, drawn out in order Troop by Troop; which had the Number only been told in the Gross, had never fill'd the Reader with so great a Notion of the Importance of the Action. Fourthly, the Description of the differing Arms and manner of fighting of the Soldiers, and the various Attitudes he has given to the Commanders: Of these Leaders, the greatest Part are either the immediate Sons of Gods, or the Descendants of Gods; and how great an Idea must we have of a War, to the waging of which so many Demi-Gods and Heroes are assembled? Fifthly, the several artful Compliments he paid by this means to his own Country in general, and many of his Contemporaries in particular, by a Celebration of the Genealogies, ancient Seats, and Dominions of the great Men of his Time. Sixthly, the agreeable Mixture of Narrations from Passages of History or Fables, with which he amuses and relieves us at proper Intervals. And lastly, the

H

admirable



admirable Judgment wherewith he introduces this whole Catalogue, just at a Time when the Posture of Affairs in the Army render'd such a Review of absolute Necessity to the Greeks; and in a Pause of Action, while each was refreshing himself to prepare for the ensuing Battels.

*Macrobius* in his *Saturnalia*, lib. 5. cap. 15. has given us a judicious Piece of Criticism, in the Comparison betwixt the Catalogues of *Homer* and of *Virgil*, in which he justly allows the Preference to our Author for the following Reasons. *Homer* (says he) has begun his Description from the most noted Promontory of Greece (he means that of *Aulis*, where was the narrowest Passage to *Eubœa*.) From thence with a regular Progress he describes either the maritime or mediterranean Towns as their Situations are contiguous; he never passes with sudden Leaps from Place to Place, omitting those which lie between; but proceeding like a Traveller in the way he has begun, constantly returns to the Place from whence he digress'd, till he finishes the whole Circle he design'd. *Virgil* on the contrary has observ'd no Order in the Regions describ'd in his Catalogue, l. 10. but is perpetually breaking from the Course of the Country in a loose and desultory manner. You have *Clusium* and *Cosa* at the beginning, next *Populonia* and *Ilva*, then *Pise*, which lie at a vast distance in *Etruria*; and immediately after *Cerete*, *Pyrgi*, and *Gravisca*, Places adjacent to *Rome*: From hence he is snatch'd to *Liguria*, then to *Mantua*. The same Negligence is observable in his Enumeration of the Aids that follow'd *Turnus* in l. 7. *Macrobius* next remarks, that whatever Persons are nam'd by *Homer* in his Catalogue, are afterwards introduc'd in his Battels, and whenever any others are kill'd, he mentions only a Multitude in general. Whereas *Virgil* (he continues) has spar'd himself the Labour of that Exactness; For not only several whom he mentions in the List are never heard of in the War, but others make a Figure in the War of whom we had no notice in the List. For Example, he specifies a thousand Men under *Massicus* who came from *Clusium*, l. 10. V. 167. *Turnus* soon afterwards is in the Ship which had carry'd King *Osinius* from the same Place, l. 10. V. 655. This *Osinius* was never nam'd before, nor is it probable a

King



King should serve under *Massicus*. Nor indeed does either *Massicus* or *Osinius* ever make their Appearance in the *Battles*—He proceeds to instance several others, who tho' celebrated for Heroes in the Catalogue, have no farther notice taken of them throughout the Poem. In the third Place he animadverts upon the Confusion of the same Names in *Virgil*: As where *Corineus* in the ninth Book is kill'd by *Asylas*, *V.* 571. and *Corineus* in the twelfth kills *Ebusus*, *V.* 298. *Numa* is slain by *Nisus*, *l.* 9. *V.* 554. and *Aeneas* is afterwards in pursuit of *Numa*, *l.* 10. *V.* 562. *Aeneas* kills *Camertes* in the tenth Book, *V.* 562. and *Juturna* assumes his Shape in the twelfth, *V.* 224. He observes the same Obscurity in his *Patronymics*. There is *Palinurus Iasides*, and *Iapix Iasides*, *Hippocoon Hyrtacides*, and *Asylas Hyrtacides*. On the contrary the Caution of *Homer* is remarkable, who having two of the Name of *Ajax* is constantly careful to distinguish them by *Oileus* or *Telamonius*, the lesser or the greater *Ajax*.

I know nothing to be alledg'd in Defence of *Virgil*, in answer to this Author, but the common Excuse that his *Aeneis* was left unfinish'd. And upon the whole, these are such trivial Slips as great Wits may pass over, and little Criticks rejoice at.

But *Macrobius* has another Remark which one may accuse of evident Partiality on the side of *Homer*. He blames *Virgil* for having vary'd the Expression in his Catalogue to avoid the Repetition of the same Words, and prefers the bare and unadorn'd Reiterations of *Homer*; who begins almost every Article the same way, and ends perpetually, *Μέλανοι νῆες ἔποντο*, &c. Perhaps the best reason to be given for this, had been the artless Manner of the first Times, when such Repetitions were not thought ungraceful. This may appear from several of the like Nature in the Scripture; as in the twenty sixth Chapter of *Numbers*, where the Tribes of *Israel* are enumerated in the Plains of *Moab*, and each Division recounted in the same Words. So in the seventh Chapter of the *Revelations*: *Of the Tribe of Gad were sealed twelve thousand*, &c. But the Words of *Macrobius* are *Has copias fortasse putat aliquis Divinae illi simplicitati preferendas. Sed nescio quo modo Homerum*



*merum repetitio illa unicè decet, & est genio antiqui Poetæ digna.* This is exactly in the Spirit, and almost in the Cant of a true modern Critick. The *Simplicitas*, the *Nescio quo modo*, the *Genio antiqui Poetæ digna*, are excellent general Phrases for those who have no Reasons. *Simplicity* is our Word of Disguise for a shameful unpoetical Neglect of Expression: The Term of the *Je ne sçay quoy* is the very Support of all ignorant Pretenders to Delicacy; and to lift up our Eyes, and talk of the *Genius of an Ancient*, is at once the cheapest way of shewing our own Taste, and the shortest way of criticizing the Wit of others our Contemporaries.

One may add to the foregoing Comparison of these two Authors, some Reasons for the Length of *Homer's*, and the Shortness of *Virgil's* Catalogues. As, that *Homer* might have a Design to settle the Geography of his Country, there being no Description of *Greece* before his Days; which was not the Case with *Virgil*. *Homer's* Concern was to compliment *Greece* at a time when it was divided into many distinct States, each of which might expect a Place in his Catalogue: But when all *Italy* was swallow'd up in the sole Dominion of *Rome*, *Virgil* had only *Rome* to celebrate. *Homer* had a numerous Army, and was to describe an important War with great and various Events; whereas *Virgil's* Sphere was much more confined. The Ships of the *Greeks* are computed at about one thousand two hundred, those of *Aeneas* and his Aids but at two and forty; and as the Time of the Action of both Poems is the same, we may suppose the Built of their Ships, and the Number of Men they contain'd, to be much alike. So that if the Army of *Homer* amounts to about a hundred thousand Men, that of *Virgil* cannot be above four thousand. If any one be farther curious to know upon what this Computation is founded, he may see it in the following Passage of *Thucydides*, lib. 1. " *Homer's* Fleet (says he) consisted of  
 " one thousand two hundred Vessels: those of the *Bœotians*  
 " carry'd one hundred and twenty Men in each, and those  
 " of *Philoctetes* fifty. By these I suppose *Homer* exprest the  
 " largest and the smallest Size of Ships, and therefore men-  
 " tions no other sort. But he tells us of those who sail'd  
 " with



“ with *Philoctetes*, that they serv’d both as Mariners and Soldiers, in saying the Rowers were all of them Archers. “ From hence the whole Number will be seen, if we estimate “ the Ships at a Medium between the greatest and the least.” That is to say, at eighty five Men to each Vessel (which is the Mean between fifty and a hundred and twenty) the Total comes to a hundred and two thousand Men. *Plutarch* was therefore in a Mistake when he computed the Men at a hundred and twenty thousand, which proceeded from his supposing a hundred and twenty in every Ship; the contrary to which appears from the above-mention’d Ships of *Philoctetes*, as well as from those of *Achilles*, which are said to carry but fifty Men a-piece, in the sixteenth *Iliad*, V. 167.

Besides *Virgil*’s Imitation of this Catalogue, there has scarce been any Epic Writer but has copy’d after it; which is at least a Proof how beautiful this Part has been ever esteem’d by the finest Genius’s in all Ages. The Catalogues in the ancient Poets are generally known, only I must take notice that the *Phocian* and *Bæotian* Towns in the fourth *Thebaid* of *Statius* are translated from hence. Of the Moderns, those which most excel, owe their Beauty to the Imitation of some single Particular only of *Homer*. Thus the chief Grace of *Tasso*’s Catalogue consists in the Description of the Heroes, without any thing remarkable on the side of the Countries: Of the Pieces of Story he has interwoven, that of *Tancred*’s Amour to *Clorinda* is ill placed, and evidently too long for the rest. *Spencer*’s Enumeration of the *British* and *Irish Rivers* in the eleventh Canto of his fourth Book, is one of the noblest in the World; if we consider his Subject was more confined, and can excuse his not observing the Order or Course of the Country; but his Variety of Description, and Fruitfulness of Imagination are no where more admirable than in that Part. *Milton*’s List of the fallen Angels in his first Book is an exact Imitation of *Homer*, as far as regards the Digressions of History and Antiquities, and his manner of inserting them: In all else I believe it must be allow’d inferior. And indeed what *Macrobius* has said to cast *Virgil* below *Homer*, will fall much more strongly upon all the rest.



I had some cause to fear that this Catalogue which contributed so much to the Success of the Author, should ruin that of the Translator. A meer heap of proper Names tho' but for a few Lines together, could afford little Entertainment to an *English* Reader, who probably could not be appriz'd either of the Necessity or Beauty of this Part of the Poem. There were but two things to be done to give it a chance to please him; to render the Versification very flowing and musical, and to make the whole appear as much a *Landscape* or *Piece of Painting* as possible. For both of these I had the Example of *Homer* in general; and *Virgil*, who found the Necessity in another Age to give more into Description, seem'd to authorise the latter in particular. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* in his Discourse of the *Structure and Disposition of Words*, professes to admire nothing more than that harmonious Exactness with which *Homer* has placed these Words, and soften'd the Syllables into each other, so as to derive Musick from a Croud of Names which have in themselves no Beauty or Dignity. I would flatter my self that I have practis'd this not unsuccessfully in our Language, which is more susceptible of all the Variety and Power of Numbers than any of the modern, and second to none but the *Greek* and *Roman*. For the latter Point, I have ventured to open the Prospect a little, by the addition of a few Epithets or short Hints of Description to some of the Places mention'd; tho' seldom exceeding the Compass of half a Verse (the Space to which my Author himself generally confines these Pictures in Miniature.) But this has never been done without the best Authorities from the Ancients, which may be seen under the respective Names in the Geographical Table following.

The Table itself I thought but necessary to annex to the Map, as my Warrant for the Situations assign'd in it to several of the Towns. For in whatever Maps I have seen to this Purpose, many of the Places are omitted, or else set down at random. *Sophianus* and *Gerbélius* have labour'd to settle the Geography of old *Greece*, many of whose Mistakes were rectify'd by *Laurenbergius*. These however deserv'd a greater Commendation than those who succeeded them; and particularly



cularly *Sanfon's Map* prefix'd to *Du Pin's Bibliotheque Historique* is miserably defective both in Omissions and false Placings; which I am obliged to mention, as it pretends to be design'd expressly for this Catalogue of *Homer*. I am persuaded the greater Part of my Readers will have no Curiosity this way, however they may allow me the Endeavour of gratifying those few who have: The rest are at liberty to pass the two or three following Leaves unread.

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A GEOGRA-



**A GEOGRAPHICAL TABLE of the Towns, &c. in HOMER'S Catalogue of Greece, with the Authorities for their Situation, as placed in this Map.**

**BOEOTIA, under five Captains, Peneleus, &c. containing,**

**A**ULIS, a Haven on the Eubœan Sea opposite to Chalcis, where the Passage to Eubœa is narrowest. *Strabo lib. 9.*

*Eteon*, Homer describes it a Hilly Country, and Statius after him—*densamque jugis Eteonen iniquis. Theb. 7.*

*Hyrie*, a Town and Lake of the same Name, belonging to the Territory of Tanagra or Græa. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Schœnus*, it lay in the Road between Thebes and Anthedon, 50 Stadia from Thebes. *Strab. ibid.*

*Scolos*, a Town under Mount Cythæron. *Ibid.*

*Thespia*, near Haliartus under Mount Helicon. *Paus. Bœot. near the Corinthian Bay. Strab. l. 9.*

*Græa*, the same with Tanagra, 30 Stadia from Aulis, on the Eubœan Sea; by this Place the River Asopus falls into that Sea. *Ibid.*

*Mycalæssus*, between Thebes and Chalcis. *Paus. Bœot. near Tanagra or Græa. Strab. l. 9.* famous for its Pine-trees. —*Pinigeris Mycalæssus in agris. Statius, l. 7.*

*Harma*, close by Mycalæssus. *Strab. l. 9.* This Town as well as the former lay near the Road from Thebes to Chalcis. *Paus. Bœot.* It was here that *Amphiaræus* was swallow'd by the Earth in his Chariot, from whence it receiv'd its Name. *Strab. ibid.*

*Ileſion*, it was situate in the Fens near Heleon and Hyle, not far from Tanagra. These three Places took their Name from being so seated (*ἑλῶν, Palus.*) *Strab. l. 9.*

*Erythræ*, in the Confines of Attica near Plataea. *Thucyd. l. 3.*—*dites Pecorum comitantur Erythræ. Stat. Theb. 7.*

*Peteon*, in the way from Thebes to Anthedon. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Ocalea*, in the mid-way betwixt Haliartus and Alalcomenes. *Ibid.*

*Medeon*, near Onchestus. *Ibid.*

*Copæ*, a Town on the Lake Copais, by the River Cephissus, next Orchomenus. *Ibid.*

*Eutresis*, a small Town of the Theſpians near Thisbe. *Ibid.*

*Thisbe*, under Mount Helicon. *Paus. Bœot. Coronea*, seated on the Cephissus where it falls into the Lake Copais. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Haliartus*, on the same Lake, *Strab. ibid.* bordering on Coronea and Plataea. *Paus. Bœot.*

*Plataea*, between Cithæron and Thebes, divided from the latter by the River Asopus. *Strab. l. 9. Viridesque Plateas. Stat. Tb. 7.*

*Gliffa*, in the Territory of Thebes, abounding with Vines. *Baccho Glifanta colentes. Stat. Tb. 7.*

*Thebe*, situate between the Rivers Ismenus and Asopus. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Onchestus*, on the Lake Copais. The Grove consecrated to Neptune in this Place, and celebrated by Homer, together with a Temple and Statue of that God, were shewn in the Time of Pausanias. *Vide Bœot.*

*Arne*, seated on the same Lake, famous for Vines. *Strab. Hom.*

*Midea*, on the same Lake. *Ibid.*

*Nissa*, or *Nysa* (*apud Statium*) or according to *Strabo l. 9. Isa*; near Anthedon.

*Anthedon*, a City on the Sea-side opposite to Eubœa, the utmost on the Shore towards Locris. *Strab. l. 9. Teque ultima tractu Anthedon. Statius, l. 7.*

*Aspledon*, 20 Stadia from Orchomenus. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Orchomenus*, and the Plains about it, being the most spacious of all in Bœotia. (*Plutarch in vit. Sylla, circa medium.*)

Homer distinguishes these two last from the rest of Bœotia. They were commanded by *Ascalaphus* and *Ialmen*.

**PHOCIS, under Schedius and Epistropus, containing,**

*Cyparissus*, the same with *Anticyrrha* according to Pausanias, on the Bay of Corinth.

*Pytho*, adjoining to Parnassus: some think it the same with Delphi. *Pausan. Phocic.*

*Crissa*, a Sea-Town on the Bay of Corinth near Cyrrha. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Daulis*, upon the Cephissus at the Foot of Parnassus. *Ibid.*

*Panopea*, upon the same River, adjoining

to Orchomenia, just by Hyampolis or Anemoria. *Ibid.*

*Hyampolis*, { both the same according to  
*Anemoria*, { *Strabo. Ibid. confining upon Locris. Paus. Phoc.*

*Lileæ*, at the Head of the River Cephissus, just on the Edge of Phocis. *Ibid.*—*propellentemque Lileam Cephissi glaciale caput. Statius, l. 7.*

**LOCRIIS,**



LOCRIS, under Ajax Oileus,, containing,

Cynus, a maritime Town towards Eubœa. *Strab. l. 9.*  
 Opus, a Locrian City, 15 Stadia from the Sea, adjacent to Panopea in Phœcis. *Ibid.*  
 Calliarus.  
 Bessa, so called from being cover'd with Shrubs. *Strab. l. 9.*  
 Scarphe seated between Thronium and Thermopylae, ten Stadia from the Sea. *Ibid.*  
 Angia.  
 Tarphe.  
 Thronius, on the Melian Bay. *Strab. l. 9.*  
 Boagrius, a River that passes by Thronius, and runs into the Bay of Oeta, between Cynus and Scarphe. *Ibid.*  
 All these opposite to the Isle of Eubœa.

EUBOE A, under Elephenor, containing,

Chalcis, the City nearest to the Continent of Greece, just opposite to Aulis in Boeotia. *Strab. l. 10.*  
 Eretria, between Chalcis and Gereftus. *Ibid.*  
 Histiaea, a Town with Vineyards over against Thessaly. *Herod. l. 7.*  
 Cerinthus, on the Sea-shore. *Hom. near*  
 the River Budorus. *Strab. l. 10.*  
 Dios, seated high. *Hom. near Histiaea. Strab. ibid.*  
 Carystos, a City at the Foot of the Mountain Ocha. *Strab. ibid. between Eretria and Gereftus. Ptolom. l. 3.*  
 Styra, a Town near Carystos. *Strab. ibid.*

ATHENS, under Menestheus.

The Isle of SALAMIS, under Ajax Telamon.

PELOPONNESUS, the East Part divided into Argia and Mycenæ, under Agamemnon, contains,

Argos, 40 Stades from the Sea. *Paus. Corinth.*  
 Tyrinthe, between Argos and Epidaurus. *Ibid.*  
 Three Cities lying in this Order on the Bay of Hermione.  
 Asinen, *Strab. l. 8. Paus. Corinth. Træzene was seated high, and Asine a Rocky Coast. — Altag; Træzene. Ovid. Fast. 2. — Quos Asine cautes. Lucan. l. 8.*  
 Eione was on the Sea-side, for Strabo tells us the People of Mycenæ made it a Station for their Ships. *Lib. 8.*  
 Epidaurus, a Town and little Island adjoining in the inner Part of the Saronic Bay. *Strab. l. 8.* It was fruitful in Vines in Homer's Time.  
 The Isle of Ægina, over against Epidaurus.  
 Maseta belongs to the Argolic Shore according to Strabo, who observes that Homer names it not in the exact Order, placing it with Ægina. *Strab. l. 8.*  
 MYCENÆ, between Cleone and Argos. *Str. Pausan.*  
 Cleone, between Argos and Corinth. *Paus. Corinth.*  
 Ornia, on the Borders of Sicyonia. *Ibid.*  
 Arethyria, the same with Phliasia, at the Source of the Achaian Asopus. *Strab. l. 8.*  
 Sicyon, (anciently the Kingdom of Adrastus) betwixt Corinth and Achaia. *Paus. Corinth.*  
 Hyperesia, the same with Ægira, says Pausan. Achaic. seated betwixt Pellene and Helice. *Strab. l. 8. opposite to Parnassus. Polyb. l. 4.*  
 Gonoessa, Homer describes it situate very high, and Seneca Troas. *Cares nunquam Gonoessa vento.*  
 Pellene, bordering on Sicyon and Pheneus, 60 Stadia from the Sea. *Paus. Arcad. celebrated anciently for its Wool. Strab. l. 8. Jul. Poll.*  
 Next Sicyon lies Pellene, &c. then Helice, and next to Helice, Ægium. *Strab. l. 8. Helice lies on the Sea-side, 40 Stadia from Ægium. Paus. Ach.*  
 Corinth, near the Isthmus.

The West Part of PELOPONNESUS, divided into Laconia, Messenia, Arcadia, and Elis.

LACONIA, under Menelaus, containing,

Sparta, the capital City, on the River Enrotas.  
 Phares, on the Bay of Messenia. *Strab. l. 8.*  
 Messa, Strabo thinks this a Contraction of Messena, and Statius in his Imitation of this Catalogue, *lib. 4.* calls it so.  
 Brysia, under Mount Taygetus. *Paus. Lacon.*  
 Augia, the same with Ægia in the Opinion of Pausanias (Laconicis) 30 Stadia from Gythium.  
 Amycle, 20 Stades from Sparta toward the Sea. *Ptol. l. 4. under the Mountain Taygetus.*  
 K



tus. Strab. l. 8.

Helos, on the Sea-side. Hom. upon the River Eurotas. Strab. *ibid*.

Laas,

Okealos, near the Promontory of Tanarus. Paus. Lac.

### MESSENIA, under Nestor, containing,

Pylos, the City of Nestor on the Sea-shore. Arcene, seated near the River Minyeius. Hom. II. 11. Strab. l. 8.

Thryon, on the River Alpheus, the same which Homer elsewhere calls Thryoissa. Strab. *ibid*.

Apy, the ancient Geographers differ about the Situation of this Town, but agree to place it near the Sea. Vide Strab. l. 8.—*Summis ingostum montibus Apy*. Stat. l. 4.

Cyperisse, on the Borders of Messenia, and upon the Bay called from it Cyparissus. Paus. Messen.

Amphigenia, — *Fertilis Amphigenia*. Stat. Tb. 4. near the former. So also, Pteleon, which was built by a Colony from Pteleon in Thessaly. Strab. l. 8.

Helos, near the River Alpheus. *Ibid*.

Derion, a Field or Mountain near the Sea. *Ibid*.

### ARCADIA, under Agapenor, containing,

The Mountain Cyllene, the highest of Peloponnesus, on the Borders of Achaia and Arcadia, near Phenens. Paus. Arcad. Under this stood the Tomb of Apyus. That Monument (the same Author tells us) was remaining in his Time, it was only a heap of Earth inclos'd with a Wall of rough Stone.

Phenens, confining on Pellene and Stympheus. *Ibid*.

Orchomenus, confining on Phenens and Mantinea. *Ibid*.

These three, Strabo tells us, are not to be found, nor their Situation assign'd. Lib. 8. *prope fin*. Ewippe stood high, as appears from Homer, and Statius l. 4. *Ventosa-que donat Ewippe*.

Tegea, between Argos and Sparta. Polyb. l. 4. Mantinea, bordering upon Tegea, Argia, and Orchomenus. Paus. Arcad.

Stympheus, confining on Phliasia or Arethya. Strab. l. 8.

Parrhasia, adjoining to Lacomia. Thucyd. l. 5. — *Parrhasiaq; arces*. Ovid. Fast. 2.

### ELIS, under four Leaders, Amphimachus, &c. containing,

The City Elis, 120 Stades from the Sea. Paus. Eliacis 2.

Buprasium near Elis. Strab. l. 8.

The Places bounded by the Fields of Hyrmine, in the Territory of Elis, between Mount Cyllene and the Sea.

Myrsinus, on the Sea-side 70 Stades from

Elis. Strab. l. 8.

The Olenian Rocks, which stood near the City Olenos at the Mouth of the River Pierus. Paus. Achaic.

And Alysius, the Name of a Town or River, in the way from Elis to Pisa. Strab. l. 8.

### The ISLES over against the Continent of Elis, Achaia, or Acarnania.

Echinades and Dulichium, under Meges.

The Cephalenians under Ulysses, being those from Samos (the same with Cephalenia) from Zacynthus, Grocylia, Egilipa, Neritas, and Ithaca. This last is generally suppos'd to be the largest of these Islands on the East side of Cephalenia, and next to it; but that is, according to Wheeler, 20 Italian Miles in Circumference, whereas Strabo gives Ithaca but 80 Stadia about. It was rather one of the

lesser Islands toward the Mouth of the Achelous.

Homer adds to these Places under the Dominion of Ulysses, Epirus and the opposite Continent, by which (as M. Dacier observes) cannot be meant Epirus properly so call'd, which was never subject to Ulysses, but only the Sea-coast of Acarnania opposite to the Islands.

### The Continent of ACARNANIA and ÆTOLIA, under Thoas.

Pleuron, seated between Chalcis and Calydon, by the Sea-shore upon the River Evenus, West of Chalcis. Strab. l. 10.

Olenos, lying above Calydon, with the Evenus on the East of it. *Ibid*.

Pylene, the same with Proschion, not far

from Pleuron, but more in the Land, Strab. l. 10.

Chalcis, a Sea Town. Hom. situate on the East side of the Evenus. Strab. *ibid*. There was another Chalcis at the Head of the Evenus call'd by Strabo Hypo-Chalcis.

Calydon, on the Evenus also. *Ibid*.



The Isle of CRETE, under Idomeneus, containing,

Gnosus, seated in the Plain between Lyctus the Sea, under Gortyna. Strab. *ibid.* It lay and Gortyna, 120 Stad. from Lyctus. Strab. l. 10. on the River Jardan, as appears by Homer's Description of it in the third Book of the *Odyssey*.  
Gortyna, 90 Stad. from the African Sea. *Ibid.*  
Lyctus, 80 Stad. from the same Sea. *Ibid.*  
Miletus, Lycastus,  
Phestus, 60. Stad. from Gortyna, 20 from Rhytium, under Gortyna. Strab.

The Isle of RHODES, under Tlepolemus, containing;

Lindus, on the right Hand to those who fail from the City Rhodes, Southward. Strab. l. 14. Jalyssus, between Camirus and Rhodes. *Ibid.*  
Camirus.

The Islands, Syma (under Nireus) Nisyros, Carpathus, Casus, Cos, Calydnæ, under Antiphus and Phidippus.

The Continent of THESSALY toward the Ægean Sea, under Achilles.

Argos Pelasgicum (the same which was since called Phthiotis.) Strabo lib. 9. says that some thought this the Name of a Town, others that Homer meant by it this Part of Thessaly in general (which last seems most probable.) Steph. Byzant. observes, there was a City Argos in Thessaly as well as in Peloponnesus; the former was call'd Pelasgic in Contradistinction to the Achaian: for tho' the Pelasgi possess several Parts of Epirus, Crete, Peloponnesus, &c. yet they retain'd their principal Seat in Thessaly. Steph. Byz. in v. Panel.

Alos, { Both on the Shore of Thessaly to-  
wards Locris. Strab. l. 9. Alos lies in  
Alope, { the Passage of Mount Othrys. *Ibid.*  
Trechine, under the Mountain Oesa. Eu-  
statb. in Il. 2.

{ Some suppos'd these two to be  
Names of the same Place, as  
Strabo says; tho' tis plain Homer  
distinguishes them. Whether they  
were Cities or Regions Strabo  
is not determin'd. Lib. 9.

The Hellenes. This Denomination, after-wards common to all the Greeks, is here to be understood only of those who inhabited Phthiotis. It was not 'till long after Homer's Time that the People of other Cities of Greece desiring Assistance from these, began to have the same Name from their Communication with them, as Thucydides remarks in the beginning of his first Book.

The following under Protefilaus.

Phylace, on the Coast of Phthiotis toward the Melian Bay. Strab. l. 9.

Pyrrhasus, beyond the Mountain Othrys, had the Grove of Ceres within two Stadia of it. *Ibid.*

Itona, 60 Stad. from Alos, it lay higher in the Land than Pyrrhasus, above Mount Othrys. *Ibid.*

Antron, on the Sea-side Hom. in the Passage to Eubœa. *Ibid.*

Pteleon, the Situation of this Town in

Strabo seems to be between Antron and Pyrrhasus: But Pliny describes it with great Exactness to lie on the Shore towards Bœotia, on the Confines of Phthiotis, upon the River Sperchius; according to which Particulars it must have been seated as I have placed it. Livy also seats it on the Sperchius.

All those Towns which were under Protefilaus (says Strabo, lib. 9.) being the five last mention'd, lay on the Eastern side of the Mountain Othrys.

These under Eumelus.

Pheræ, in the farthest Part of Magnesia confining on Mount Pelion. Strab. l. 9. near the Lake of Bæbe. Ptol. and plentifully water'd with the Fountains of Hyperia. Strab.

Glaphyræ,  
Iolcos, a Sea-Town on the Pegasæan Bay. Livy, l. 4. and Strab.

Under Philoctetes.

Metbone, a City of Macedonia, 40 Stadia from Pydna in Pieria. Strab.

Thaumacia, { in Phthiotis near Pharsalus,  
Malibea, { according to the same Au-  
thor. *Ibid.*

Olyzon. It seems that this Place lay near Bæbe, Iolcos, and Ormenium, from Strab. l. 9. where he says, Demetrius caused the Inhabitants of these Towns to remove to Demetrias, on the same Coast.

The



## The Upper THESSALY.

## The following under Podalirius and Machaon.

*Trice*, or *Tricce*, not far from the Mountain *Pindus*, on the left Hand of the *Peneus*, as it runs from *Pindus*. *Strab. l. 9.*

*Ithome*, near *Trica*. *Ibid.*  
*Oechalia*, the Situation not certain, somewhere near the forementioned Towns. *Str. ibid.*

## Under Eurypylus.

*Ormenium*, under *Pellon*, on the *Pegasean* Bay, near *Bebe*. *Ibid.*

*Asterium*, hard by *Phæra* and *Titanus*. *Ibid.*

## Under Polyphates.

*Argissa*, lying upon the River *Peneus*. *Str. l. 9.*  
*Gyrtona*, a City of *Perrhabia* at the Foot of *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

*Orthe*, near *Peneus* and *Tempe*. *Ibid.*  
*Elope*, } both lying under *Olympus* near  
*Olooffon*, } the River *Titarefius*. *Ibid.*

## Under Guneus and Protheus.

*Cyphus*, seated in the mountainous Country towards *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

*Dodona*, among the Mountains toward *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

*Titarefius*, a River rising in the Mountain *Titarns* near *Olympus*, and running into *Peneus*. *Ibid.*

*nens*. *Ibid.* 'Tis also call'd *Eurotas*.

The River *Peneus* rises from Mount *Pindus*, and flows through *Tempe* into the Sea. *Strab. l. 7. and 9.*

*Pellon*, near *Offa*, in *Magnesia*. *Herod. lib. 7.*



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*A Table of TROY, and the Auxiliar COUNTRIES.*

THE Kingdom of Priam divided into eight Dynasties.

1. *Troas*, under *Hector*, whose Capital was *Ilium*.

2. *Dardania*, under *Aeneas*, the Capital *Dardanus*.

3. *Zeieia*, at the Foot of *Ida*, by the *Aesepus*, under *Pandarus*.

4. *Adrestia*, *Apesus*, *Pityea*, Mount *Tereus*, under *Adrastus* and *Amphius*.

*Sestos*, *Abydos*, *Arisbe* on the River *Selle*,

*Percote* and *Practius*, under *Asius*.

These Places lay between *Troy* and the *Propontis*.

The other three Dynasties were under *Mynes*, *Eetion*, and *Alteus*, the Capital of the first was *Lyrnessus*, of the second *Thebe* of *Cilicia*, of the third *Pedasus*, in *Lelegia*. *Homer* does not mention these in the Catalogue, having been before destroy'd and depopulated by the *Greeks*.

*The Auxiliar Nations.*

The *Pelagii*, under *Hippothous* and *Pyleus*, whose Capital was *Larissa*, near the Place where *Cuma* was afterwards built. *Strab.* l. 13.

The *Thracians*, by the side of the *Hellepont* opposite to *Troy*, under *Acamas* and *Pyrrhus*, and those of *Ciconia*, under *Euphemus*.

The *Paeonians* from *Macedonia* and the River *Axius*, under *Pyrethmus*.

The *Paphlagonians*, under *Pylæmeneus*. The *Halizonians*, under *Odius* and *Epistrophus*. The *Mysians*, under *Cromis* and *Ennomus*. The *Phrygians* of *Ascania*, under *Phorcys* and *Ascanius*.

The *Meonians*, under *Mestles* and *Antiphus*,

who inhabited under the Mountain *Tmolus*.

The *Carians*, under *Naustes* and *Amphimachus*, from *Miletus*, the farthest City of *Caria* toward the South. *Herodot.* lib. 1.

*Mycale*, a Mountain and Promontory opposite to *Samos*. *Ibid.*

*Pthiron*, the same Mountain as *Latmos*, according to *Hecateus*.

The *Lycians*, under *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, from the Banks of the River *Xanthus*, which runs into the Sea betwixt *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*. *Homer* mentions it to distinguish this *Lycia* from that which lies on the *Propontis*.



41

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THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF THE  
ILLIAD.

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## The ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

**T**HE Armies being ready to engage, a single Combate is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the Intervention of Hector) for the Determination of the War. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the Fight. She leads her to the Walls of Troy, where Priam sate with his Counsellors, observing the Græcian Leaders on the Plain below, to whom Helen gives an Account of the chief of them. The Kings on either Part take the solemn Oath for the Conditions of the Combate. The Duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome is snatch'd away in a Cloud by Venus, and transported to his Apartment. She then calls Helen from the Walls, and brings the Lovers together. Agamemnon on the Part of the Græcians, demands the Restoration of Helen, and the Performance of the Articles.

The three and twentieth Day still continues throughout this Book. The Scene is sometimes in the Fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THE



THE  
THIRD BOOK.

OF THE  
ILLIAD.

Thus by their Leader's Care each martial Band  
Moves into Ranks, and stretches o'er the Land.  
With Shouts the *Trojans* rushing from afar  
Proclaim their Motions, and provoke the War:  
So when inclement Winters vex the Plain  
With piercing Frosts, or thick-descending Rain,  
To warmer Seas the Cranes embody'd fly,  
With Noise, and Order, thro' the mid-way Sky;  
To Pygmy-Nations Wounds and Death they bring,  
And all the War descends upon the Wing.  
But silent, breathing Rage, resolv'd, and skill'd  
By mutual Aids to fix a doubtful Field,

A

Swift



Swift march the *Greeks*: the rapid Dust around  
 Dark'ning arises from the labour'd Ground.

15 Thus from his flaggy Wings when *Notus* sheds  
 A Night of Vapors round the Mountain-Heads,  
 Swift-gliding Mists the dusky Fields invade,  
 To Thieves more grateful than the Midnight Shade;  
 While scarce the Swains their feeding Flocks survey,

20 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd Day:  
 So wrapt in gath'ring Dust, the *Grecian* Train  
 A moving Cloud, swept on, and hid the Plain.

Now Front to Front the hostile Armies stand,  
 Eager of Fight, and only wait Command:

25 When, to the Van, before the Sons of Fame  
 Whom *Troy* sent forth, the beauteous *Paris* came:  
 In Form a God! the Panther's speckled Hyde  
 Flow'd o'er his Armour with an easy Pride,  
 His bended Bow a-cross his Shoulders flung,  
 30 His Sword beside him negligently hung,  
 Two pointed Spears he shook with gallant Grace,  
 And dar'd the Bravest of the *Grecian* Race.

As thus with glorious Air and proud Disdain,  
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the Plain,

Him



BOOK III. *HOMER's ILIAD.*

3

Him *Menelaus*, lov'd of *Mars*, espies, 35  
 With Heart elated, and with joyful Eyes:  
 So joys a Lion if the branching Deer  
 Or Mountain Goat, his bulky Prize, appear;  
 In vain the Youths oppose, the Mastives bay,  
 The Lordly Savage rends the panting Prey. 40  
 Thus fond of Vengeance, with a furious Bound,  
 In clanging Arms he leaps upon the Ground  
 From his high Chariot: Him, approaching near,  
 The beauteous Champion views with Marks of Fear,  
 Smit with a conscious Sense, retires behind, 45  
 And shuns the Fate he well deserv'd to find.  
 As when some Shepherd from the rustling Trees  
 Shot forth to View, a scaly Serpent sees;  
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild Affright,  
 And all confus'd, precipitates his Flight. 50  
 So from the King the shining Warrior flies,  
 And plung'd amid the thickest *Trojans* lies.

As Godlike *Hector* sees the Prince retreat,  
 He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous Heat.  
 Unhappy *Paris*! but to Women brave, 55  
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

On



Oh had'st thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the Light,  
 Or dy'd at least before thy Nuptial Rite!  
 A better Fate, than vainly thus to boast,  
 60 And fly, the Scandal of thy *Trojan* Host.  
 Gods! how the scornful *Greeks* exult to see  
 Their Fears of Danger undeceiv'd in thee!  
 Thy Figure promis'd with a martial Air,  
 But ill thy Soul supplies a Form so fair.  
 65 In former Days, in all thy gallant Pride,  
 When thy tall Ships triumphant stem'd the Tide,  
 When *Greece* beheld thy painted Canvas flow,  
 And Crowds stood wond'ring at the passing Show;  
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled Mien,  
 70 You met th' Approaches of the *Spartan* Queen,  
 Thus from her Realm convey'd the beauteous Prize,  
 And \*both her warlike Lords outshin'd in *Helen's* Eyes?  
 This Deed, thy Foes Delight, thy own Disgrace,  
 Thy Father's Grief, and Ruin of thy Race;  
 75 This Deed recalls thee to the proffer'd Fight;  
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?  
 Soon to thy Cost the Field wou'd make thee know  
 Thou keep'st the Consort of a braver Foe.

\**Theseus*  
 and *Me-*  
*nelaus.*

Thy



BOOK III. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

5

Thy graceful Form instilling soft Desire,  
 Thy curling Tresses, and thy silver Lyre, 80  
 Beauty and Youth, in vain to these you trust,  
 When Youth and Beauty shall be laid in Dust:  
 Troy yet may wake, and one avenging Blow  
 Crush the dire Author of his Country's Woe.

His Silence here, with Blushes, *Paris* breaks; 85  
 'Tis just, my Brother, what your Anger speaks:  
 But who like thee can boast a Soul sedate,  
 So firmly Proof to all the Shocks of Fate?  
 Thy Force like Steel a temper'd Hardness shows,  
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with Blows, 90  
 Like Steel, uplifted by some strenuous Swain,  
 With falling Woods to strow the wasted Plain.  
 Thy Gifts I praise, nor thou despise the Charms  
 With which a Lover golden *Venus* arms;  
 Soft moving Speech, and pleasing outward Show, 95  
 No Wish can gain 'em, but the Gods bestow.  
 Yet, wou'd'st thou have the proffer'd Combate stand,  
 The *Greeks* and *Trojans* feat on either Hand;  
 Then let a mid-way Space our Hosts divide,  
 And, on that Stage of War, the Cause be try'd: 100

B

By



By *Paris* there the *Spartan* King be fought,  
For beauteous *Helen* and the Wealth she brought;  
And who his Rival can in Arms subdue,  
His be the Fair, and his the Treasure too.  
105 Thus with a lasting League your Toils may cease,  
And *Troy* possess her fertile Fields in Peace;  
Thus may the *Greeks* review their native Shore,  
Much fam'd for gen'rous Steeds, for Beauty more.  
He said. The Challenge *Hector* heard with Joy,  
110 Then with his Spear restrain'd the Youth of *Troy*,  
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the Foe  
Advanc'd with Steps majestically flow.  
While round his dauntless Head the *Grecians* pour  
Their Stones and Arrows in a mingled Show'r.  
115 Then thus the Monarch great *Atrides* cry'd;  
Forbear ye Warriors! lay the Darts aside:  
A Parley *Hector* asks, a Message bears;  
We know him by the various Plume he wears.  
Aw'd by his high Command the *Greeks* attend,  
120 The Tumult silence, and the Fight suspend.  
While from the Centre *Hector* rolls his Eyes  
On either Host, and thus to both applies.

Here,



BOOK III. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

7

Hear, all ye *Trojans*, all ye *Grecian* Bands!  
What *Paris*, Author of the War, demands.  
Your shining Swords within the Sheath restrain,<sup>125</sup>  
And pitch your Lances in the yielding Plain.  
Here, in the midst, in either Army's fight,  
He dares the *Spartan* King to single Fight;  
And wills, that *Helen* and the ravish'd Spoil  
That caus'd the Contest, shall reward the Toil.<sup>130</sup>  
Let these the brave triumphant Victor grace,  
And diff'ring Nations part in Leagues of Peace.

He spoke: in still Suspense on either side  
Each Army stood: The *Spartan* Chief reply'd.

Me too ye Warriors hear, whose fatal Right<sup>135</sup>  
A World engages in the Toils of Fight.  
To me the Labour of the Field resign;  
Me *Paris* injur'd; all the War be mine.  
Fall he that must beneath his Rival's Arms,  
And live the rest secure of future Harms.<sup>140</sup>  
Two Lambs, devoted by your Country's Rite,  
To *Earth* a fable, to the *Sun* a white,  
Prepare ye *Trojans*! while a third we bring  
Select to *Jove*, th' Inviolable King.



145 Let rev'rend *Priam* in the Truce engage,  
 And add the Sanction of confid'rate Age;  
 His Sons are faithless, headlong in Debate,  
 And Youth itself an empty wav'ring State:  
 Cool Age advances venerably wise,  
 150 Turns on all hands its deep-discerning Eyes;  
 Sees what befell, and what may yet befall;  
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The Nations hear, with rising Hopes possess'd,  
 And peaceful Prospects dawn in ev'ry Breast.  
 155 Within the Lines they drew their Steeds around,  
 And from their Chariots issu'd on the Ground:  
 Next all unbuckling the rich Mail they wore,  
 Lay'd their bright Arms along the sable Shore.  
 On either side the meeting Hosts are seen,  
 160 With Lances fix'd, and close the Space between.  
 Two Heralds now dispatch'd to *Troy*, invite  
 The *Phrygian* Monarch to the Peaceful Rite;  
*Talthybius* hastens to the Fleet, to bring  
 The Lamb for *Jove* th' Inviolable King.

165 Meantime, to beauteous *Helen* from the Skies  
 The various Goddesses of the Rain-bow flies:

(Like



(Like fair *Laodice* in Form and Face,  
The loveliest Nymph of *Priam*'s Royal Race)  
Her in the Palace, at her Loom she found ;  
The golden Web her own sad Story crown'd, 170  
The *Trojan* Wars she weav'd (herself the Prize)  
And the dire Triumphs of her fatal Eyes.  
To whom the Goddess of the painted Bow ;  
Approach, and view the wond'rous Scene below !  
Each hardy *Greek* and valiant *Trojan* Knight, 175  
So dreadful late, and furious for the Fight,  
Now rest their Spears, or lean upon their Shields ;  
Ceas'd is the War, and silent all the Fields.  
*Paris* alone and *Sparta*'s King advance,  
In single Fight to toss the beamy Lance ; 180  
Each met in Arms the Fate of Combate tries,  
Thy Love the Motive, and thy Charms the Prize.

This said, the many-colour'd Maid inspires  
Her Husband's Love, and wakes her former Fires ;  
Her Country, Parents, all that once were dear, 185  
Rush to her Thought, and force a tender Tear.  
O'er her fair Face a snowy Veil she threw,  
And, softly sighing, from the Loom withdrew.

C

Her



Her Handmaids *Clymenè* and *Æthra* wait  
 190 Her silent Footsteps to the *Scaean* Gate.  
 There sat the Seniors of the *Trojan* Race,  
 (Old *Priam*'s Chiefs, and most in *Priam*'s Grace)  
 The King the first; *Thymetes* at his side;  
*Lampus* and *Clytus*, long in Council try'd;  
 195 *Panthus*, and *Hicetion*, once the strong,  
 And next the wisest of the Rev'rend Throng,  
*Antenor* grave, and sage *Ucalegon*,  
 Lean'd on the Walls, and bask'd before the Sun.  
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody Fights engage,  
 200 But Wife thro' Time, and Narrative with Age,  
 In Summer-Days like Grasshoppers rejoice,  
 A bloodless Race, that send a feeble Voice.  
 These, when the *Spartan* Queen approach'd the Tow'r,  
 In secret own'd resistless Beauty's Pow'r:  
 205 They cry'd, No wonder such Celestial Charms  
 For nine long Years have set the World in Arms;  
 What winning Graces! what majestick Mien!  
 She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen!  
 210 Yet hence oh Heav'n! convey that fatal Face,  
 And from Destruction save the *Trojan* Race.



The good old *Priam* welcom'd her, and cry'd,  
 Approach my Child, and grace thy Father's Side.  
 See on the Plain thy *Grecian* Spouse appears,  
 The Friends and Kindred of thy former Years. 215  
 No Crime of thine our present Suff'rings draws,  
 Not Thou, but Heav'n's disposing Will, the Cause;  
 The Gods these Armies and this Force employ,  
 The hostile Gods conspire the Fate of *Troy*.  
 But lift thy Eyes, and say, What *Greek* is He 220  
 (Far as from hence these aged Orbs can see)  
 Around whose Brow such martial Graces shine,  
 So tall, so awful, and almost Divine?  
 Tho' some of larger Stature tread the Green,  
 None match his Grandeur and exalted Mien: 225  
 He seems a Monarch, and his Country's Pride.  
 Thus ceas'd the King, and thus the Fair reply'd.

Before thy Presence, Father, I appear  
 With conscious Shame and reverential Fear.  
 Ah! had I dy'd, e're to these Walls I fled, 230  
 False to my Country and my Nuptial Bed,  
 My Brothers, Friends, and Daughter left behind,  
 False to them all, to *Paris* only kind!

For



For this I mourn, 'till Grief or dire Disease  
Shall waste the Form whose Crime it was to please!  
235 The King of Kings, *Atrides*, you survey,  
Great in the War, and great in Arts of Sway.  
My Brother once, before my Days of Shame;  
And oh! that still he bore a Brother's Name!  
With Wonder *Priam* view'd the Godlike Man,  
240 Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began.  
O blest *Atrides*! born to prosp'rous Fate,  
Successful Monarch of a mighty State!  
How vast thy Empire? Of yon' matchless Train  
What Numbers lost, what Numbers yet remain?  
245 In *Phrygia* once were gallant Armies known,  
In ancient Time, when *Otreus*' fill'd the Throne,  
When Godlike *Mygdon* led their Troops of Horse,  
And I, to join them, rais'd the *Trojan* Force:  
Against the Manlike *Amazons* we stood,  
250 And *Sangar*'s Stream ran purple with their Blood.  
But far inferior those, in manly Grace  
And Strength of Numbers, to this *Grecian* Race.  
This said, once more he view'd the martial Train:  
What's He, whose Arms lie scatter'd on the Plain?  
Broad



Broad is his Breast, his Shoulders larger spread, 255  
Tho' great *Atrides* overtops his Head.  
Nor yet appear his Care and Conduct small;  
From Rank to Rank he moves, and orders all.  
The stately Ram thus measures o'er the Ground,  
And, Master of the Flocks, surveys them round. 260

Then *Helen* thus. Whom your discerning Eyes  
Have singled out, is *Ithacus* the Wise:  
A barren Island boasts his glorious Birth;  
His Fame for Wisdom fills the spacious Earth.

*Antenor* took the Word, and thus began: 265  
My self, O King! have seen that wondrous Man;  
When trusting *Jove* and hospitable Laws,  
To *Troy* he came, to plead the *Grecian* Cause;  
(Great *Menelaus* urg'd the same Request)  
My House was honour'd with each Royal Guest: 270  
I knew their Persons, and admir'd their Parts,  
Both brave in Arms, and both approv'd in Arts.  
Erect, the *Spartan* most engag'd our View,  
*Ulysses* seated, greater Rev'rence drew.  
When *Atreus'* Son harangu'd the list'ning Train, 275  
Just was his Sense, and his Expression plain,

D

His



His Words succinct, yet full, without a Fault ;  
He spoke no more than just the Thing he ought.  
But when *Ulysses* rose, in Thought profound,  
280 His modest Eyes he fix'd upon the Ground,  
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,  
Nor rais'd his Head, nor stretch'd his sceptred Hand ;  
But, when he speaks, what Elocution flows !  
Soft as the Fleeces of descending Snows  
285 The copious Accents fall, with easy Art ;  
Melting they fall, and sink into the Heart !  
Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep Surprise  
Our Ears refute the Censure of our Eyes.

The King then ask'd (as yet the Camp he view'd)  
290 What Chief is that with Giant Strength endu'd,  
Whose brawny Shoulders, and whose swelling Chest,  
And lofty Stature far exceed the rest ?  
*Ajax* the great (the beauteous Queen reply'd)  
Himself an Host : the *Grecian* Strength and Pride.  
295 See ! bold *Idomeneus* superior tow'rs  
Amidst yon' Circle of his *Cretan* Pow'rs,  
Great as a God ! I saw him once before,  
With *Menelaus*, on the *Spartan* Shore.



The rest I know, and could in Order name;  
All valiant Chiefs, and Men of mighty Fame. 300  
Yet two are wanting of the num'rous Train,  
Whom long my Eyes have fought, but fought in vain;  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, first in martial Force,  
One bold on Foot, and one renown'd for Horse.  
My Brothers these; the same our native Shore, 305  
One House contain'd us, as one Mother bore.  
Perhaps the Chiefs, from warlike Toils at ease,  
For distant *Troy* refus'd to sail the Seas:  
Perhaps their Sword some nobler Quarrel draws,  
Asham'd to combat in their Sister's Cause. 310

So spoke the Fair, nor knew her Brothers Doom,  
Wrapt in the cold Embraces of the Tomb;  
Adorn'd with Honours in their native Shore,  
Silent they slept, and heard of Wars no more.

Meantime the Heralds, thro' the crowded Town, 315  
Bring the rich Wine and destin'd Victims down.  
*Idæus'* Arms the golden Goblets prest,  
Who thus the venerable King address.

Arise,



Arise, O Father of the *Trojan* State!  
 320 The Nations call, thy joyful People wait,  
 To seal the Truce and end the dire Debate.  
*Paris* thy Son, and *Sparta's* King advance,  
 In measur'd Lifts to toss the weighty Lance;  
 And who his Rival shall in Arms subdue,  
 325 His be the Dame, and his the Treasure too.  
 Thus with a lasting League our Toils may cease,  
 And *Troy* possess her fertile Fields in Peace;  
 So shall the *Greeks* review their native Shore,  
 Much fam'd for gen'rous Steeds, for Beauty more.  
 330 With Grief he heard, and bade the Chiefs prepare  
 To join his milk-white Courfers to the Car:  
 He mounts the Seat, *Antenor* at his side;  
 The gentle Steeds thro' *Scaea's* Gates they guide:  
 Next from the Car descending on the Plain,  
 335 Amid the *Grecian* Host and *Trojan* Train  
 Slow they proceed: The sage *Ulysses* then  
 Arose, and with him rose the King of Men.  
 On either side a sacred Herald stands,  
 The Wine they mix, and on each Monarch's Hands



Pour the full Urn; Then drew the Grecian Lord 340

His Cutlace sheath'd beside his pondrous Sword.

From the sign'd Victims crops the curling Hair,

The Heralds part it, and the Princes share;

Then loudly thus before th' attentive Bands

He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted Hands. 345

O first and greatest Pow'r! whom all obey,

Who high on *Ida's* holy Mountain sway,

Eternal *Jove*! and you bright Orb that roll

From East to West, and view from Pole to Pole!

Thou Mother *Earth*! and all ye living *Floods*! 350

Infernal *Furies*, and *Tartarean* Gods,

Who rule the Dead, and horrid Woes prepare

For perjur'd Kings, and all who falsely swear!

Hear, and be Witnesses. If, by *Paris* slain,

Great *Menelaus* press the fatal Plain; 355

The Dame and Treasures let the *Trojan* keep,

And *Greece* returning plow the watry Deep.

If by my Brother's Lance the *Trojan* bleed;

Be his the Wealth and beauteous Dame decreed:

Th' appointed Fine let *Ilion* justly pay, 360

And ev'ry Age record the signal Day.

E

This



This if the *Phrygians* shall refuse to yield,  
Arms must revenge, and *Mars* decide the Field.

With that, the Chief the tender Victims flew,  
365 And in the Dust their bleeding Bodies threw,  
The vital Spirit issu'd at the Wound,  
And left the Members quiv'ring on the Ground.  
From the same Urn they drink the mingled Wine,  
And add Libations to the Pow'rs Divine.

370 While thus their Pray'rs united mount the Sky;  
Hear mighty *Jove*! and hear ye Gods on high!  
And may their Blood who first the League confound,  
Shed like this Wine, distain the thirsty Ground;  
May all their Conforts serve promiscuous Lust,  
375 And all their Race be scatter'd as the Dust!  
Thus either Host their Imprecations join'd,  
Which *Jove* refus'd, and mingled with the Wind.

The Rites now finish'd, rev'rend *Priam* rose,  
And thus express'd a Heart o'ercharg'd with Woes.  
380 Ye *Greeks* and *Trojans*, let the Chiefs engage,  
But spare the Weakness of my feeble Age:  
In yonder Walls that Object let me shun,  
Nor view the Danger of so dear a Son.

Whose



Whose Arms shall conquer, and what Prince shall fall,  
Heav'n only knows, for Heav'n disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary King no longer stay'd,  
But on his Car the slaughter'd Victims laid,  
Then seiz'd the Reins his gentle Steeds to guide,  
And drove to *Troy*, *Antenor* at his Side.

Bold *Hector* and *Ulysses* now dispose 390  
The Lists of Combate, and the Ground inclose;  
Next to decide by sacred Lots prepare,  
Who first shall launce his pointed Spear in Air.

The People pray with elevated Hands,  
And Words like these are heard thro' all the Bands. 395

Immortal *Jove*! high Heav'n's superior Lord,  
On lofty *Ida*'s holy Mount ador'd!

Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire Debate,  
Oh give that Author of the War to Fate,

And Shades Eternal! Let Division cease, 400  
And joyful Nations join in Leagues of Peace.

With Eyes averted *Hector* hasts to turn  
The Lots of Fight, and shakes the brazen Urn.

Then *Paris*, thine leap'd forth, by fatal Chance  
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty Lance. 405

Both



Both Armies late, the Combate to survey,  
 Beside each Chief his Azure Armour lay,  
 And round the Lifts the gen'rous Coursers neigh.  
 The beauteous Warrior now arrays for Fight,  
 410 In gilded Arms magnificently bright:  
 The Purple Cuisses clasp his Thighs around,  
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, and silver Buckles bound:  
*Lycaon's* Cors'let his fair Body drest,  
 Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer Breast;  
 415 A radiant Baldric, o'er his Shoulder ty'd,  
 Sustains the Sword that glitters at his side.  
 His youthful Face a polish'd Helm o'erspread;  
 The waving Horse-hair nodded on his Head.  
 His figur'd Shield, a shining Orb, he takes,  
 420 And in his Hand a pointed Jav'lin shakes.  
 With equal Speed, and fir'd by equal Charms,  
 The *Spartan* Hero sheaths his Limbs in Arms.  
 Now round the Lifts th' admiring Armies stand,  
 With Jav'lins fix'd, the *Greek* and *Trojan* Band.  
 425 Amidst the dreadful Vale the Chiefs advance,  
 All pale with Rage, and shake the threat'ning Lance.

The



The *Trojan* first his shining Jav'lin threw;  
Full on *Atrides'* ringing Shield it flew,  
Nor pierc'd the brazen Orb, but with a Bound  
Leap'd from the Buckler blunted on the Ground. 430

*Atrides* then his massy Lance prepares,  
In Act to throw, but first prefers his Pray'rs.

Give me, great *Jove*! to punish lawless Lust,  
And lay the *Trojan* gasping in the Dust:  
Destroy th' Aggressor, aid my righteous Cause, 435  
Avenge the Breach of hospitable Laws!  
Let this Example future Times reclaim,  
And guard from Wrong fair Friendship's holy Name.

He said, and poiz'd in Air the Jav'lin sent,  
Thro' *Paris'* Shield the forceful Weapon went, 440  
His Cors'let pierces, and his Garment rends,  
And glancing downward, near his Flank descends.  
The wary *Trojan*, bending from the Blow,  
Eludes his Death, and disappoints the Foe:  
But fierce *Atrides* wav'd his Sword and strook 445  
Full on his Casque; the crested Helmet shook;  
The brittle Steel, unfaithful to his Hand,  
Broke short: the Fragments glitter'd on the Sand.



The raging Warrior to the spacious Skies  
 450 Rais'd his upbraiding Voice, and angry Eyes:  
 Then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?  
 And is it thus the Gods assist the Just?  
 When Crimes provoke us, Heav'n Success denies;  
 The Dart falls harmless, and the Faulchion flies.  
 455 Furious he said, and tow'rd the *Grecian* Crew  
 (Seiz'd by the Crest) th' unhappy Warrior drew;  
 Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd Thong  
 That ty'd his Helmet, dragg'd the Chief along.  
 Then had his Ruin crown'd *Atrides'* Joy,  
 460 But *Venus* trembl'd for the Prince of *Troy*:  
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden Band;  
 And left an empty Helmet in his Hand.  
 The Casque, enrag'd, amidst the *Greeks* he threw;  
 The *Greeks* with Smiles the polish'd Trophy view.  
 465 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly Dart,  
 In Thirst of Vengeance, at his Rival's Heart,  
 The Queen of Love her favour'd Champion shrouds  
 (For Gods can all things) in a Veil of Clouds.  
 Rais'd from the Field the panting Youth she led,  
 470 And gently laid him on the Bridal Bed,



With pleasing Sweets his fainting Sense renews,  
And all the Dome perfumes with Heav'nly Dews.

Meantime the brightest of the Female Kind,  
The matchless *Helen* o'er the Walls reclin'd:

To her, beset with *Trojan* Beauties, came 475

In *Græa*'s Form, the \*Laughter-loving Dame. *\*Venus.*

(*Græa*, her Fav'rite Maid, well-skill'd to cull  
The snowie Fleece, and wind the twisted Wool.)

The Goddess softly shook her filken Vest  
That shed Perfumes, and whisp'ring thus addrest. 480

Haste, happy Nymph! for thee thy *Paris* calls,

Safe from the Fight, in yonder lofty Walls,

Fair as a God with Odours round him spread

He lies, and waits thee on the well-known Bed:

Not like a Warrior parted from the Foe, 485

But some gay Dancer in the publick Show.

She spoke, and *Helen*'s secret Soul was mov'd;

She scorn'd the Champion, but the Man she lov'd.

Fair *Venus*' Neck, her Eyes that sparkled Fire,

And Breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft Desire. 490

Struck with her Presence, strait the lively Red

Forsook her Cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.

Then



Then is it still thy Pleasure to deceive?  
And Woman's Frailty always to believe?  
495 Say, to new Nations must I cross the Main,  
Or carry Wars to some soft *Asian* Plain?  
For whom must *Helen* break her second Vow?  
What other *Paris* is thy Darling now?  
Left to *Atrides*, (Victor in the Strife)  
500 An odious Conquest and a Captive Wife,  
Hence let me fail: And if thy *Paris* bear  
My Absence ill, let *Venus* ease his Care.  
A Hand-maid Goddess at his Side to wait,  
Renounce the Glories of thy Heav'nly State,  
505 Be fix'd for ever to the *Trojan* Shore,  
His Spouse, or Slave; and mount the Skies no more.  
For me, to lawless Love no longer led,  
I scorn the Coward, and detest his Bed;  
Else should I merit everlasting Shame,  
510 And keen Reproach, from ev'ry *Phrygian* Dame:  
Ill suits it now the Joys of Love to know,  
Too deep my Anguish, and too wild my Woe.

Then thus, incens'd, the *Paphian* Queen replies;  
Obey the Pow'r from whom thy Glories rise:

Should



Should *Venus* leave thee, ev'ry Charm must fly, 515  
 Fade from thy Cheek, and languish in thy Eye.  
 Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more  
 The World's Aversion, than their Love before;  
 Now the bright Prize for which Mankind engage,  
 Then, the sad Victim of the Publick Rage. 520

At this, the Fairest of her Sex obey'd,  
 And veil'd her Blushes in a silken Shade;  
 Unseen, and silent, from the Train she moves,  
 Led by the Goddesses of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the Palace Gate, 525  
 The Maids officious round their Mistress wait,  
 Then all dispersing, various Tasks attend;  
 The Queen and Goddesses to the Prince ascend.  
 Full in her *Paris*' Sight the Queen of Love  
 Had plac'd the beauteous Progeny of *Jove*; 530  
 Where, as he view'd her Charms, she turn'd away  
 Her glowing Eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the Chief, who lost to Sense of Shame  
 Late fled the Field, and yet survives his Fame?  
 Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous Sword 535  
 Of that brave Man whom once I call'd my Lord!



The Boaster *Paris* oft' desir'd the Day  
 With *Sparta*'s King to meet in single Fray :  
 Go now, once more thy Rival's Rage excite,  
 540 Provoke *Atrides* and renew the Fight :  
 Yet *Helen* bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd  
 Should'st fall an easy Conquest on the Field.

The Prince replies ; Ah cease, divinely fair,  
 Nor add Reproaches to the Wounds I bear,  
 545 This Day the Foe prevail'd by *Pallas*' Pow'r ;  
 We yet may vanquish in a happier Hour :  
 There want not Gods to favour us above ;  
 But let the Business of our Life be Love :  
 These softer Moments let Delights employ,  
 550 And kind Embraces snatch the hasty Joy.  
 Not thus I lov'd thee, when from *Sparta*'s Shore  
 My forc'd, my willing Heav'nly Prize I bore,  
 When first entranc'd in *Cranaë*'s Isle I lay,  
 Mix'd with thy Soul, and all dissolv'd away.

555 Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd *Phrygian* Boy  
 Rush'd to the Bed, impatient for the Joy.  
 Him *Helen* follow'd slow with bashful Charms,  
 And clasp'd the blooming Hero in her Arms.

While



While these to Love's delicious Rapture yield,  
The stern *Atrides* rages round the Field : 560  
So some fell Lion whom the Woods obey,  
Roars thro' the Defart, and demands his Prey.  
*Paris* he seeks, impatient to destroy,  
But seeks in vain along the Troops of *Troy*;  
Ev'n those had yielded to a Foe so brave 565  
The recreant Warrior, hateful as the Grave.  
Then speaking thus the King of Kings arose ;  
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, all our gen'rous Foes !  
Hear and attest ! From Heav'n with Conquest crown'd,  
Our Brother's Arms the just Success have found : 570  
Be therefore now the *Spartan* Wealth restor'd,  
Let *Argive Helen* own her lawful Lord,  
Th' appointed Fine let *Ilion* justly pay,  
And Age to Age record this signal Day.

He ceas'd ; His Army's just Applauses rise, 575  
And the long Shout runs ecchoing thro' the Skies.

OBSER-



Book III. HOMER'S ILLAD.

27

While these to Love's delicious Rapture yield,

The first Nymphs round the Field:

So some fell Lion whom the Woods obey,

Roars thro' the Desert, and demands his Prey.

Now he looks impatient to destroy,

But looks in vain along the Troop of Nymphs;

Even those had yielded to a Fox to prey.

The recumbent Warrior, hush'd as the Grave,

Then speaking thus the King of Kings arose;

Ye Trojans, Dardan, all ye generous Foes!



Hear and accept! From Heaven with Conquest crown'd,

Our Brother's Arms the just Success have found:

Be therefore now the Spartan Warrior reprov'd,

Let Myrtoe Mene own her lawful Lord,

He appointed Rome his Wife justly pay,

And Agamemnon record this signal Day.

He roars! His Army's just Applauds rise,

And the long Shout runs echoing thro' the Skies.

OBSE-



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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Third Book.

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OF THE

OBSERVATIONS

THE



Third Book



# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## THIRD BOOK.

**O**F all the Books of the *Iliad*, there is scarce any more pleasing than the Third. It may be divided into five Parts, each of which has a Beauty different from the other. The first contains what pass'd before the two Armies, and the Proposal of the Combate between *Paris* and *Menelaus*: The Attention and Suspense of these mighty Hosts, which were just upon the Point of joining Battel, and the lofty manner of offering and accepting this important and unexpected Challenge, have something in them wonderfully pompous and of an amusing Solemnity. The second Part which describes the Behaviour of *Helena* in this Juncture, her Conference with the old King and his Counsellors, with the Review of the Heroes from the Battlements, is an Episode entirely of another sort, which excels in the Natural and Pathetick. The third consists of the Ceremonies of the Oath on both sides and the Preliminaries to the Combate; with the beautiful Retreat of *Priam*, who in the Tenderness of a Parent withdraws from the sight of the Duel: These Particulars detain the Reader in Expectation, and heighten his Impatience for the Fight itself. The fourth is the Description of the Duel, an exact Piece of Painting where we see every Attitude, Motion, and Action of the Combatants particularly and distinctly, and which concludes with a surprizing Propriety, in the rescue of *Paris* by *Venus*. The Machine of  
that



that Goddess which makes the fifth Part, and whose End is to reconcile *Paris* and *Helena*, is admirable in every Circumstance; The Remonstrance she holds with the Goddess, the Reluctance with which she obeys her, the Reproaches she casts upon *Paris*, and the Flattery and Courtship with which he so soon wins her over to him. *Helen* (the main Cause of this War) was not to be made an odious Character; She is drawn by this great Master with the finest Strokes, as a frail, but not an abandon'd Creature. She has perpetual Struggles of Virtue on the one side, and Softnesses which overcome them on the other. Our Author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but slightly names her in the foregoing Part of his Work she is represented at the same time as repentant; and it is thus we see her at large at her first Appearance in the present Book, which is one of the shortest of the whole *Iliad*, but in recompence has Beauties almost in every Line, and most of them so obvious that to acknowledge them we need only to read them.

## I.

VERSE 3. *Wuh Shouts the Trojans.*] The Book begins with a fine Opposition of the Noise of the *Trojan* Army to the Silence of the *Græcians*. It was but natural to imagine this, since the former was compos'd of many different Nations, of various Languages and Strangers to each other; the latter were more united in their Neighbourhood, and under Leaders of the same Country. But as this Observation seems particularly insisted upon by our Author (for he uses it again in the fourth Book, W. 430.) so he had a farther Reason for it. *Plutarch* in his Treatise of reading the Poets, remarks upon this Distinction, as a particular Credit to the military Discipline of the *Greeks*. And several ancient Authors tell us, it was the Manner of the *Barbarians* to encounter with Shouts and Outcries; as it continues to this Day the Custom of the Eastern Nations. Perhaps these Clamours were only to encourage their Men, instead of martial Instruments. I think Sir *Walter Raleigh* says, there never was a People but made use of some sort of Musick in Battel: *Homer* never mentions



mentions any in the *Greek* or *Trojan* Armies, and it is scarce to be imagined he would omit a Circumstance so poetical without some particular Reason. The Verb *Σαλπίζω* which the modern *Greeks* have since appropriated to the sound of a Trumpet, is used indifferently in our Author for other Sounds, as for Thunder in the the 21<sup>st</sup> *Iliad*, V. 388. Ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξεν μέγας θρονός——. He once names the Trumpet *Σαλπιγξ* in a *Simile*, upon which *Eustathius* and *Didymus* observe that the use of it was known in the Poet's Time, but not in that of the *Trojan* War. And hence we may infer that *Homer* was particularly careful not to confound the Manners of the Times he wrote of, with those of the Times he liv'd in.

II.

VERSE 7. *The Cranes embody'd fly.*] If Wit has been truly describ'd to be a Similitude in Ideas, and is more excellent as that Similitude is more surprizing; there cannot be a truer kind of Wit than what is shewn in apt Comparisons, especially when compos'd of such Subjects as having the least Relation to each other in general, have yet some Particular that agrees exactly. Of this Nature is the *Simile* of the *Cranes* to the *Trojan* Army, where the Fancy of *Homer* flew to the remotest Part of the World for an Image which no Reader could have expected. But it is no less exact than surprizing. The Likeness consists in two Points, the *Noise* and the *Order*; the latter is so observable as to have given some of the Ancients occasion to imagine the embatteling of an Army was first learn'd from the close manner of Flight of these Birds. But this Part of the *Simile* not being directly express'd by the Author, has been overlook'd by some of the Commentators. It may be remark'd that *Homer* has generally a wonderful Closeness in all the Particulars of his Comparisons, notwithstanding he takes a Liberty in his Expression of them. He seems so secure of the main Likeness, that he makes no scruple to play with the Circumstances; sometimes by transposing the Order of them, sometimes by super-adding them, and sometimes (as in this Place) by neglecting them in such a manner as to leave the Reader to supply them himself. For the present

B b b

Comparison,



Comparison, it has been taken by *Virgil* in the tenth Book, and apply'd to the Clamours of Soldiers in the same manner.

-----*Quales sub nubibus atris  
Strymoniae dant signa grues, atque aethera tranant  
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.*

## III.

VERSE 26. *The beauteous Paris came, In Form a God.]* This is meant by the Epithet Θεοειδής, as has been said in the 24th Note on the first Book. The Picture here given of *Paris's* Air and Dress, is exactly correspondent to his Character; you see him endeavouring to mix the fine Gentleman with the Warriour; and this Idea of him *Homer* takes care to keep up, by describing him not without the same Regard when he is arming to encounter *Menelaus* afterwards in a close Fight, as he shews here where he is but preluding and flourishing in the Gaiety of his Heart. And when he tells us in that Place that he was in danger of being strangled by the Strap of his Helmet, he takes notice that it was πολυκέσος, *embroider'd*.

## IV.

VERSE 37. *So joys a Lion if the branching Deer, Or Mountain Goat.]* The old Scholiasts refining on this Simile will have it that *Paris* is compar'd to a Goat on account of his Incontinence, and to a Stag for his Cowardice: To this last they make an Addition which is very ludicrous, that he is also liken'd to a Deer for his Skill in Musick, and cite *Aristotle* to prove that Animal delights in Harmony, which Opinion is alluded to by Mr. *Waller* in these Lines,

*Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the Ear  
Empties his Quiver on the listning Deer.*

But upon the whole, it is whimsical to imagine this Comparison consists in any thing more, than the Joy which *Menelaus* conceiv'd at the sight of his Rival, in the hopes of destroying



stroying him. It is equally an Injustice to *Paris*, to abuse him for understanding Musick, and to represent his Retreat as purely the Effect of Fear, which proceeded from his Sense of Guilt with respect to the particular Person of *Menelaus*. He appear'd at the Head of the Army to challenge the boldest of the Enemy: Nor is his Character elsewhere in the *Iliad* by any means that of a Coward. *Hector* at the end of the sixth Book confesses, that no Man could justly reproach him as such. Nor is he represented so by *Ovid* (who copy'd *Homer* very closely) in the end of his Epistle to *Helen*. The Moral of *Homer* is much finer: A brave Mind however blinded with Passion is sensible of Remorse as soon as the injur'd Object presents itself; and *Paris* never behaves himself ill in War, but when his Spirits are depress'd by the Consciousness of an Injustice. This also will account for the seeming Incongruity of *Homer* in this Passage, who (as they would have us think) paints him a shameful Coward, at the same time that he is perpetually calling him *the divine Paris*, and *Paris like a God*. What he says immediately afterwards in answer to *Hector's* Reproof, will make this yet more clear.

V.

VERSE 47. *As when a Shepherd.*] This Comparison of the Serpent is finely imitated by *Virgil* in the second *Æneid*.

*Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem  
Pressit humi nitens, trepidusq; repente refugit  
Attollentem iras, & cærule colla tumentem:  
Haud secus Androgeus visu tremefactus abibat.*

But it may be said to the Praise of *Virgil*, that he has apply'd it upon an Occasion where it has an additional Beauty. *Paris* upon the sight of *Menelaus's* Approach, is compar'd to a Traveller who sees a Snake shoot on a sudden towards him. But the Surprise and Danger of *Androgeus* is more lively, being just in the reach of his Enemies before he perceiv'd it; and the Circumstance of the Serpent's rousing his Crest, which brightens with Anger, finely images the shining of their



their Arms in the Night-time, as they were just lifted up to destroy him. *Scaliger* criticizes on the needless Repetition in the Words *παλιγορος* and *ἀνεχώρησεν*, which is avoided in the Translation. But it must be observ'd in general, that *little Exactnesses* are what we should not look for in *Homer*; the Genius of his Age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery to regard them.

## VI.

VERSE 53. *As God-like Hector.*] This is the first Place of the Poem where *Hector* makes a figure, and here it seems proper to give an Idea of his Character, since if he is not the chief Heroe of the *Iliad*, he is at least the most amiable. There are several Reasons which render *Hector* a favorite Character with every Reader, some of which shall here be offer'd. The chief Moral of *Homer* was to expose the ill Effects of Discord; the *Greeks* were to be shewn disunited, and to render that Disunion the more probable, he has design'dly given them *mixt* Characters. The *Trojans* on the other hand were to be represented making all Advantages of the others Disagreement, which they could not do without a strict Union among themselves. *Hector* therefore who commanded them, must be endu'd with all such Qualifications as tended to the Preservation of it; as *Achilles* with such as promoted the contrary. The one stands in Contraste to the other, an accomplish'd Character of Valour unruffled by Rage and Anger, and uniting his People by his Prudence and Example. *Hector* has also a Foil to set him off in his own Family; we are perpetually opposing in our Minds the Incontinence of *Paris*, who exposes his Country, to the Temperance of *Hector* who protects it. And indeed it is this Love of his Country which appears his principal Passion, and the Motive of all his Actions. He has no other Blemish than that he fights in an unjust Cause, which *Homer* has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his Opinion were followed. But since he cannot prevail, the Affection he bears to his Parents and Kindred, and his desire of defending them, incites him to do his utmost for their Safety. We may add that



that *Homer* having so many *Greeks* to celebrate, makes them shine in their turns, and singly in their several Books, one succeeding in the Absence of another: Whereas *Hector* appears in every Battel the Life and Soul of his Party, and the constant Bulwark against every Enemy: He stands against *Agamemnon's* Magnanimity, *Diomed's* Bravery, *Ajax's* Strength, and *Achilles's* Fury. There is besides, an accidental Cause for our liking him from reading the Writers of the *Augustan* Age, especially *Virgil*, whose Favorite he grew more particularly from the time when the *Cæsars* fancy'd to derive their Pedigree from *Troy*.

VII.

VERSE 55. *Unhappy Paris, &c.*] It may be observ'd in Honour of *Homer's* Judgment, that the Words which *Hector* is made to speak here, very strongly mark his Character. They contain a warm Reproach of Cowardice, and shew him to be touch'd with so high a Sense of Glory, as to think Life insupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant Figure which *Paris* had made in his Amours to *Helen*, and opposing to it the Image of his Flight from her Husband, is a Sarcasm of the utmost Bitterness and Vivacity. After he has named that Action of the Rape, the Cause of so many Mischiefs, his insisting upon it in so many broken Periods, those disjointed Shortnesses of Speech,

(Πατρί τε σὼ μέγα πῆμα, πόλῃ τε, πατρί τε δήμῳ,  
Δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάσμα, κατηφείην δέ σοι αὐτῷ.)

That hasty manner of Expression without the Connexion of Particles, is (as *Eustathius* remarks) extreamly natural to a Man in Anger, who thinks he can never vent himself too soon. That Contempt of outward Shew, of the Gracefulness of Person, and of the Accomplishments of a Courtly Life, is what corresponds very well with the War-like Temper of *Hector*; and these Verses have therefore a Beauty here which they want in *Horace*, however admirably he has translated them, in the Ode of *Nireus's* Prophecy.

C c c

*Nequicquam*



*Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox,  
Pectus caesariem; grataque foeminis  
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides, &c.*

## VIII.

VERSE 72. *And both her Warlike Lords.]* The Original is Νύν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητῶν. *The Spouse of Martial Men.* I wonder why Madam Dacier chose to turn it *Alliée à tant de braves guerriers*, since it so naturally refers to *Theseus* and *Menelaus*, the former Husbands of *Helena*.

## IX.

VERSE 80. *Thy curling Tresses, and thy silver Lyre.]* It is ingeniously remark'd by Dacier, that *Homer* who celebrates the *Greeks* for their long Hair [*καθηκομένους Ἀχαιῶς*] and *Achilles* for his Skill on the Harp, makes *Hector* in this Place object them both to *Paris*. The *Greeks* nourished their Hair to appear more dreadful to the Enemy, and *Paris* to please the Eyes of Women. *Achilles* sung to his Harp the Acts of Heroes, and *Paris* the Amours of Lovers. The same reason which makes *Hector* here displeas'd at them, made *Alexander* afterwards refuse to see this Lyre of *Paris* when offer'd to be shewn to him, as *Plutarch* relates the Story in his Oration of the Fortune of *Alexander*.

## X.

VERSE 83. *One avenging Blow.]* It is in the Greek, *You had been clad in a Coat of Stone.* *Giphanius* would have it to mean stoned to death on the account of his Adultery: But this does not appear to have been the Punishment of that Crime among the *Phrygians*. It seems rather to signify, destroy'd by the Fury of the People for the War he had brought upon them; or perhaps may imply no more than being laid in his Grave under a Monument of Stones; but the former being the stronger Sense is here followed.



XI.

VERSE 86. *'Tis just, my Brother.*] This Speech is a farther opening of the true Character of *Paris*. He is a Master of Civility, no less well-bred to his own Sex than courtly to the other. The Reproof of *Hector* was of a severe Nature, yet he receives it as from a Brother and a Friend, with Candour and Modesty. This Answer is remarkable for its fine Address; he gives the Heroe a decent and agreeable Reproof for having too rashly depreciated the Gifts of Nature. He allows the Quality of Courage its utmost due, but desires the same Justice to those softer Accomplishments, which he lets him know are no less the Favour of Heaven. Then he removes from himself the Charge of want of Valour, by proposing the single Combate with the very Man he had just declined to engage; which having shewn him void of any Malevolence to his Rival on the one hand, he now proves himself free from the Imputation of Cowardice on the other. *Homer* draws him (as we have seen) soft of Speech, the natural Quality of an amorous Temper; vainly gay in War as well as Love; with a Spirit that can be surprized and recollected, that can receive Impressions of Shame or Apprehension on the one side, or of Generosity and Courage on the other; the usual Disposition of easy and courteous Minds which are most subject to the Rule of Fancy and Passion. Upon the whole, this is no worse than the Picture of a gentle Knight, and one might fancy the Heroes of the modern Romance were form'd upon the Model of *Paris*.

XII.

VERSE 108. *Much fam'd for gen'rous Steeds, for Beauty more.*] The Original is, "Ἀγρός ἐς ἱππόβοτον, ἢ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα. Perhaps this Line is translated too close to the Letter, and the Epithets might have been omitted. But there are some Traits and Particularities of this Nature, which methinks preserve to the Reader the Air of *Homer*. At least the latter of these Circumstances, that *Greece was eminent*  
for



for beautiful Women, seems not improper to be mention'd by him who had rais'd a War on the account of a Grecian Beauty.

## XIII.

VERSE 109. *The Challenge Hector heard with Joy.*] Hector stays not to reply to his Brother, but runs away with the Challenge immediately. He looks upon all the Trojans as disgrac'd by the late Flight of Paris, and thinks not a Moment is to be lost to regain the Honour of his Country. The Activity he shews in all this Affair wonderfully agrees with the Spirit of a Soldier.

## XIV.

VERSE 123. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian Bands.*] It has been ask'd how the different Nations could understand one another in these Conferences, since we have no mention in *Homer* of any Interpreter between them? He who was so very particular in the most minute Points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some Reasons may be offer'd that they both spoke the same Language; for the Trojans (as may be seen in *Dion. Halic. lib. 1.*) were of Grecian Extraction originally. *Dardanus* the first of their Kings was born in *Arcadia*; and even their Names were generally Greek, as *Hector*, *Anchises*, *Andromache*, *Astyanax*, &c. Of the last of these in particular *Homer* gives us a Derivation which is purely Greek in *Il. 6. V. 403*. But however it be, this is no more (as *Dacier* somewhere observes) than the just Privilege of Poetry. *Aeneas* and *Turnus* understand each other in *Virgil*, and the Language of the Poet is suppos'd to be universally intelligible, not only between different Countries, but between Earth and Heaven itself.

## XV.

VERSE 135. *Me too ye Warriors hear, &c.*] We may observe what care *Homer* takes to give every one his proper Character, and how this Speech of *Menelaus* is adapted to the



the *Laconick*; which the better to comprehend, we may remember there are in *Homer* three Speakers of different Characters, agreeable to the three different kinds of Eloquence. These we may compare with each other in one Instance, supposing them all to use the same Heads, and in the same Order.

The Materials of the Speech are, The manifesting his Grief for the War, with the hopes that it is in his Power to end it; an Acceptance of the propos'd Challenge; an Account of the Ceremonies to be us'd in the League; and a Proposal of a proper Caution to secure it.

Now had *Nestor* these Materials to work upon, he would probably have begun with a Relation of all the Troubles of the nine Year's Siege which he hop'd he might now bring to an end; he would court their Benevolence and good Wishes for his Prosperity with all the Figures of Amplification; while he accepted the Challenge, he would have given an Example to prove that the single Combate was a wise, gallant, and gentle way of ending the War, practis'd by their Fathers; in the Description of the Rites he would be exceeding particular; and when he chose to demand the Sanction of *Priam* rather than of his Sons, he would place in Opposition on one side the Son's Action which began the War, and on the other the Impressions of Concern or Repentance which it must by this time have made in the Father's Mind, whose Wisdom he would undoubtedly extol as the effect of his Age. All this he would have expatiated upon with Connexions of the Discourses in the most evident manner, and the most easy, gliding, undisobliging Transitions. The Effect would be, that the People would hear him with Pleasure.

Had it been *Ulysses* who was to make the Speech, he would have mention'd a few of their most affecting Calamities in a pathetick Air; then have undertaken the Fight with testifying such a chearful Joy, as should have won the Hearts of the Soldiers to follow him to the Field without being desired. He would have been exceeding cautious in wording the Conditions; and solemn rather than particular in speaking of the Rites, which he would only insist on as an Opportunity to exhort both sides to a fear of the Gods, and a strict regard



of Justice. He would have remonstrated the use of sending for *Priam*; and (because no Caution could be too much) have demanded his Sons to be bound with him. For a Conclusion he would have us'd some noble Sentiment agreeable to a Heroe, and (it may be) have enforc'd it with some inspirited Action. In all this you would have known that the Discourse hung together, but its Fire would not always suffer it to be seen in cooler Transitions, which (when they are too nicely laid open) may conduct the Reader, but never carry him away. The People would hear him with Emotion.

These Materials being given to *Menelaus*, he but just mentions their Troubles, and his Satisfaction in the Prospect of ending them, shortens the Proposals, says a Sacrifice is necessary, requires *Priam's* Presence to confirm the Conditions, refuses his Sons with a Resentment of that Injury he suffer'd by them, and concludes with a Reason for his Choice from the Praise of Age, with a short Gravity, and the Air of an Apothegm. This he puts in order without any more Transition than what a single Conjunction affords. And the effect of the Discourse is, that the People are instructed by it in what is to be done.

## XVI.

VERSE 141. *Two Lambs devoted.*] The *Trojans* (says the old Scholiast) were required to sacrifice two Lambs; one Male, of a white Colour, to the *Sun*, and one Female, and black, to the *Earth*; as the *Sun* is Father of Light, and the *Earth* the Mother and Nurse of Men. The *Greeks* were to offer a third to *Jupiter*, perhaps to *Jupiter Xenius* because the *Trojans* had broken the Laws of Hospitality: on which account we find *Menelaus* afterwards invoking him in the Combate with *Paris*. That these were the Powers to which they sacrific'd, appears by their being attested by Name in the Oath, V. 340.

## XVII.

VERSE 153. *The Nations bear, with rising Hopes possest.*] It seem'd no more than what the Reader would reasonably expect,



expect, in the Narration of this long War, that a Period might have been put to it by the single danger of the Parties chiefly concern'd, *Paris* and *Menelaus*. *Homer* has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his Poem to obviate that Objection; and contriv'd such a Method to render this Combate of no effect, as should naturally make way for all the ensuing Battels, without any future Prospect of a Determination but by the Sword. It is farther worth observing, in what manner he has improved into Poetry the common History of this Action, if (as one may imagine) it was the same with that we have in the second Book of *Dictys Cretensis*. When *Paris* (says he) being wounded by the Spear of *Menelaus* fell to the Ground, just as his Adversary was rushing upon him with his Sword, he was shot by an Arrow from *Pandarus*, which prevented his Revenge in the Moment he was going to take it. Immediately on the sight of this perfidious Action, the Greeks rose in a Tumult; the Trojans rising at the same time, came on, and rescued *Paris* from his Enemy. *Homer* has with great Art and Invention mingled all this with the Marvellous, and rais'd it in the Air of Fable. The Goddess of Love rescues her Favourite; *Jupiter* debates whether or no the War shall end by the Defeat of *Paris*; *Juno* is for the Continuance of it; *Minerva* incites *Pandarus* to break the Truce, who thereupon shoots at *Menelaus*. This heightens the Grandeur of the Action without destroying the Verisimilitude, diversifies the Poem, and exhibits a fine Moral; that whatever seems in the World the Effect of common Causes, is really owing to the Decree and Disposition of the Gods.

XVIII.

VERSE 165. *Mean while to beauteous Helen, &c.*] The following Part where we have the first sight of *Helena*, is what I cannot think inferior to any in the Poem. The Reader has naturally an Aversion to this pernicious Beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the Greeks for endeavouring to recover her at such an Expence. But her amiable Behaviour here, the secret Wishes that rise in favour of her rightful Lord,



Lord, her Tendernefs for her Parents and Relations, the Relentings of her Soul for the Mifchiefs her Beauty had been the Cause of, the Confufion ſhe appears in, the veiling her Face and dropping a Tear, are Particulars ſo beautifully natural, as to make every Reader no lefs than *Menelaus* himſelf, inclin'd to forgive her at leaſt, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirm'd in this Partiality by the Sentiment of the old Counſellors upon the ſight of her, which one would think *Homer* put into their Mouths with that very view: We excuſe her no more than *Priam* does himſelf, and all thoſe do who felt the Calamities ſhe occaſion'd: And this Regard for her is heighten'd by all ſhe ſays herſelf; in which there is ſcarce a word that is not big with Repentance and Good-nature.

## XIX.

VERSE 170. *The golden Web her own ſad Story crown'd.*] This is a very agreeable Fiction, to repreſent *Helena* weaving in a large Veil, or Piece of Tapeſtry, the Story of the *Trojan* War. One would think that *Homer* inherited this Veil, and that his *Iliad* is only an Explication of that admirable Piece of Art. *Dacier.*

## XX.

VERSE 201. *Like Graſhoppers.*] This is one of the juſteſt and moſt natural Images in the World, tho' there have been Criticks of ſo little Taſte as to object to it as a mean one. The Garrulity ſo common to old Men, their Delight in Affociating with each other, the feeble Sound of their Voices, the Pleaſure they take in a Sun-ſhiny Day, the Effects of Decay in their Chillneſs, Leanneſs, and Scarcity of Blood, are all Circumſtances exactly parallel'd in this Compariſon. To make it yet more proper to the old Men of *Troy*, *Euſtathius* has obſerv'd that *Homer* found a Hint for this Simile in the *Trojan* Story, where *Tithon* was feign'd to have been transform'd into a Graſhopper in his old Age, perhaps on account of his being ſo exhausted by Years as to have nothing left him but Voice. *Spondanus* wonders that *Homer* ſhould apply  
to



to Grasshoppers ὅπα λειριόεσσαν, a *sweet Voice*, whereas that of these Animals is harsh and untuneful; and he is contented to come off with a very poor Evasion of *Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit*. But *Hesychius* rightly observes that λειριόεις signifies ἀπαλός, *tener* or *gracilis*, as well as *suavis*. The Sense is certainly much better, and the Simile more truly preserv'd by this Interpretation, which is here follow'd in translating it *feeble*. However it may be alledg'd in Defence of the common Versions, and of *Madam Dacier's* (who has turn'd it *Harmonieuse*) that tho' *Virgil* gives the Epithet *raucæ* to *Cicade*, yet the *Greek Poets* frequently describe the Grasshopper as a musical Creature, particularly *Anacreon*, and *Theocritus Idyl. 1.* where a Shepherd praises another's singing by telling him,

Τέτλιγος ἐπεὶ τύγε φέρτερον ᾄδεις.

It is remarkable that Mr. *Hobbes* has omitted this beautiful Simile.

XXI.

VERSE 203. *These, when the Spartan Fair approach'd.* *Madam Dacier* is of Opinion there was never a greater Panegyrick upon *Beauty* than what *Homer* has found the Art to give it in this Place. An Assembly of venerable old Counsellors, who had suffer'd all the Calamities of a tedious War, and were consulting upon the Methods to put a Conclusion to it, seeing the only Cause of it approaching towards them, are struck with her Charms, and cry out, *No wonder!* &c. Nevertheless they afterwards recollect themselves, and conclude to part with her for the publick Safety. If *Homer* had carry'd these old Mens Admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outraging Nature, and offending against Probability. The Old are capable of being touch'd with Beauty by the Eye; but Age secures them from the Tyranny of Passion, and the Effect is but transitory, for Prudence soon regains its Dominion over them. *Homer* always goes as far as he should, but constantly stops just where he ought. *Dacier.*

The same Writer compares to this the Speech of *Holofernes's* Soldiers on the sight of *Judith*, *Ch. 10. V. 18.* But tho'

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there



there be a Resemblance in the Words, the Beauty is no way parallel; the Grace of this consisting in the Age and Character of those who speak it. There is something very gallant upon the Beauty of *Helen* in one of *Lucian's* Dialogues. *Mercury* shews *Menippus* the Skulls of several fine Women; and when the Philosopher is moralizing upon that of *Helen*, *Was it for this a thousand Ships sail'd from Greece, so many brave Men dy'd, and so many Cities were destroy'd?* My Friend (says *Mercury*) 'tis true; but what you behold is only her Skull, had you seen her Face you would have been of their Opinion, and have done the very same thing.

## XXII.

VERSE 211. *The good old Priam.*] The Character of a benevolent old Man is very well preserv'd in *Priam's* Behaviour to *Helena*. Upon the Confusion he observes her in, he encourages her by attributing the Misfortunes of the War to the Gods alone, and not to her Fault. This Sentiment is also very agreeable to the natural Piety of old Age; those who have had the longest Experience of human Accidents and Events, being most inclin'd to ascribe the Disposal of all things to the Will of Heaven. It is this Piety that renders *Priam* a Favourite of *Jupiter* (as we find in the beginning of the fourth Book) which for some time delays the Destruction of *Troy*; while his soft Nature and Indulgence for his Children makes him continue a War which ruins him. These are the two principal Points of *Priam's* Character, tho' there are several lesser Particularities, among which we may observe the Curiosity and inquisitive Humour of old Age, which gives occasion to the following Episode.

## XXIII.

VERSE 219. *And say, what Chief is he?*] This View of the *Grecian* Leaders from the Walls of *Troy*, is justly look'd upon as an Episode of great Beauty, as well as a Masterpiece of Conduct in *Homer*; who by this means acquaints the Readers with the Figure and Qualifications of each Heroe in a  
more



more lively and agreeable manner. Several great Poets have been engag'd by the Beauty of this Passage to an Imitation of it. In the seventh Book of *Statius*, *Phorbas* standing with *Antigone* on the Tower of *Thebes*, shews her the Forces as they were drawn up, and describes their Commanders who were neighbouring Princes of *Bœotia*. It is also imitated by *Tasso* in his third Book, where *Erminia* from the Walls of *Jerusalem* points out the chief Warriours to the King; tho' the latter part is perhaps copied too closely and minutely; for he describes *Godfrey* to be of a Port that bespeaks him a Prince, the next of somewhat a lower Stature, a third renown'd for his Wisdom, and then another is distinguish'd by the Largeness of his Chest and Breadth of his Shoulders: Which are not only the very Particulars, but in the very Order of *Homer's*.

But however this manner of Introduction has been admir'd, there have not been wanting some Exceptions to a Particular or two. *Scaliger* asks, how it happens that *Priam*, after nine Years Siege, should be yet unacquainted with the Faces of the Grecian Leaders? This was an old Cavil, as appears by the *Scholia* that pass under the Name of *Didymus*, where it is very well answer'd, that *Homer* has just before taken care to tell us the Heroes had put off their Armour on this occasion of the Truce, which had conceal'd their Persons 'till now. Others have objected to *Priam's* not knowing *Ulysses*, who (as it appears afterwards) had been at *Troy* on an Embassy. The answer is, that this might happen either from the Dimness of *Priam's* Sight, or Defect of his Memory, or from the Change of *Ulysses's* Features since that time.

XXIV.

VERSE 227. *Before thy Presence.* *Helen* is so overwhelmed with Grief and Shame, that she is unable to give a direct Answer to *Priam* without first humbling herself before him, acknowledging her Crime, and testifying her Repentance. And she no sooner answers by naming *Agamemnon*, but her Sorrows renew at the Name; *He was once my Brother!* but I am now a Wretch unworthy to call him so.

XXV.



## XXV.

VERSE 236. *Great in the War, and great in Arts of Sway.*] This was the Verse which *Alexander* the Great prefer'd to all others in *Homer*, and which he propos'd as the Pattern of his own Actions, as including whatever can be desired in a Prince. *Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex. 1.*

## XXVI.

VERSE 240. *Extoll'd the happy Prince.*] It was very natural for *Priam* on this occasion, to compare the declining Condition of his Kingdom with the flourishing State of *Agamemnon's*, and to oppose his own Misery (who had lost most of his Sons and his bravest Warriours) to the Felicity of the other, in being yet Master of so gallant an Army. After this the Humour of old Age breaks out, in the Narration of what Armies he had formerly seen, and bore a Part in the Command of; as well as what Feats of Valour he had then performed. Besides which this Praise of the *Greeks* from the Mouth of an Enemy, was no small Encomium of *Homer's* Countrymen.

## XXVII.

VERSE 258. *From Rank to Rank he moves.*] The Vigilance and Inspection of *Ulysses* were very proper Marks to distinguish him, and agree with his Character of a wise Man no less, than the Grandeur and Majesty before described with that of *Agamemnon*, as the supreme Ruler; whereas we find *Ajax* afterwards taken notice of only for his Bulk, as a heavy Heroe without Parts or Authority. This Decorum is observable.

## XXVIII.

VERSE 271. *I knew their Persons, &c.*] In this View of the Leaders of the Army it had been an Oversight in *Homer* to have taken no Notice of *Menelaus*, who was not only one of



of the Principal of them, but was immediately to engage the Observation of the Reader in the single Combate. On the other hand it had been a high Indecorum to have made *Helena* speak of him. He has therefore put his Praises into the Mouth of *Antenor*; which was also a more artful way than to have presented him to the Eye of *Priam* in the same manner with the rest: It appears from hence what a Regard he has had both to Decency and Variety in the Conduct of his Poem. This Passage concerning the different Eloquence of *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* is inexpressibly just and beautiful. The close, *Laconick* Conciseness of the one, is finely opposite to the copious, vehement, and penetrating Oratory of the other; which is so exquisitely describ'd in the Simile of the Snow, falling fast, and sinking deep. For it is in this the Beauty of the Comparison consists according to *Quintilian*, l. 12. c. 10. *In Ulyssæ facundiam & magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernis copiâ verborum atque impetu parem tribuit.* We may set in the same Light with these the Character of *Nestor's* Eloquence, which consisted in Softness and Persuasiveness, and is therefore (in Contradistinction to this of *Ulysses*) compar'd to Honey which drops gently and slowly: a manner of Speech extremely natural to a benevolent old Man, such as *Nestor* is represented. *Ausonius* has elegantly distinguish'd these three kinds of Oratory in the following Verses.

*Dulcem in paucis ut Plisthenidem,  
Et torrentem ceu Dulichii  
Ningida dicta.  
Et mellitæ nectare vocis  
Dulcia fatu verba canentem  
Nestora regem.*

XXIX.

VERSE 278. *He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.]* *Chapman* in his Notes on this Place and on the second Book, has described *Menelaus* as a Character of Ridicule and Simplicity. He takes advantage from the word *λεγέως* here made



use of, to interpret that of the *Sbrillness* of his Voice, which was apply'd to the *Acuteness* of his Sense; He observes that this sort of Voice is a Mark of a Fool; that *Menelaus's* coming to his Brother's Feast uninvited in the second Book has occasion'd a Proverb of Folly; that the Excuse *Homer* himself makes for it (because his Brother might forget to invite him thro' much Business) is purely ironical; that the Epithet ἀρεϊφιλὸς which is often apply'd to him, should not be translated *warlike*, but one who had an *Affectation of loving War*. In short, that he was a weak Prince, play'd upon by others, short in Speech, and of a bad Pronunciation, valiant only by fits, and sometimes stumbling upon good Matter in his Speeches, as may happen to the most slender Capacity. This is one of the Mysteries which that Translator boasts to have found in *Homer*. But as it is no way consistent with the Art of the Poet, to draw the Person in whose behalf he engages the World, in such a manner as no Regard should be conceiv'd for him; we must endeavour to rescue him from this Misrepresentation. First then, the present Passage is taken by Antiquity in general to be apply'd not to his Pronunciation, but his Eloquence. So *Ausonius* in the foregoing Citation, and *Cicero de claris Oratoribus: Menelaum ipsum dulcem illum quidem tradit Homerus, sed pauca loquentem*. And *Quintilian l. 12. c. 10. Homerus brevem cum animi jucunditate, & propriam (id enim est non errare verbis) & carentem supervacuis, Eloquentiam Menelao dedit, &c.* Secondly, tho' his coming uninvited may have occasion'd a jesting Proverb, it may naturally be accounted for on the Principle of *brotherly Love*, which so visibly characterises both him and *Agamemnon* throughout the Poem. Thirdly, ἀρεϊφιλὸς may import a Love of War, but not an ungrounded Affectation. Upon the whole, his Character is by no means contemptible, tho' not of the most shining Nature. He is called indeed in the 17th *Iliad* μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής, a *soft Warrior*, or one whose Strength is of the second rate, and so his Brother thought him when he prefer'd nine before him to fight with *Hector* in the 7th Book. But on the other hand, his Courage gives him a considerable Figure in conquering *Paris*, defending the Body of *Patroclus*, rescuing *Ulysses*, wounding *Helenus*, killing



killing *Euphorbus*, &c. He is full of Resentment for his private Injuries, which brings him to the War with a Spirit of Revenge in the second Book, makes him blaspheme *Jupiter* in the third, when *Paris* escapes him, and curse the *Grecians* in the seventh when they hesitate to accept *Hector's* Challenge. But this also is qualify'd with a Compassion for those who suffer in his Cause, which he every where manifests upon proper Occasions; and with an Industry to gratify others, as when he obeys *Ajax* in the seventeenth Book, and goes upon his Errand to find *Antilochus*, with some other Condescensions of the like nature. Thus his Character is compos'd of Qualities which give him no uneasy Superiority over others while he wants their Assistance, and mingled with such as make him amiable enough to obtain it.

XXX.

VERSE 280. *His modest Eyes, &c.*] This Behaviour of *Ulysses* is copy'd by *Ovid*, *Met.* 13.

*Astitit, atque oculos parum tellure moratos  
Sustulit*-----.

What follows in the Greek translated word for word runs thus: *He seem'd like a Fool, you would have thought him in a Rage, or a Madman.* How oddly this would appear in our Language I appeal to those who have read *Ogilby*. The whole Period means no more than to describe that Behaviour which is commonly remarkable in a modest and sensible Man who speaks in publick: His Diffidence and Respect gives him at his first rising a sort of Confusion, which is not indecent, and which serves but the more to heighten the Surprize and Esteem of those who hear him.

XXXI.

VERSE 309. *Perhaps their Swords.*] This is another Stroke of *Helen's* Concern: The Sense of her Crime is perpetually afflicting her, and awakes upon every occasion. The  
Lines



Lines that follow wherein *Homer* gives us to understand that *Castor* and *Pollux* were now dead, are finely introduc'd and in the Spirit of Poetry; the Muse is suppos'd to know every thing, past and to come, and to see things distant as well as present.

## XXXII.

VERSE 315. *Mean time the Heralds, &c.*] It may not be unpleasing to the Reader to compare the Description of the Ceremonies of the League in the following Part, with that of *Virgil* in the twelfth Book. The Preparations, the Procession of the Kings, and their Congress, are much more solemn and poetical in the latter; the Oath and Adjurations are equally noble in both.

## XXXIII.

VERSE 342. *The curling Hair.*] We have here the whole Ceremonial of the solemn Oath, as it was observ'd anciently by the Nations our Author describes. I must take this Occasion of remarking that we might spare our selves the trouble of reading most Books of *Grecian Antiquities*, only by being well vers'd in *Homer*. They are generally bare Transcriptions of him, but with this unnecessary Addition, that after having quoted any thing in Verse, they say the same over again in Prose. The *Antiquitates Homericae* of *Festus* may serve as an Instance of this. What my Lord *Bacon* observes of Authors in general, is particularly applicable to these of Antiquities, that they write for Ostentation not for Instruction, and that their Works are perpetual Repetitions.

## XXXIV.

VERSE 361. *And Age to Age record the signal Day.*] 'ΗΤΕ κα' εσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται. This seems the natural Sense of the Line, and not as *Madam Dacier* renders it, *the Tribute shall be paid to the Posterity of the Greeks for ever*. I think she is single in that Explication, the Majority of the Interpreters taking it to signify that the Victory



ry of the *Grecians* and this Pecuniary Acknowledgment should be recorded to all *Posterity*. If it means any more than this, at least it cannot come up to the Sense *Madam Dacier* gives it; for a Nation put under perpetual Tribute is rather enslaved, than received to Friendship and Alliance, which are the Terms of *Agamemnon's* Speech. It seems rather to be a Fine demanded as a Recompence for the Expences of the War, which being made over to the *Greeks* should remain to their *Posterity* for ever, that is to say, which they should never be molested for, or which should never be redemanded in any Age as a Case of Injury. The Phrase is the same we use at this Day, when any Purchase or Grant is at once made over to a Man and his *Heirs* for ever. With this will agree the *Scholiast's* Note, which tells us the *Mulct* was reported to have been half the Goods then in the besieged City.

XXXV.

VERSE 384. *The Chief the tender Victims slew.*] One of the grand Objections which the Ignorance of some Moderns has rais'd against *Homer*, is what they call a Defect in the Manners of his Heroes. They are shock'd to find his Kings employ'd in such Offices as slaughtering of Beasts, &c. But they forget that sacrificing was the most solemn Act of Religion, and that Kings of old in most Nations were also Chief-Priests. This, among other Objections of the same kind, the Reader may see answered in the Preface.

XXXVI.

VERSE 433. *Give me, great Jove.*] *Homer* puts a Prayer in the Mouth of *Menelaus*, but none in *Paris's*: *Menelaus* is the Person injur'd and innocent, and may therefore apply to God for Justice; but *Paris* who is the Criminal, remains silent. *Spondanus*.

G

XXXVII.



## XXXVII.

VERSE 447. *The brittle Steel, unfaithful to his Hand, Broke short*—This Verse is cut to express the Thing it describes, the snapping short of the Sword. 'Tis the Observation of *Eustathius* on this Line of the Original, that we do not only see the Action, but imagine we hear the Sound of the breaking Sword in that of the Words. *Τετραχὰ τε καὶ τετραχὰ διατενθέν ἔκτερε χεῖρός.* And that *Homer* design'd it, may appear from his having twice put in the *ἄντα* (which was a Letter unnecessary) to cause this Harshness in the Verse. As this Beauty could not be preserv'd in our Language, it is endeavour'd in the Translation to supply it with something parallel.

## XXXVIII.

VERSE 479. *The Goddess softly shook, &c.] Venus* having convey'd *Paris* in Safety to his Chamber, goes to *Helena* who had been Spectator of his Defeat, in order to draw her to his Love. The better to bring this about, she first takes upon her the most proper Form in the World, that of a favourite Servant-Maid, and awakens her Passion by representing to her the beautiful Figure of his Person. Next assuming her own Shape she frightens her into a Compliance, notwithstanding all the Struggles of *Shame*, *Fear*, and *Anger*, which break out in her Speech to the Goddess. This Machine is Allegorical, and means no more than the Power of *Love* triumphing over all the Considerations of *Honour*, *Ease*, and *Safety*. It has an excellent Effect as to the Poem, in preserving still in some degree our good Opinion of *Helena*, whom we look upon with Compassion as constrain'd by a superior Power, and whose Speech tends to justify her in the Eye of the Reader.

## XXXIX.

VERSE 487. *She spoke, and Helen's secret Soul was mov'd.]* Nothing is more fine than this; the first Thought of *Paris's* Beauty



Beauty overcomes (unawares to herself) the Contempt she had that Moment conceiv'd of him upon his Overthrow. This Motion is but natural, and before she perceives the Deity. When the Affections of a Woman have been thoroughly gained, tho' they may be alienated for a while, they soon return upon her. Homer *knew* (says Madam *Dacier*) *what a Woman is capable of, who had once lov'd.*

## XL.

VERSE 507. *For me, to lawless Love no longer led, I scorn the Coward.*] We have here another Branch of the Female Character, which is, to be ruled in their Attaches by *Success*; *Helen* finding the Victory belong'd to *Menelaus*, accuses herself secretly of having forsaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high Opinion of the Man she had once despised. One may add that the Fair Sex are generally Admirers of Courage, and naturally Friends to great Soldiers. *Paris* was no Stranger to this Disposition in them, and had formerly endeavour'd to give her that Opinion of himself; as appears from her Reproach to him afterwards.

## XLI.

VERSE 515. *Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry Charm must fly.*] This was the most dreadful of all Threats, Loss of Beauty and of Reputation. *Helen* who had been Proof to the personal Appearance of the Goddess, and durst even reproach her with Bitterness just before, yields to this, and obeys all the Dictates of Love.

## XLII.

VERSE 531. *She turn'd away Her glowing Eyes.*] This Interview of the two Lovers, plac'd opposite to each other and over-look'd by *Venus*, *Paris* gazing on *Helena*, the turning away her Eyes shining at once with Anger and Love, are Particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the Life of Nature. *Eustathius* imagines she look'd aside in the Con-  
sciousness



sciousness of her own Weakness, as apprehending that the Beauty of *Paris* might cause her to relent. Her bursting out into Passion and Reproaches while she is in this State of Mind, is no ill Picture of Frailty: *Venus* (as *Madam Dacier* observes) does not leave her, and Fondness will immediately succeed to these Reproaches.

## XLIII.

VERSE 543. *Ab cease, divinely fair.*] This Answer of *Paris* is the only one he could possibly have made with any Success in his Circumstance. There was no other Method to reconcile her to him but that which is generally most powerful with the Sex, and which *Homer* (who was Learned every way) here makes use of.

## XLIV.

VERSE 553. *When first entranc'd in Cranaë's Isle.*] It is in the Original Νῆον δ' ἐν Κραναιῇ ἐμύγην Φιλότητι, καὶ εὐνῇ. The true Sense of which is express'd in the Translation. I cannot but take notice of a small Piece of *Pruderie* in *Madam Dacier*, who is exceeding careful of *Helen's* Character. She turns this Passage as if *Paris* had only her Consent to be her Husband in this Island. *Pausanias* explains this Line in another manner, and tells us it was here that *Paris* had first the Enjoyment of her, that in Gratitude for his Happiness he built a Temple of *Venus Migonitis*, the Mingler or Coupler, and that the neighbouring Coast where it was erected was call'd *Migonian* from μύγναι, à miscendo. *Paus. Laconicis.*

## XLV.

VERSE 551. *Not thus I lov'd thee.*] However *Homer* may be admired for his Conduct in this Passage, I find a general Outcry against *Paris* on this Occasion. *Plutarch* has led the way in his Treatise of reading Poets, by remarking it as a most heinous Act of Incontinence in him to go to Bed to his Lady in the Day-time. Among the Commentators the



most violent is the moral Expositor *Spondanus*, who will not so much as allow him to say a civil thing to *Helen*. *Mollis, effoeminatus, & spurcus ille adulter, nihil de libidine sua immutatum dicit, sed nunc magis eâ corripitur quam unquam aliàs, ne quidem cum primum ea ipsi dedit* (Latini ita rectè expriment to *μολυσθαι in re venerea*) in *Insula Cranaë*. *Cum alioqui homines primi concubitûs soleant esse ardentiores.* I could not deny the Reader the Diversion of this Remark, nor *Spondanus* the Glory of his Zeal, who was but two and twenty when it was written. *Madam Dacier* is also very severe upon *Paris*, but for a Reason more natural to a Lady. She is of Opinion that the Passion of the Lover would scarce have been so excessive as he here describes it, but for fear of losing his Mistress immediately, as foreseeing the *Greeks* would demand her. One may answer to this lively Remark, that *Paris* having nothing to say for himself, was obliged to testify an uncommon Ardour for his Lady, at a time when Compliments were to pass instead of Reasons. I hope to be excus'd if (in Revenge for her Remark upon our Sex) I observe upon the Behaviour of *Helen* throughout this Book, which gives a pretty natural Picture of the Manners of theirs. We see her first in Tears, repentant, cover'd with Confusion at the sight of *Priam*, and secretly inclin'd to return to her former Spouse. The Disgrace of *Paris* increases her Dislike of him; she rails, she reproaches, she wishes his Death; and after all, is prevail'd upon by one kind Compliment, and yields to his Embraces. Methinks when this Lady's Observation and mine are laid together, the best that can be made of them is to conclude, that since both the Sexes have their Frailties, it would be well for each to forgive the other.

It is worth looking backward, to observe the *Allegory* here carry'd on with respect to *Helena*, who lives thro' this whole Book in a Whirl of Passions, and is agitated by turns with Sentiments of Honour and Love. The Goddesses made use of to cast the Appearance of Fable over the Story, are *Iris* and *Venus*. When *Helen* is call'd to the Tower to behold her former Friends, *Iris* the Messenger of *Juno* (the Goddess

H

of



of Honour) is sent for her; and when invited to the Bed-Chamber of *Paris*, *Venus* is to beckon her out of the Company. The Forms they take to carry on these different Affairs, are properly chosen: the one assuming the Person of the Daughter of *Antenor*, who press'd most for her being restor'd to *Menelaus*; the other the Shape of an old Maid, who was privy to the Intrigue with *Paris* from the beginning. And in the Consequences, as the one inspires the Love of her former Empire, Friends and Country; so the other instills the Dread of being cast off by all if she forsook her second Choice, and causes the Return of her Tenderness to *Paris*. But if she has a Struggle for Honour, she is in a Bondage to Love; which gives the Story its Turn that way, and makes *Venus* oftner appear than *Iris*. There is in one Place a Lover to be protected, in another a Love-Quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddess is kindly officious. She conveys *Paris* to *Troy* when he had escap'd the Enemy; which may hint his Love for his Mistress, that hurry'd him away to justify himself before her. She softens and terrifies *Helen*, in order to make up the Breach between them: And even when that Affair is finished, we do not find the Poet dismisses her from the Chamber, whatever Privacies the Lovers had a mind to: In which Circumstance he seems to draw aside the Veil of his Allegory, and to let the Reader at last into this Meaning of it, that the Goddess of Love has been all the while nothing more than the Passion of it.

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**THE ARGUMENT.**

The Branch of the Tance, and the first Part.

THE God deludes a Court concerning the Trojan  
War: They were upon the Continuation of it, and  
the first Part of the Ministry to break the Tance.

**FOURTH BOOK**

OF THE



THE God deludes a Court concerning the Trojan  
War: They were upon the Continuation of it, and  
the first Part of the Ministry to break the Tance.

**ILIAD.**

THE



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## The ARGUMENT.

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The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battel.

**T**HE Gods deliberate in Council concerning the Trojan War: They agree upon the Continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the Truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an Arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan Troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the Parts of a good General; he reviews the Troops and exhorts the Leaders, some by Praises and others by Reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military Discipline. The Battel joins, and great Numbers are slain on both sides.

The same Day continues thro' this, as thro' the last Book (as it does also thro' the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh Book.) The Scene is wholly in the Field before Troy.



THE  
FOURTH BOOK

OF THE  
ILLIAD.

AND now *Olympus'* shining Gates unfold;  
The Gods, with *Jove*, assume their Thrones of  
Immortal *Hebè*, fresh with Bloom Divine, [Gold:  
The golden Goblets crown with Purple Wine:  
While the full Bowls flow round, the Pow'rs employ;  
Their careful Eyes on long-contended *Troy*.

When *Jove*, dispos'd to tempt *Saturnia's* Spleen,  
Thus wak'd the Fury of his partial Queen.  
Two Pow'rs Divine the Son of *Atreus* aid,  
Imperial *Juno*, and the Martial Maid;  
But high in Heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,  
The tame Spectators of his Deeds of War.



Not thus fair *Venus* helps her favour'd Knight,  
 The Queen of Pleasures shares the Toils of Fight,  
 15 Each Danger wards, and constant in her Care  
 Saves in the Moment of the last Despair.  
 Her Act has rescu'd *Paris*' forfeit Life,  
 Tho' great *Atrides* gain'd the glorious Strife.  
 Then say ye Pow'rs! what signal Issue waits  
 20 To crown this Deed, and finish all the Fates?  
 Shall Heav'n by Peace the bleeding Kingdoms spare,  
 Or rowze the Furies and awake the War?  
 Yet, would the Gods for human Good provide,  
*Atrides* soon might gain his beauteous Bride,  
 25 Still *Priam*'s Walls in peaceful Honours grow,  
 And thro' his Gates the crowding Nations flow.  
 Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heav'n enrag'd  
 And Queen of War, in close Consult engag'd.  
 Apart they sit, their deep Designs employ,  
 30 And meditate the future Woes of *Troy*.  
 Tho' secret Anger swell'd *Minerva*'s Breast,  
 The prudent Goddess yet her Wrath suppress;  
 But *Juno*, impotent of Passion, broke  
 Her fullen Silence, and with Fury spoke.



Shall then, O Tyrant of th' Æthereal Reign! 35  
 My Schemes, my Labours, and my Hopes be vain?  
 Have I, for this, shook *Iliou* with Alarms,  
 Assembled Nations, set two Worlds in Arms?  
 To spread the War, I flew from Shore to Shore;  
 Th' Immortal Coursers scarce the Labour bore. 40  
 At length, ripe Vengeance o'er their Heads impends,  
 But *Jove* himself the faithless Race defends:  
 Loth as thou art to punish lawless Lust,  
 Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.

The Sire whose Thunder shakes the cloudy Skies, 45  
 Sighs from his inmost Soul, and thus replies;  
 Oh lasting Rancour! oh insatiate Hate  
 To *Phrygia's* Monarch, and the *Phrygian* State!  
 What high Offence has fir'd the Wife of *Jove*,  
 Can wretched Mortals harm the Pow'rs above, 50  
 That *Troy*, and *Troy's* whole Race thou woud'st confound,  
 And yon' fair Structures level with the Ground?  
 Haste, leave the Skies, fulfil thy stern Desire,  
 Burst all her Gates, and wrap her Walls in Fire!  
 Let *Priam* bleed! If yet thou thirst for more, 55  
 Bleed all his Sons, and *Iliou* float with Gore,

To



To boundless Vengeance the wide Realm be giv'n,  
 'Till vast Destruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!  
 So let it be, and *Jove* his Peace enjoy,  
 60 When Heav'n no longer hears the Name of *Troy*.  
 But should this Arm prepare to wreak our Hate  
 On thy lov'd Realms whose Guilt demands their Fate,  
 Presume not thou the lifted Bolt to stay,  
 Remember *Troy*, and give the Vengeance way.  
 65 For know, of all the num'rous Towns that rise  
 Beneath the rowling Sun, and starry Skies,  
 Which Gods have rais'd, or Earth-born Men enjoy;  
 None stands so dear to *Jove* as sacred *Troy*.  
 No Mortals merit more distinguish'd Grace  
 70 Than Godlike *Priam*, or than *Priam's* Race.  
 Still to our Name their Hecatombs expire,  
 And Altars blaze with unextinguish'd Fire.  
 At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant Eyes,  
 Then on the Thund'rer fix'd them, and replies.  
 75 Three Towns are *Juno's* on the *Grecian* Plains,  
 More dear than all th' extended Earth contains,  
*Mycenæ*, *Argos*, and the *Spartan* Wall;  
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their Fall:



'Tis not in me the Vengeance to remove;  
The Crime's sufficient that they share my Love. 80  
Of Pow'r superior why should I complain?  
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.  
Yet some Distinction *Juno* might require,  
Sprung, with thy self, from one Celestial Sire,  
A Goddess born to share the Realms above, 85  
And styl'd the Consort of the thund'ring *Jove*.  
Nor thou a Wife and Sister's Right deny;  
Let both consent, and both by turns comply:  
So shall the Gods our joint Decrees obey,  
And Heav'n shall act as we direct the way. 90  
See ready *Pallas* waits thy high Commands,  
To raise in Arms the *Greek* and *Phrygian* Bands;  
Their sudden Friendship by her Arts may cease,  
And the proud *Trojans* first infringe the Peace.

The Sire of Men and Monarch of the Sky 95  
Th' Advice approv'd, and bade *Minerva* fly,  
Dissolve the League, and all her Arts employ  
To make the Breach the faithless Act of *Troy*.

Fir'd with the Charge, she head-long urg'd her Flight,  
And shot like Light'ning from *Olympus*' Height. 100



As the red Comet from *Saturnius* sent  
 To fright the Nations with a dire Portent,  
 (A fatal Sign to Armies on the Plain,  
 Or trembling Sailors on the wintry Main)  
 105 With sweeping Glories glides along in Air,  
 And shakes the Sparkles from its blazing Hair:  
 Between both Armies thus, in open Sight,  
 Shot the bright Goddess in a Trail of Light.  
 With Eyes erect the gazing Hosts admire  
 110 The Pow'r descending, and the Heav'ns on Fire!  
 The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this Signal sent,  
 And Fate now labours with some vast Event:  
*Jove* seals the League, or bloodier Scenes prepares;  
*Jove*, the great Arbiter of Peace and Wars!  
 115 They said, while *Pallas* thro' the *Trojan* Throng  
 (In Shape a Mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.  
 Like bold *Laödocus*, her Course she bent,  
 Who from *Antenor* trac'd his high Descent.  
 Amidst the Ranks *Lycaön's* Son she found,  
 120 The warlike *Pandarus*, for Strength renown'd;  
 Whose Squadrons, led from black *Æsepus'* Flood,  
 With flaming Shields in martial Circle stood.

To



BOOK IV. HOMER'S ILIAD.

7

To him the Goddess: *Phrygian!* can'st thou hear  
 A well-tim'd Counsel with a willing Ear?  
 What Praise were thine, cou'd'st thou direct thy Dart  
 Amidst his Triumph to the *Spartan's* Heart? 125  
 What Gifts from *Troy*, from *Paris* wou'd'st thou gain,  
 Thy Country's Foe, the *Grecian* Glory slain?  
 Then seize th' Occasion, dare the mighty Deed,  
 Aim at his Breast, and may that Aim succeed!  
 But first, to speed the Shaft, address thy Vow 130  
 To *Lycian Phœbus* with the Silver Bow,  
 And swear the Firstlings of thy Flock to pay  
 On *Zelia's* Altars, to the God of Day.

He heard, and madly at the Motion pleas'd,  
 His polish'd Bow with hasty Rashness seiz'd. 135  
 'Twas form'd of Horn, and smooth'd with artful Toil;  
 A Mountain Goat resign'd the shining Spoil,  
 Who peirc'd long since beneath his Arrows bled;  
 The stately Quarry on the Cliffs lay dead,  
 And sixteen Palms his Brows large Honours spread: 140  
 The Workman join'd, and shap'd the bended Horns,  
 And beaten Gold each taper Point adorns.

This,



This, by the *Greeks* unseen, the Warrior bends,  
145 Screen'd by the Shields of his surrounding Friends.  
There meditates the Mark; and couching low,  
Fits the sharp Arrow to the well-strung Bow.  
One from a hundred feather'd Deaths he chose,  
Fated to wound, and Cause of future Woes.  
150 Then offers Vows with Hecatombs to crown  
*Apollo's* Altars in his Native Town.

Now with full Force the yielding Horn he bends,  
Drawn to an Arch, and joins the doubling Ends;  
Close to his Breast he strains the Nerve below,  
155 'Till the barb'd Point approach the circling Bow;  
Th' impatient Weapon whizzes on the Wing,  
Sounds the tough Horn, and twangs the quiv'ring String.

But Thee, *Atrides*! in that dang'rous Hour  
The Gods forget not, nor thy Guardian Pow'r.  
160 *Pallas* assists, and (weaken'd in its Force)  
Diverts the Weapon from the destin'd Course.  
So from her Babe, when Slumber seals his Eye,  
The watchful Mother wafts th' envenom'd Fly.  
Just where his Belt with golden Buckles join'd,  
165 Where Linen Folds the double Corset lin'd,

She



She turn'd the Shaft, which hissing from above,  
 Pass'd the broad Belt, and thro' the Corset drove;  
 The Folds it pierc'd, the plaited Linen tore,  
 And raz'd the Skin and drew the Purple Gore.  
 As when some stately Trappings are decreed, 170  
 To grace a Monarch on his bounding Steed,  
 A Nymph in *Caria* or *Meönia* bred,  
 Stains the pure Iv'ry with a lively Red;  
 With equal Lustre various Colours vie,  
 The shining Whiteness and the *Tyrian* Dye. 175  
 So, great *Atrides*! show'd thy sacred Blood,  
 As down thy snowy Thigh distill'd the streaming Flood.  
 With Horror seiz'd, the King of Men descry'd  
 The Shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing Tide:  
 Nor less the *Spartan* fear'd, before he found 180  
 The shining Barb appear above the Wound.  
 Then, with a Sigh that heav'd his manly Breast,  
 The Royal Brother thus his Grief express'd,  
 And grasp'd his Hand; while all the *Greeks* around  
 With answering Sighs return'd the plaintive Sound. 185  
 Oh dear as Life! did I for this agree  
 The solemn Truce, a fatal Truce to thee!



Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile Train,  
 To fight for *Greece*, and conquer to be slain?  
 190 The Race of *Trojans* in thy Ruin join,  
 And Faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd Line.  
 Not thus our Vows, confirm'd with Wine and Gore,  
 Those Hands we plighted, and those Oaths we swore,  
 Shall all be vain: When Heav'n's Revenge is slow,  
 195 *Jove* but prepares to strike the fiercer Blow.  
 The Day shall come, that great avenging Day,  
 Which *Troy's* proud Glories in the Dust shall lay,  
 When *Priam's* Pow'rs and *Priam's* self shall fall,  
 And one prodigious Ruin swallow All.  
 200 I see the God, already, from the Pole  
 Bare his red Arm, and bid the Thunder roll;  
 I see th' Eternal all his Fury shed,  
 And shake his *Aegis* o'er their guilty Head.  
 Such mighty Woes on perjur'd Princes wait;  
 205 But thou, alas! defery'st a happier Fate.  
 Still must I mourn the Period of thy Days,  
 And only mourn, without my Share of Praise?  
 Depriv'd of thee, the heartless *Greeks* no more  
 Shall dream of Conquests on the hostile Shore;



BOOK IV. HOMER'S *ILIAD*.

11

*Troy* seiz'd of *Helen*, and our Glory lost, 210

Thy Bones shall moulder on a foreign Coast:

While some proud *Trojan* thus insulting cries,

(And spurns the Dust where *Menelaus* lies)

"Such are the Trophies *Greece* from *Ilion* brings,

"And such the Conquests of her King of Kings! 215

"Lo his proud Vessels scatter'd o'er the Main,

"And unreveng'd, his mighty Brother slain.

Oh! e're that dire Disgrace shall blast my Fame,

O'erwhelm me, Earth! and hide a Monarch's Shame.

He said: A Leader's and a Brother's Fears 220

Possess his Soul, which thus the *Spartan* cheers:

Let not thy Words the Warmth of *Greece* abate;

The feeble Dart is guiltless of my Fate:

Stiff with the rich embroider'd Work around,

My vary'd Belt repell'd the flying Wound. 225

To whom the King, My Brother and my Friend,

Thus, always thus, may Heav'n thy Life defend!

Now seek some skilful Hand whose pow'rful Art

May stanch th' Effusion and extract the Dart.

Herald be swift; and bid *Machaon* bring 230

His speedy Succour to the *Spartan* King;

Pierc'd



Pierc'd with a winged Shaft (the Deed of *Troy*)  
 The *Grecian's* Sorrow, and the *Dardan's* Joy.

With hasty Zeal the swift *Talthybius* flies;  
 235 Thro' the thick Files he darts his searching Eyes,  
 And finds *Machaön*, where sublime he stands  
 In Arms encircled with his native Bands.

Then thus: *Machaön*, to the King repair,  
 His wounded Brother claims thy timely Care;

240 Pierc'd by some *Lycian* or *Dardanian* Bow,  
 A Grief to us, a Triumph to the Foe.

The heavy Tidings griev'd the Godlike Man;  
 Swift to his Succour thro' the Ranks he ran:  
 The dauntless King yet standing firm he found,  
 245 And all the Chiefs in deep Concern around.

Where to the steely Point the Reed was join'd,  
 The Shaft he drew, but left the Head behind.  
 Strait the broad Belt with gay Embroid'ry grac'd  
 He loos'd; the Corset from his Breast unbrac'd;  
 250 Then suck'd the Blood, and Sov'reign Balm infus'd,  
 Which *Chiron* gave, and *Æsculapius* us'd.

While round the Prince the *Greeks* employ their Care,  
 The *Trojans* rush tumultuous to the War;

Once



Once more they glitter in refulgent Arms,  
Once more the Fields are fill'd with dire Alarms. 255  
Nor had you seen the King of Men appear  
Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with Fear;  
But fond of Glory, with severe Delight,  
His beating Bosom claim'd the rising Fight.  
No longer with his warlike Steeds he stay'd, 260  
Or press'd the Car with polish'd Brass inlay'd,  
But left *Eurymedon* the Reins to guide;  
The fiery Coursers snorted at his side.  
On Foot thro' all the martial Ranks he moves,  
And these encourages, and those reproves. 265  
Brave Men! he cries (to such who boldly dare  
Urge their swift Steeds to face the coming War)  
Your ancient Valour on the Foes approve;  
*Jove* is with *Greece*, and let us trust in *Jove*.  
'Tis not for us, but guilty *Troy* to dread, 270  
Whose Crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd Head;  
Her Sons and Matrons *Greece* shall lead in Chains,  
And her dead Warriors strow the mournful Plains.  
Thus with new Ardour he the Brave inspires,  
Or thus the fearful with Reproaches fires. 275

D

Shame



Shame to your Country, Scandal of your Kind! O  
 Born to the Fate ye well deserve to find! O  
 Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful Plain,  
 Prepar'd for Flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?  
 280 Confus'd and panting, thus, the hunted Deer  
 Falls as he flies, a Victim to his Fear.  
 Still must ye wait the Foes, and still retire,  
 'Till yon' tall Vessels blaze with *Trojan* Fire?  
 Or trust ye, *Jove* a valiant Foe shall chace,  
 285 To save a trembling, heartless, dastard Race?

This said, he stalk'd with ample Strides along,  
 To *Crete*'s brave Monarch and his martial Throng;  
 High at their Head he saw the Chief appear,  
 And bold *Meriones* excite the Rear.  
 290 At this the King his gen'rous Joy exprest,  
 And clasp'd the Warrior to his armed Breast.  
 Divine *Idomeneus*! what Thanks we owe  
 To Worth like thine? what Praise shall we bestow?  
 To thee the foremost Honours are decreed,  
 295 First in the Fight, and ev'ry graceful Deed.  
 For this, in Banquets when the gen'rous Bowls  
 Restore our Blood, and raise the Warrior's Souls,

Tho'



Tho' all the rest with stated Rules we bound,  
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy Goblets crown'd.  
Be still thy self; in Arms a mighty Name; 300  
Maintain thy Honours, and enlarge thy Fame.

To whom the *Cretan* thus his Speech addrest;  
Secure of me, O King! exhort the rest:  
Fix'd to thy Side, in ev'ry Toil I share,  
Thy firm Associate in the Day of War. 305  
But let the Signal be this Moment giv'n;  
To mix in Fight is all I ask of Heav'n.  
The Field shall prove how Perjuries succeed,  
And Chains or Death avenge their impious Deed.

Charm'd with this Heat, the King his Course pursues, 310  
And next the Troops of either *Ajax* views:  
In one firm Orb the Bands were rang'd around,  
A Cloud of Heroes blacken'd all the Ground.  
Thus from the lofty Promontory's Brow  
A Swain surveys the gath'ring Storm below; 315  
Slow from the Main the heavy Vapours rise,  
Spread in dim Streams, and sail along the Skies,  
'Till black as Night the swelling Tempest shows,  
The Cloud condensing as the West-Wind blows:



320 He dreads th' impending Storm, and drives his Flock  
To the close Covert of an arching Rock.

Such, and so thick, th' embattel'd Squadrons stood,  
With Spears erect, a moving Iron Wood ;  
A shady Light was shot from glimm'ring Shields,  
325 And their brown Arms obscur'd the dusky Fields.

O Heroes! worthy such a dauntless Train,  
Whose Godlike Virtue we but urge in vain,  
(Exclaim'd the King) who raise your eager Bands  
With great Examples more than loud Commands.  
330 Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest  
Such Souls as burn in your exalted Breast!  
Soon should our Arms with just Success be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud Walls lie smoaking on the Ground.

Then to the next the Gen'ral bends his Course ;  
335 (His Heart exults, and glories in his Force)  
There rev'rend *Nestor* ranks his *Pylia*n Bands,  
And with inspiring Eloquence commands,  
With strictest Order sets his Train in Arms,  
The Chiefs advises, and the Soldiers warms.

340 *Alastor*, *Chromius*, *Hæmon* round him wait,  
*Bias* the good, and *Pelagon* the great.

The



The Horse and Chariots to the Front assign'd,  
The Foot (the Strength of War) he rang'd behind;  
The middle Space suspected Troops supply,  
Inclos'd by both, nor left the Pow'r to fly: 345  
He gives Command to curb the fiery Steed,  
Nor cause Confusion, nor the Ranks exceed;  
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;  
No Strength or Skill, but just in Time, be try'd:  
The Charge once made, no Warrior turn the Rein, 350  
But fight, or fall; a firm, embody'd Train.  
He whom the Fortune of the Field shall cast  
From forth his Chariot, mount the next in haste;  
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the Car,  
Content with Jav'lins to provoke the War: 355  
Our great Fore-fathers held this prudent Course,  
Thus rul'd their Ardour, thus preserv'd their Force,  
By Laws like these Immortal Conquests made,  
And Earth's proud Tyrants low in Ashes laid.

So spoke the Master of the martial Art, 360  
And touch'd with Transport great *Atrides'* Heart.  
Oh! had'st thou Strength to match thy brave Desires,  
And Nerves to second what thy Soul inspires!

E

But



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E

But



But wasting Years that wither human Race,  
 365 Exhaust thy Spirits, and thy Arms unbrace.  
 What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!  
 And Age the Lot of any Chief but thee.  
 Thus to th' experienc'd Prince *Atrides* cry'd;  
 He shook his hoary Locks, and thus reply'd.  
 370 Well might I wish, could Mortal Wish renew  
 That Strength which once in boiling Youth I knew;  
 Such as I was, when *Ereuthalion* slain  
 Beneath this Arm fell prostrate on the Plain.  
 But Heav'n its Gifts not all at once bestows,  
 375 These Years with Wisdom crowns, with Action those:  
 The Field of Combat fits the Young and Bold,  
 The solemn Council best becomes the Old:  
 To you the glorious Conflict I resign,  
 Let sage Advice, the Palm of Age, be mine.  
 380 He said. With Joy the Monarch march'd before,  
 And found *Menestheus* on the dusty Shore,  
 With whom the firm *Athenian* Phalanx stands;  
 And next *Ulysses*, with his Subject Bands.  
 Remote their Forces lay, nor knew so far  
 385 The Peace infring'd, nor heard the Sounds of War;



The Tumult late begun, they stood intent  
 To watch the Motion, dubious of th' Event.  
 The King, who saw their Squadrons yet unmov'd,  
 With hasty Ardour thus the Chiefs reprov'd.

Can *Peteus*' Son forget a Warrior's Part, 390

And fears *Ulysses*, skill'd in ev'ry Art?

Why stand you distant, and the rest expect

To mix in Combate which your selves neglect?

From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare

The Shock of Armies, and commence the War. 395

For this your Names are call'd, before the rest,

To share the Pleasures of the Genial Feast:

And can you, Chiefs! without a Blush survey

Whole Troops before you lab'ring in the Fray?

Say, is it thus those Honours you requite? 400

The first in Banquets, but the last in Fight!

*Ulysses* heard; The Hero's Warmth o'erspread

His Cheek with Blushes; and severe, he said.

Take back th' unjust Reproach! Behold we stand

Sheath'd in bright Arms, and but expect Command. 405

If glorious Deeds afford thy Soul delight,

Behold me plunging in the thickest Fight.

Then



Then give thy Warrior-Chief a Warrior's Due,  
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.  
 410 Struck with his gen'rous Wrath, the King replies;  
 Oh great in Action, and in Council wise!  
 With ours, thy Care and Ardour are the same,  
 Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.  
 Sage as thou art, and learn'd in Humankind,  
 415 Forgive the Transport of a martial Mind.  
 Haste to the Fight, secure of just Amends;  
 The Gods that make, shall keep the Worthy, Friends.  
 He said, and pass'd where great *Tydides* lay,  
 His Steeds and Chariots wedg'd in firm Array:  
 420 (The warlike *Sthenelus* attends his side)  
 To whom with stern Reproach the Monarch cry'd.  
 Oh Son of *Tydeus*! (He, whose Strength could tame  
 The bounding Steed, in Arms a mighty Name)  
 Can'st thou, remote, the mingling Hosts descry  
 425 With Hands unactive, and a careless Eye?  
 Not thus thy Sire the fierce Encounter fear'd;  
 Still first in Front the matchless Prince appear'd:  
 What glorious Toils, what Wonders they recite,  
 Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the Ranks of Fight!  
 I saw



I saw him once, when gath'ring martial Pow'rs 430  
A peaceful Guest, he fought *Mycenæ's* Tow'rs ;  
Armies he ask'd, and Armies had been giv'n,  
Not we deny'd, but *Jove* forbad from Heav'n ;  
While dreadful Comets glaring from afar  
Forewarn'd the Horrors of the *Theban* War. 435  
Next, sent by *Greece* from where *Asopus* flows,  
A fearless Envoy he approach'd the Foes ;  
*Thebes'* hostile Walls, unguarded and alone,  
Dauntless he enters, and demands the Throne.  
The Tyrant feasting with his Chiefs he found, 440  
And dar'd to Combate all those Chiefs around ;  
Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty Lord ;  
For *Pallas* strung his Arm, and edg'd his Sword.  
Stung with the Shame, within the winding Way,  
To bar his Passage fifty Warriors lay ; 445  
Two Heroes led the secret Squadron on,  
*Mæon* the fierce, and hardy *Lycophon* ;  
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy Vale,  
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful Tale.  
Such *Tydeus* was, and such his martial Fire ; 450  
Gods ! how the Son degen'rates from the Sire ?



No Words the Godlike *Diomed* return'd,  
 But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:  
 Not so fierce *Capaneus*' undaunted Son,  
 455 Stern as his Sire, the Boaster thus begun.  
 What needs, O Monarch, this invidious Praise,  
 Our selves to lessen, while our Sires you raise?  
 Dare to be just, *Atrides*! and confess  
 Our Valour equal, tho' our Fury less.  
 460 With fewer Troops we storm'd the *Theban* Wall,  
 And happier, saw the Sev'nfold City fall.  
 In impious Acts the guilty Fathers dy'd;  
 The Sons subdu'd, for Heav'n was on their side.  
 Far more than Heirs of all our Parent's Fame,  
 465 Our Glories darken their diminish'd Name.  
 To him *Tydidēs* thus. My Friend forbear,  
 Suppress thy Passion, and the King revere:  
 His high Concern may well excuse this Rage,  
 Whose Cause we follow, and whose War we wage;  
 470 His the first Praise were *Ilion*'s Tow'rs o'erthrown,  
 And, if we fail, the chief Disgrace his own.  
 Let him the *Greeks* to hardy Toils excite,  
 'Tis ours, to labour in the glorious Fight.



He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling Ground  
 Sprung from his Car; his ringing Arms resound. 475  
 Dire was the Clang, and dreadful from afar,  
 Of arm'd *Tydidæ* rushing to the War.  
 As when the Winds, ascending by degrees,  
 First move the whitening Surface of the Seas,  
 The Billows float in order to the Shore, 480  
 The Wave behind rolls on the Wave before;  
 Till, with the growing Storm, the Deeps arise,  
 Foam o'er the Rocks, and thunder to the Skies.  
 So to the Fight the thick *Battalions* throng,  
 Shields urg'd on Shields, and Men drove Men along. 485  
 Sedate and silent move the num'rous Bands;  
 No Sound, no Whisper, but their Chief's Commands,  
 Those only heard; with Awe the rest obey,  
 As if some God had snatch'd their Voice away.  
 Not so the *Trojans*, from their Host ascends 490  
 A gen'ral Shout that all the Region rends.  
 As when the fleecy Flocks unnumber'd stand  
 In wealthy Folds, and wait the Milker's Hand,  
 The hollow Vales incessant Bleating fills,  
 The Lambs reply from all the neighb'ring Hills; 495

Such



Such Clamours rose from various Nations round,  
 Mix'd was the Murmur, and confus'd the Sound.  
 Each Host now joins, and each a God inspires,  
 These *Mars* incites, and those *Minerva* fires.  
 500 Pale *Flight* around, and dreadful *Terror* reign;  
 And *Discord* raging bathes the purple Plain:  
 505 *Discord*! dire Sister of the slaught'ring Pow'r,  
 Small at her Birth, but rising ev'ry Hour,  
 While scarce the Skies her horrid Head can bound,  
 She stalks on Earth, and shakes the World around;  
 The Nations bleed, where-e'er her Steps she turns,  
 510 The Groan still deepens, and the Combate burns.  
 Now Shield with Shield, with Helmet Helmet clos'd,  
 To Armour Armour, Lance to Lance oppos'd,  
 515 Host against Host with shadowy Squadrons drew,  
 The sounding Darts in Iron Tempests flew,  
 Victors and Vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,  
 And shrilling Shouts and dying Groans arise;  
 With streaming Blood the slipp'ry Fields are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide.  
 As Torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous Rills,  
 With Rage impetuous down their ecchoing Hills;

Rush



Rush to the Vales, and pour'd along the Plain,  
 Roar thro' a thousand Channels to the Main;  
 The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound: 520  
 So mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound.

The bold *Antilochus* the Slaughter led,  
 The first who strook a valiant *Trojan* dead:  
 At great *Echepolus* the Lance arrives,  
 Raz'd his high Crest, and thro' his Helmet drives, 525  
 Warm'd in the Brain the brazen Weapon lies,  
 And Shades Eternal settle o'er his Eyes.

So sinks a Tow'r, that long Assaults had stood  
 Of Force and Fire; its Walls besmear'd with Blood.

Him, the bold \* Leader of th' *Abantian* Throng 530 \* *Elphenor*.  
 Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the Corps along:

But while he strove to tug th' inserted Dart,  
*Agenor's* Jav'lin reach'd the Hero's Heart:  
 His Flank, unguarded by his ample Shield,  
 Admits the Lance: He falls, and spurns the Field; 535

The Nerves unbrac'd support his Limbs no more;  
 The Soul comes floating in a Tide of Gore.  
*Trojans* and *Greeks* now gather round the Slain;  
 The War renews, the Warriors bleed again;



540 As o'er their Prey rapacious Wolves engage,  
Man dies on Man, and all is Blood and Rage.  
In blooming Youth fair *Simoisius* fell,  
Sent by great *Ajax* to the Shades of Hell;  
Fair *Simoisius*, whom his Mother bore  
545 Amid the Flocks on silver *Simois*' Shore:  
The Nymph descending from the Hills of *Ide*,  
To seek her Parents on his flow'ry Side,  
Brought forth the Babe, their common Care and Joy,  
And thence from *Simois* nam'd the lovely Boy.  
550 Short was his Date! by dreadful *Ajax* slain  
He falls, and renders all their Cares in vain!  
So falls a Poplar, that in watry Ground  
Rais'd high the Head, with stately Branches crown'd,  
(Fell'd by some Artist with his shining Steel,  
555 To shape the Circle of the bending Wheel)  
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,  
With all its beauteous Honours on its Head;  
There left a Subject to the Wind and Rain  
And scorch'd by Suns, it withers on the Plain.  
560 Thus pierc'd by *Ajax*, *Simoisius* lies  
Stretch'd on the Shore, and thus neglected dies.



At *Ajax*, *Antiphus* his Jav'lin threw ;  
 The pointed Lance with erring Fury flew,  
 And *Leucus*, lov'd by wise *Ulysses*, flew.  
 He drops the Corps of *Simoisius* slain, 565  
 And sinks a breathless Carcass on the Plain.  
 This saw *Ulysses*, and with Grief enrag'd  
 Strode where the foremost of the Foes engag'd ;  
 Arm'd with his Spear, he meditates the Wound,  
 In Act to throw ; but cautious, look'd around. 570  
 Struck at his Sight the *Trojans* backward drew,  
 And trembling heard the Jav'lin as it flew.  
 A Chief stood nigh who from *Abydos* came,  
 Old *Priam's* Son, *Democoon* was his Name ;  
 The Weapon enter'd close above his Ear, 575  
 Cold thro' his Temples glides the whizzing Spear ;  
 With piercing Shrieks the Youth resigns his Breath,  
 His Eye-balls darken with the Shades of Death ;  
 Down sinks the Chief : his clanging Arms resound ;  
 And his broad Buckler rings against the Ground. 580  
 Seiz'd with Affright the boldest Foes appear ;  
 Ev'n Godlike *Hector* seems himself to fear ;



Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled ;  
 The *Greeks* with Shouts prefs on, and spoil the Dead,  
 585 But *Phœbus* now from *Ilion's* tow'ring Height  
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the Fight.  
*Trojans* be bold, and Force with Force oppose ;  
 Your foaming Steeds urge headlong on the Foes !  
 Nor are their Bodies Rocks, nor ribb'd with Steel ;  
 590 Your Weapons enter, and your Strokes they feel.  
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your Dread before ?  
 The great, the fierce *Achilles* fights no more.

*Apollo* thus from *Ilion's* lofty Tow'rs  
 Array'd in Terrors, rowz'd the *Trojan* Pow'rs :  
 595 While War's fierce Goddess fires the *Grecian* Foe,  
 And shouts and thunders in the Fields below.

Then great *Diores* fell, by Doom Divine,  
 In vain his Valour, and illustrious Line.  
 A broken Rock the Force of *Pirus* threw,  
 600 (Who from cold *Ænus* led the *Thracian* Crew)  
 Full on his Ankle dropt the pond'rous Stone,  
 Burst the strong Nerves, and crash'd the solid Bone :

Supine



Supine he tumbles on the crimson'd Sands,  
 Before his helpless Friends, and native Bands,  
 And spreads for Aid his unavailing Hands.  
 The Foe rush'd furious as he pants for Breath,  
 And thro' his Navel drove the pointed Death:  
 His gushing Entrails smok'd upon the Ground,  
 And the warm Life came issuing from the Wound.

His Lance bold *Thoas* at the Conqu'ror sent,  
 Deep in his Breast above the Pap it went,  
 Amid the Lungs was fix'd the winged Wood,  
 And quiv'ring in his heaving Bosom stood:  
 'Till from the dying Chief, approaching near,  
 Th' *Aetolian* Warrior tugg'd his weighty Spear:  
 Then sudden wav'd his flaming Faulchion round,  
 And gash'd his Belly with a ghastly Wound.  
 The Corps now breathless on the bloody Plain,  
 To spoil his Arms the Victor strove in vain;  
 The *Thracian* Bands against the Victor prest;  
 A Grove of Lances glitter'd at his Breast.  
 Stern *Thoas*, glaring with revengeful Eyes,  
 In sullen Fury slowly quits the Prize.

H

Thus



Thus fell two Heroes; one the Pride of *Thrace*,  
 625 And one the Leader of th' *Epeian* Race;  
 Death's fable Shade at once o'ercaft their Eyes,  
 In Dust the Vanquish'd, and the Victor lies.  
 With copious Slaughter all the Fields are red,  
 And heap'd with growing Mountains of the Dead.  
 630 Had some brave Chief this martial Scene beheld,  
 By *Pallas* guarded thro' the dreadful Field,  
 Might Darts be bid to turn their Points away,  
 And Swords around him innocently play,  
 The War's whole Art with Wonder had he seen,  
 635 And counted Heroes where he counted Men.  
 So fought each Host, with Thirst of Glory fir'd,  
 And Crowds on Crowds triumphantly expir'd.



HOMER'S ILLAD. BOOK IV.

Thus fell two Heroes; one the Bride of Thrice;

And one the Leader of the Trojan Race;

---

In full the Vindicta and the Victor lies.

# OBSERVATIONS

Had some have Chast the martial Scene beheld,

By Pallas guard'd, and by the Fates

ON THE

Right Dire be all the Warriors joining away,

And Swords around the combat play,

## Fourth Book.

The Wars of Troy, the Trojan Men

So fought each other, with that of Glory his

---



HOMER ILLAD: Book IV.

Thus I saw the Pride of Thrac,  
on And now the Epic Race;

-----

In D- and the Victor

With

OBSERVATIONS

Had I not seen this martial Scene to hold,

By Paper granted the



Might Darts be bid to their Points away,

And Swords around him

The

Fourth Book

-----



OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE  
FOURTH BOOK.

I.

**I**T was from the beginning of this Book that *Virgil* has taken that of his tenth *Aeneid*, as the whole Tenour of the Story in this and the last Book is followed in his twelfth. The Truce and the solemn Oath, the Breach of it by a Dart thrown by *Tolumnius*, *Juturna's* inciting the *Latines* to renew the War, the Wound of *Aeneas*, his speedy Cure, and the Battel ensuing, all these are manifestly copied from hence. The Solemnity, Surprize, and Variety of these Circumstances seem'd to him of Importance enough, to build the whole Catastrophe of his Work upon them; tho' in *Homer* they are but Openings to the general Action, and such as in their Warmth are still exceeded by all that follows them. They are chosen, we grant, by *Virgil* with great Judgment, and conclude his Poem with a becoming Majesty: Yet the finishing his Scheme with that which is but the coolest Part of *Homer's* Action, tends in some degree to shew the Disparity of the Poetical Fire in these two Authors.

II.

VERSE 3. *Immortal Hebe.*] The Goddess of Youth is introduc'd as an Attendant upon the Banquets of the Gods, to  
A shew



shew that the divine Beings enjoy an eternal Youth, and that their Life is a Felicity without end. *Dacier.*

## III.

VERSE 9. *Two Pow'rs Divine.*] *Jupiter's* reproaching these two Goddesses with neglecting to assist *Menelaus*, proceeds (as *M. Dacier* remarks) from the Affection he bore to *Troy*: Since if *Menelaus* by their help had gain'd a compleat Victory, the Siege had been rais'd, and the City deliver'd. On the contrary, *Juno* and *Minerva* might suffer *Paris* to escape, as the Method to continue the War to the total Destruction of *Troy*. And accordingly a few Lines after we find them plotting together, and contriving a new Scene of Miseries to the *Trojans*.

## IV.

VERSE 18. *Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious Strife.*] *Jupiter* here makes it a Question, Whether the foregoing Combat should determine the Controversy, or the Peace be broken. His putting it thus, *that Paris is not killed, but Menelaus has the Victory*, gives a Hint for a Dispute whether the Conditions of the Treaty were valid or annulled; that is to say, whether the Controversy was to be determined by the Victory or by the Death of one of the Combatants. Accordingly it has been disputed whether the Articles were really binding to the *Trojans* or not? *Plutarch* has treated the Question in his *Symposiacks* l. 9. qu. 13. The Substance is this. In the first Proposal of the Challenge *Paris* mentions only the Victory, *And who his Rival shall in Arms subdue*: Nor does *Hector* who carries it say any more. However *Menelaus* understands it of the Death, by what he replies: *Fall he that must beneath his Rival's Arms, And live the rest*—*Iris* to *Helen* speaks only of the former; and *Idæus* to *Priam* repeats the same Words. But in the solemn Oath *Agamemnon* specifies the latter, *If by Paris slain*—and *If by my Brother's Arms the Trojan bleed*. *Priam* also understands it of both, saying at his leaving the Field, *What Prince shall fall Heav'n*  
2  
only



## the FOURTH BOOK.

3

*only knows*— (I do not cite the *Greek* because the *English* has preserv'd the same Nicety.) *Paris* himself confesses he has lost the Victory, in his Speech to *Helen*, which he would hardly have done had the whole depended on that alone: And lastly *Menelaus* (after the Conquest is clearly his by the Flight of *Paris*) is still searching round the Field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the Death of his Adversary. It appears from hence that the *Trojans* had no ill Pretence to break the Treaty, so that *Homer* ought not to have been directly accus'd of making *Jupiter* the Author of Perjury in what follows, which is one of the Chief of *Plato's* Objections against him.

### V.

VERSE 31. *Tho' secret Anger swell'd Minerva's Breast*] *Spondanus* takes notice that *Minerva*, who in the first Book had restrain'd the Anger of *Achilles*, had now an Opportunity of exerting the same Conduct in respect to herself. We may bring the Parallel close, by observing that she had before her in like manner a Superior, who had provok'd her by sharp Expressions, and whose Counsels ran against her Sentiments. In all which the Poet takes care to preserve her still in the Practice of that *Wisdom* of which she was Goddess.

### VI.

VERSE 55. *Let Priam bleed, &c.*] We find in *Persius's* Satyrs the Name of *Labeo*, as an ill Poet who made a miserable Translation of the *Iliad*; one of whose Verses is still preserv'd, and happens to be that of this Place.

*Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique pisinno.*

It may seem from this, that his Translation was servilely literal (as the old *Scholias*t on *Persius* observes.) And one cannot but take notice that *Ogilby's* and *Hobbes's* in this Place are not unlike *Labeo's*.

*Both*



*Both King and People thou would'st eat alive:  
And eat up Priam and his Children all.*

## VII.

VERSE 61. *But should this Arm prepare to wreak our Hate  
On thy lov'd Towns——]*

*Homer* in this Place has made *Jupiter* to prophecy the Destruction of *Mycenæ* the favour'd City of *Juno*, which happen'd a little before the Time of our Author. *Strab. l. 8.* The Trojan War being over, and the Kingdom of *Agamemnon* destroy'd, *Mycenæ* daily decreas'd after the Return of the *Heraclidæ*: For these becoming Masters of *Peloponnesus*, cast out the old Inhabitants; so that they who possess'd *Argos* overcame *Mycenæ* also, and contracted both into one Body. A short time after, *Mycenæ* was destroy'd by the *Argives*, and not the least Remains of it are now to be found.

## VIII.

VERSE 96. *Th' Advice approv'd.]* This is one of the Places for which *Homer* is blamed by *Plato*, who introduces *Socrates* reprehending it in his Dialogue of the Republick. And indeed if it were granted that the *Trojans* had no Right to break this Treaty, the present Machine where *Juno* is made to propose Perjury, *Jupiter* to allow it, and *Minerva* to be commission'd to hasten the Execution of it, would be one of the hardest to be reconciled to reason in the whole Poem. Unless even then one might imagine, that *Homer's* Heaven is sometimes no more than an Ideal World of abstracted Beings; and so every Motion which rises in the Mind of Man is attributed to the Quality to which it belongs, with the Name of the Deity who is suppos'd to preside over that Quality super-added to it. In this Sense the present Allegory is easy enough. *Pandarus* thinks it *Prudence* to gain Honour and Wealth at the Hands of the *Trojans* by destroying *Menelaus*. This Sentiment is also incited by a Notion of *Glory*, of which *Juno* is represented as Goddess. *Jupiter* who is suppos'd to know  
the



the Thoughts of Men, permits the Action which he is not Author of, but sends a Prodigy at the same time to give warning of a coming Mischief, and accordingly we find both Armies descanting upon the sight of it in the following Lines.

IX.

VERSE 120. *Pandarus for Strength renown'd.*] *Homer*, says *Plutarch* in his Treatise of the *Pythian Oracle*, makes not the Gods to use all Persons indifferently as their second Agents, but each according to the Powers he is endu'd with by Art or Nature. For a Proof of this, he puts us in Mind how *Minerva* when she would persuade the *Greeks*, seeks for *Ulysses*; when she would break the Truce, for *Pandarus*; and when she would conquer, for *Diomed*. If we consult the *Scholia* upon this Instance, they give several Reasons why *Pandarus* was particularly proper for the Occasion. The Goddess went not to the *Trojans*, because they hated *Paris*, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing Book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill Action for him: She therefore looks among the Allies, and finds *Pandarus* who was of a Nation noted for Perfidiousness, and had a Soul avaricious enough to be capable of engaging in this Treachery for the hopes of a Reward from *Paris*: as appears by his being so covetous as not to bring Horses to the Siege for fear of the Expence or Loss of them; as he tells *Aeneas* in the fifth Book.

X.

VERSE 141. *Sixteen Palms.*] Both the Horns together made this Length; and not each, as *Madam Dacier* renders it. I do not object it as an Improbability that the Horns were of sixteen Palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable Size for a Bow, is evident.

XI.

VERSE 144. *This, by the Greeks unseen, the Warrior bends.*] The Poet having held us thro' the foregoing Book in Expectation



tation of a Peace, makes the Conditions be here broken after such a manner, as should oblige the *Greeks* to act thro' the War with that irreconcilable Fury which affords him the Opportunity of exerting the full Fire of his own Genius. The Shot of *Pandarus* being therefore of such Consequence (and as he calls it, the *ἔργον ὀδυράων*, the *Foundation of future Woes*) it was thought fit not to pass it over in a few Words, like the Flight of every common Arrow, but to give it a Description some way corresponding to its Importance. For this, he surrounds it with a Train of Circumstances; the History of the Bow, the bending it, the covering *Pandarus* with Shields, the Choice of the Arrow, the Prayer, and Posture of the Shooter, the Sound of the String, and Flight of the Shaft; all most beautifully, and livelily painted. It may be observed too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in these Particulars; when the Armies being unemploy'd, and only one Man acting, the Poet and his Readers had leisure to be the Spectators of a single and deliberate Action. I think it will be allow'd that the little Circumstances which are sometimes thought too redundant in *Homer*, have a wonderful Beauty in this Place. *Virgil* has not fail'd to copy it, and with the greatest Happiness imaginable.

*Dixit, & auratâ volucrem Threïssa sagittam*

*Deprompsit pharetrâ, cormuque insensa tetendit,*

*Et duxit longè, donec curvata coirent*

*Inter se capita, & manibus jam tangeret æquis,*

*Lævâ aciem ferri, dextrâ nervoque papillam.*

*Extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantes*

*Audiit unâ Aruns, hæsitque in corpore ferrum.*

## XII.

VERSE 160. *Pallas assists, and weaken'd in its force Diverts the Weapon----*] For she only designed, by all this Action, to encrease the Glory of the *Greeks* in the taking of *Troy*: Yet some Commentators have been so stupid as to wonder that *Pallas* should be employ'd first in the wounding of *Menelaus*, and after in the protecting him.



## the FOURTH BOOK.

7

### XIII.

VERSE 163. *Wasts the wing'd Hornet.*] This is one of those humble Comparisons which *Homer* sometimes uses to diversify his Subject, but a very exact one in its kind, and corresponding in all its Parts. The Care of the Goddess, the unsuspecting Security of *Menelaus*, the Ease with which she diverts the Danger, and the Danger itself, are all included in this short Compass. To which it may be added, that if the Providence of heavenly Powers to their Creatures is exprest by the Love of a Mother to her Child, if Men in regard to them are but as heedless sleeping Infants, and if those Dangers which may seem great to us, are by them as easily warded off as the Simile implies; there will appear something sublime in this Conception, however little or low the Image may be thought at first sight in respect to a Heroe. A higher Comparison would but have tended to lessen the Disparity between the Gods and Man, and the Justness of the Simile had been lost, as well as the Grandeur of the Sentiment.

### XIV.

VERSE 170. *As when some stately Trappings, &c.*] Some have judg'd the Circumstances in this Simile to be superfluous, and think it foreign to the Purpose to take notice that this Ivory was intended for the Bosses of a Bridle, was laid up for a Prince, or that a Woman of *Caria* or *Meonia* dy'd it. *Eustathius* was of a different Opinion, who extols this Passage for the Variety it presents, and the Learning it includes: We learn from hence that the *Lydians* and *Carians* were famous in the first Times for their staining in Purple, and that the Women excell'd in Works of Ivory: As also that there were certain Ornaments which only Kings and Princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourse to Antiquities to justify this Particular, it may be alledg'd, that the Simile does not consist barely in the Colours; It was but little to tell us, that the Blood of *Menelaus* appearing on the Whiteness of his Skin, vyed with the purpled Ivory; but this implies



implies that the honourable Wounds of a Heroe are the beautiful Dress of War, and become him as much as the most gallant Ornaments in which he takes the Field. *Virgil*, 'tis true, has omitted the Circumstance in his Imitation of this Comparifon, *Æn.* 12.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro  
Si quis ebur-----*

But in this he judges only for himself, and does not condemn *Homer*. It was by no means proper that his Ivory should have been a Piece of martial Accoutrement, when he apply'd it so differently, transferring it from the Wounds of a Heroe to the Blushes of the fair *Lavinia*.

## XV.

VERSE 177. *As down thy snowy Thigh.*] *Homer* is very particular here, in giving the Picture of the Blood running in a long Trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the Words themselves.

Τοῖσι τοι Μενέλαε μινύθη αἵματι μηροῖ  
Εὐφύεες, κνήμαί τ', ἠδὲ σφυρὰ καλὰ ὑπένεργε.

The Translator has not thought fit to mention every one of these Parts, first the Thigh, then the Leg, then the Foot, which might be tedious in *English*: But the Author's Design being only to image the streaming of the Blood, it seem'd equivalent to make it trickle thro' the Length of an *Alexandrine* Line.

## XVI.

VERSE 186. *Oh dear as Life, &c.*] This Incident of the Wound of *Menelaus* gives occasion to *Homer* to draw a fine Description of fraternal Love in *Agamemnon*. On the first sight of it, he is struck with Amaze and Confusion, and now breaks out in Tenderness and Grief. He first accuses himself  
as



as the Cause of this Misfortune, by having consented to expose his Brother to the single Combate which had drawn on this fatal Consequence. Next he inveighs against the *Trojans* in general for their Perfidiousness, as not yet knowing it was the Act of *Pandarus* only. He then comforts himself with the Confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon *Troy*; but doubts by what Hands this Punishment may be inflicted, as fearing the Death of *Menelaus* will force the *Greeks* to return with Shame to their Country. There is no Contradiction in all this, but on the other side a great deal of Nature, in the confused Sentiments of *Agamemnon* on the occasion, as they are very well explained by *Spondanus*.

XVII.

VERSE 212. *While some proud Trojan, &c.] Agamemnon* here calls to mind how, upon the Death of his Brother, the ineffectual Preparations and Actions against *Troy* must become a Derision to the World. This is in its own Nature a very irritating Sentiment, tho' it were never so carelessly exprest; but the Poet has found out a peculiar Air of Aggravation, in making him bring all the Consequences before his Eyes, in a Picture of their *Trojan* Enemies gathering round the Tomb of the unhappy *Menelaus*, elated with Pride, insulting the Dead, and throwing out disdainful Expressions and Curses against him and his Family. There is nothing which could more effectually represent a State of Anguish, than the drawing such an Image as this, which shews a Man increasing his present Unhappiness by the Prospect of a future Train of Misfortunes.

XVIII.

VERSE 222. *Let not thy Words the Warmth of Greece abate.]* In *Agamemnon*, *Homer* has shewn an Example of a tender Nature and fraternal Affection, and now in *Menelaus* he gives us one of a generous warlike Patience and Presence of Mind. He speaks of his own Case with no other Regard, but as this Accident of his Wound may tend to the Discouragement of



the Soldiers; and exhorts the General to beware of dejecting their Spirits from the Prosecution of the War. *Spondanus.*

## XIX.

VERSE 253. *The Trojans rush tumultuous to the War.]* They advanced to the Enemy in the Belief that the Shot of *Pandarus* was made by Order of the Generals. *Dacier.*

## XX.

VERSE 256. *Nor had you seen.]* The Poet here changes his Narration, and turns himself to the Reader in an *Apostrophe*. *Longinus* in his 22<sup>d</sup> Chapter commends this Figure, as causing a Reader to become a Spectator, and keeping his Mind fixed upon the Action before him. *The Apostrophe* (says he) *renders us more awaken'd, more attentive, and more full of the Thing described.* *Madam Dacier* will have it, that it is the Muse who addresses herself to the Poet in the second Person: 'Tis no great matter which, since it has equally its Effect either way.

## XXI.

VERSE 264. *Thro' all the martial Ranks he moves, &c.]* In the following Review of the Army, which takes up a great Part of this Book, we see all the Spirit, Art, and Industry of a compleat General; together with the proper *Characters* of those Leaders whom he incites. *Agamemnon* considers at this sudden Exigence, that he should first address himself to all in general; he divides his Discourse to the Brave and the Fearful, using Arguments which arise from Confidence or Despair, Passions which act upon us most forcibly: To the Brave, he urges their secure Hopes of Conquest since the Gods must punish Perjury; to the Timorous, their inevitable Destruction if the Enemy should burn their Ships. After this he flies from Rank to Rank, applying himself to each Ally with particular Artifice: He caresses *Idomeneus* as an old Friend who had promised not to forsake him; and meets with an Answer



in that Hero's true Character, short, honest, hearty, and Soldier-like. He praises the *Ajaxes* as Warriors whose Examples fired the Army; and is received by them without any Reply, as they were Men who did not profess Speaking. He passes next to *Nestor*, whom he finds talking to his Soldiers as he marshal'd them; here he was not to part without a Compliment on both sides; he wishes him the Strength he had once in his Youth, and is answer'd with an Account of something which the old Heroe had done in his former Days. From hence he goes to the Troops which lay farthest from the Place of Action; where he finds *Menestheus* and *Ulysses*, not intirely unprepar'd nor yet in Motion, as being ignorant of what had happen'd. He reproves *Ulysses* for this, with Words agreeable to the Hurry he is in, and receives an Answer which suits not ill with the twofold Character of a wise and a valiant Man: Hereupon *Agamemnon* appears present to himself, and excuses his hasty Expressions. The next he meets is *Diomed*, whom he also rebukes for Backwardness but after another manner, by setting before him the Example of his Father. Thus is *Agamemnon* introduced, praising, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excusing himself, and again relapsing into Reproofs; a lively Picture of a great Mind in the highest Emotion. And at the same time the Variety is so kept up, with a regard to the different Characters of the Leaders, that our Thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his Army.

XXII.

VERSE 296. *For this, in Banquets.*] The Ancients usually in their Feasts divided to the Guests by equal Portions, except when they took some particular occasion to shew Distinction and give the Preference to any one Person. It was then look'd upon as the highest Mark of Honour to be allotted the best Portion of Meat and Wine, and to be allowed an Exemption from the Laws of the Feast, in drinking Wine unmingled and without Stint. This Custom was much more ancient than the time of the *Trojan* War, and we find it practised in the Banquet given by *Joseph* to his Brethren in *Ægypt*,



gypt, Gen. 43. V. ult. And he sent Messes to them from before him, but Benjamin's Mess was five times so much as any of theirs. Dacier.

## XXIII.

VERSE 336. *There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylia Bands.]* This is the Prince whom *Homer* chiefly celebrates for martial Discipline, of the rest he is content to say they were valiant and ready to fight: The Years, long Observation and Experience of *Nestor* render'd him the fittest Person to be distinguished on this account. The Disposition of his Troops in this Place (together with what he is made to say, that their Fore-fathers used the same Method) may be a Proof that the Art of War was well known in *Greece* before the Time of *Homer*. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwise, in an Age when all the World made their Acquisitions by Force of Arms only. What is most to be wonder'd at, is, that they had not the use of *Cavalry*, all Men engaging either on *Foot*, or from *Chariots* (a Particular necessary to be known by every Reader of *Homer's* Battels.) In these *Chariots* there were always two Persons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employ'd in managing the Horses. *Madam Dacier* in her excellent Preface to *Homer* is of Opinion, that there were no Horsemen 'till near the Time of *Saul*, threescore Years after the Siege of *Troy*; so that altho' *Cavalry* were in use in *Homer's* Days, yet he thought himself obliged to regard the Customs of the Age of which he writ, rather than those of his own.

## XXIV.

VERSE 344. *The middle Space suspected Troops supply.]* This Artifice, of placing those Men whose Behaviour was most to be doubted, in the middle, (so as to put them under a necessity of engaging even against their Inclinations) was followed by *Hannibal* in the Battel of *Zama*; as is observed and praised by *Polybius*, who quotes this Verse on that occasion in Acknowledgment of *Homer's* Skill in military Discipline.

That



That our Author was the first Master of that Art in Greece is the Opinion of *Ælian*, *Tactic. c. 1.* *Frontinus* gives us another Example of *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*'s following this Instruction of *Homer. Vide Stratag. lib. 2. c. 3.* So *Ammianus Marcellinus l. 14. Imperator catervis peditum infirmis, medium inter acies spacium, secundum Homericam dispositionem, præstituit.*

XXV.

VERSE 353. *He whom the Fortune of the Field shall cast  
From forth his Chariot, mount the next---&c.]*

The Words in the Original are capable of four different Significations, as *Eustathius* observes. The first is, that whoever in fighting upon his Chariot shall win a Chariot from his Enemy, he shall continue to fight, and not retire from the Engagement to secure his Prize. The second, that if any one be thrown out of his Chariot, he who happens to be nearest shall hold forth his Javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the last, that if any one be cast from his Chariot and would mount up into another Man's, that other shall push him back with his Javelin, and not admit him for fear of interrupting the Combat. The fourth is the Sense which is followed in the Translation as seeming much the most natural, that every one should be left to govern his own Chariot, and the other who is admitted fight only with the Javelin. The reason of this Advice appears by the Speech of *Pandarus* to *Æneas* in the next Book: *Æneas* having taken him up into his Chariot to go against *Diomed*, compliments him with the Choice either to fight, or to manage the Reins, which was esteem'd an Office of Honour. To this *Pandarus* answers, that it is more proper for *Æneas* to guide his own Horses; lest they not feeling their accustomed Master, should be ungovernable and bring them into Danger.

Upon occasion of the various and contrary Significations of which these Words are said to be capable, and which *Eustathius* and *Dacier* profess to admire as an Excellence; Mons.



*de la Motte* in his late Discourse upon *Homer* very justly animadverts, that if this be true, it is a grievous Fault in *Homer*. For what can be more absurd than to imagine, that the Orders given in a Battel should be delivered in such ambiguous Terms, as to be capable of many Meanings? These double Interpretations must proceed not from any design in the Author, but purely from the Ignorance of the Moderns in the *Greek* Tongue: It being impossible for any one to possess the dead Languages to such a degree, as to be certain of all the Graces and Negligences; or to know precisely how far the Licences and Boldnesses of Expression were happy, or forced. But Criticks, to be thought learned, attribute to the Poet all the random Senses that amuse them, and imagine they see in a single Word a whole heap of Things, which no modern Language can express; so are oftentimes charmed with nothing but the Confusion of their own Ideas.

## XXVI.

VERSE 385. *Remote their Forces lay.*] This is a Reason why the Troops of *Ulysses* and *Menestheus* were not yet in Motion. Tho' another may be added in respect to the former, that it did not consist with the Wisdom of *Ulysses* to fall on with his Forces 'till he was well assured. Tho' Courage be no inconsiderable Part of his Character, yet it is always join'd with great Caution. Thus we see him soon after in the very Heat of a Battel, when his Friend was just slain before his Eyes, first looking carefully about him, before he would throw his Spear to revenge him.

## XXVII.

VERSE 431. *I saw him once, when, &c.*] This long Narration concerning the History of *Tydeus*, is not of the Nature of those for which *Homer* has been blam'd with some Colour of Justice: It is not a cold Story but a warm Reproof, while the particularising the Actions of the Father is made the highest Incentive to the Son. Accordingly the Air of this



Speech ought to be inspirited above the common Narrative Style. As for the Story itself, it is finely told by *Statius* in the second Book of the *Thebais*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 453. *No Words the Godlike Diomed return'd.*] "When  
" *Diomed* is reproved by *Agamemnon*, he holds his Peace in  
" respect to his General, but *Sthenelus* retorts upon him  
" with Boasting and Insolence. It is here worth observing  
" in what manner *Agamemnon* behaves himself; he passes by  
" *Sthenelus* without affording any Reply; whereas just before,  
" when *Ulysses* testify'd his Resentment, he immediately re-  
" turn'd him an Answer. For as it is a mean and servile  
" thing, and unbecoming the Majesty of a Prince, to make  
" Apologies to every Man in Justification of what he has said  
" or done; so to treat all Men with equal Neglect is meer  
" Pride and Excess of Folly. We also see of *Diomed*, that  
" tho' he refrains from speaking in this Place when the  
" Time demanded Action; he afterwards expresses himself  
" in such a manner, as shews him not to have been insensi-  
" ble of this unjust Rebuke: (*as in the ninth Book*) when he  
" tells the King, he was the first who had dar'd to reproach  
" him with want of Courage." *Plutarch of reading the Poets.*

XXIX.

VERSE 461. *We storm'd the Theban Wall.*] The first  
*Theban* War, of which *Agamemnon* spoke in the preceding  
Lines, was seven and twenty Years before the War of *Troy*.  
*Sthenelus* here speaks of the second *Theban* War, which hap-  
pen'd ten Years after the first: when the Sons of the seven  
Captains conquer'd the City, before which their Fathers were  
destroyed. *Tydeus* expired gnawing the Head of his Ene-  
my, and *Capaneus* was Thunder-struck while he blasphemed  
*Jupiter*. *Vid. Stat. Thebaid.*

XXX.



## XXX.

VERSE 479. *As when the Winds.*] Madam Dacier thinks it may seem something odd, that an Army going to conquer should be compared to the Waves going to break themselves against the Shore; and would solve the appearing Absurdity by imagining the Poet laid not the Stress so much upon this Circumstance, as upon the same Waves assailing a Rock, lifting themselves over its Head, and covering it with Foam as the *Trophy of their Victory* (as she expresses it.) But to this it may be answer'd, that neither did the *Greeks* get the better in this Battel, nor will a Comparifon be allowed intirely beautiful, which instead of illustrating its Subject stands itself in need of so much Illustration and Refinement, to be brought to agree with it. The Passage naturally bears this Sense. *As when, upon the rising of the Wind, the Waves roll after one another to the Shore; at first there is a distant Motion in the Sea, then they approach to break with Noise on the Strand, and lastly rise swelling over the Rocks, and toss their Foam above their Heads: So the Greeks, at first, marched in order one after another silently to the Fight*—Where the Poet breaks off from prosecuting the Comparifon, and by a *Prolepsis*, leaves the Reader to carry it on; and image to himself the future Tumult, Rage, and Force of the Battel, in Opposition to that Silence in which he describes the Troops at present, in the Lines immediately ensuing. What confirms this Exposition is, that *Virgil* has made use of the Simile in the same Sense in the seventh *Aeneid*.

*Fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere vento,  
Paulatim sese tollit mare, & altius undas  
Erigit; inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo.*

## XXXI.

VERSE 479. *As when the Winds, &c.*] This is the first Battel in *Homer*, and it is worthy Observation with what Grandeur it is described, and raised by one Circumstance above



above another, 'till all is involved in Horror and Tumult; The foregoing Simile of the Winds, rising by degrees into a general Tempest, is an Image of the Progress of his own Spirit in this Description. We see first an innumerable Army moving in order, and are amus'd with the Pomp and Silence, then waken'd with the Noise and Clamour; next they join, the adverse Gods are let down among them; the Imaginary Persons of *Terror*, *Flight*, *Discord* succeed to re-inforce them; then all is undistinguish'd Fury and a Confusion of Horrors, only that at different Openings we behold the distinct Deaths of several Heroes, and then are involv'd again in the same Confusion.

XXXII.

VERSE 503. *Discord, dire Sister, &c.*] This is the Passage so highly extoll'd by *Longinus*, as one of the most signal Instances of the noble Sublimity of this Author: where it is said, that the Image here drawn of *Discord*, whose Head touch'd the Heavens, and whose Feet were on Earth, may as justly be apply'd to the vast Reach and Elevation of the Genius of *Homer*. But *Monf. Boileau* informs us that neither the Quotation nor these Words were in the Original of *Longinus*, but partly inserted by *Gabriel de Petra*. However the best Encomium is, that *Virgil* has taken it word for word, and apply'd it to the Person of *Fame*.

*Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,  
Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.*

*Aristides* had formerly blamed *Homer* for admitting *Discord* into Heaven, and *Scaliger* takes up the Criticism to throw him below *Virgil*. *Fame* (he says) is properly feign'd to hide her Head in the Clouds, because the Grounds and Authors of Rumours are commonly unknown. As if the same might not be alledg'd for *Homer*, since the Grounds and Authors of *Discord* are often no less secret. *Macrobius* has put this among the Passages where he thinks *Virgil* has fallen short in his Imitation of *Homer*, and brings these Reasons for his

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Opinion.



Opinion. *Homer* represents *Discord* to rise from small beginnings, and afterwards in her Encrease to reach the Heavens: *Virgil* has said this of *Fame*, but not with equal Propriety; for the Subjects are very different. *Discord*, tho' it reaches to War and Devastation, is still *Discord*; nor ceases to be what it was at first. But *Fame*, when it grows to be universal, is *Fame* no longer, but becomes Knowledge and Certainty. For who calls any thing *Fame*, which is known from Earth to Heaven? Nor has *Virgil* equal'd the Strength of *Homer's* Hyperbole, for one speaks of *Heaven*, the other only of the *Clouds*. *Macrob. Sat. l. 5. c. 13.* *Scaliger* is very angry at this last Period, and by mistake blames *Gellius* for it, in whom there is no such thing. His Words are so insolently dogmatical, that barely to quote them is to answer them, and the only Answer which such a Spirit of Criticism deserves. *Clamant quod Maro de Fama dixit eam inter nubila caput condere, cum tamen Homerus unde ipse accepit, in caelo caput Eridis constituit. Jam tibi pro me respondeo. Non sum imitatus, nolo imitari: non placet, non est verum, Contentionem ponere caput in caelo. Ridiculum est, fatuum est, Homericum est, Græculum est. Poetic. l. 5. c. 3.*

This fine Verse was also criticiz'd by *Monf. Perault*, who accuses it as a forc'd and extravagant Hyperbole. *M. Boileau* answers, that Hyperboles as strong are daily used even in common Discourse, and that nothing is in effect more strictly true than that *Discord* reigns over all the Earth, and in Heaven itself, that is to say, among the Gods of *Homer*. It is not (continues this excellent Critick) the Description of a Giant, as this Censor would pretend, but a just Allegory; and as he makes *Discord* an allegorical Person, she may be of what Size he pleases without shocking us; since it is what we regard only as an Idea and Creature of the Fancy, and not as a material Substance that has any Being in Nature. The Expression in the *Psalms*, that the *impious Man is lifted up as a Cedar of Libanus*, does by no means imply that the *impious Man* was a Giant as tall as the Cedar. Thus far *Boileau*; and upon the whole we may observe, that it seems not only the Fate of great Genius's to have met with the most malignant Criticks, but of the finest and noblest Passages in them



to have been particularly pitch'd upon for impertinent Criticisms. These are the divine Boldnesses which in their very Nature provoke Ignorance and Short-sightedness to shew themselves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, must also certainly know, that they will be attack'd by such as cannot reach them.

XXXIII.

VERSE 509. *Now Shield with Shield, &c.*] The Verses which follow in the Original are perhaps excell'd by none in *Homer*; and that he had himself a particular Fondness for them, may be imagin'd from his inserting them again in the same Words in the eighth Book. They are very happily imitated by *Statius lib. 7.*

*Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,  
Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspide cuspis, &c.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 517. *As Torrents roll.*] This Comparison of Rivers meeting and roaring, with two Armies mingling in Battel, is an Image of that Nobleness, which (to say no more) was worthy the Invention of *Homer* and the Imitation of *Virgil*.

*Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,  
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,  
Quisque suum populatus iter;—Stupet inscius alta  
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice Pastor.*

The word *populatus* here has a Beauty which one must be insensible not to observe. *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's*, and *Macrobius Homer's*, without any Reasons on either side, but only one Critick's positive Word against another's. The Reader may judge between them.

XXXV.

VERSE 523. *The bold Antilochus.*] *Antilochus* the Son of *Nestor* is the first who begins the Engagement. It seems as if



if the old Hero having done the greatest Service he was capable of at his Years, in disposing the Troops in the best order (as we have seen before) had taken care to set his Son at the head of them, to give him the Glory of beginning the Battel.

## XXXVI.

VERSE 540. *As o'er their Prey rapacious Wolves engage.*] This short Comparison in the Greek consists only of two Words, *Αἰναι* &c. which *Scaliger* observes upon as too abrupt. But may it not be answer'd that such a Place as this, where all things are in Confusion, seems not to admit of any Simile, except of one which scarce exceeds a Metaphor in Length? When two Heroes are engag'd, there is a plain View to be given us of their Actions, and there a long Simile may be of use, to raise and enliven them by parallel Circumstances; but when the Troops fall in promiscuously upon one another, the Conclusion excludes distinct or particular Images, and consequently Comparisons of any Length would be less natural.

## XXXVII.

VERSE 542. *In bloom of Youth fair Simoïsius fell.*] This Prince receiv'd his Name from the River *Simoïs* on whose Banks he was born. It was the Custom of the Eastern People to give Names to their Children deriv'd from the most remarkable Accidents of their Birth. The holy Scripture is full of Examples of this kind. It is also usual in the Old Testament to compare Princes to Trees, Cedars, &c. as *Simoïsius* is here resembled to a Poplar. *Dacier.*

## XXXVIII.

VERSE 552. *So falls a Poplar.*] *Eustathius* in *Macrobius* prefers to this Simile that of *Virgil* in the second *Æneid*.

*Ac veluti in summis antiquam montibus ornum,  
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant  
Eruere*



*Erueere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,  
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;  
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum  
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.*

Mr. *Hobbes* in the Preface to his Translation of *Homer* has discours'd upon this Occasion very judiciously. *Homer* (says he) intended no more in this Place than to shew how comely the Body of *Simoisius* appear'd as he lay dead upon the Bank of *Scamander*, strait and tall, with a fair Head of Hair, like a strait and high Poplar with the Boughs still on; and not at all to describe the manner of his falling, which (when a Man is wounded thro' the Breast as he was with a Spear) is always sudden. *Virgil's* is the Description of a great Tree falling when many Men together hew it down. He meant to compare the manner how *Troy* after many Battels, and after the Loss of many Cities, conquer'd by the many Nations under *Agamemnon* in a long War, was thereby weaken'd and at last overthrown, with a great Tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leisurely. So that neither these two Descriptions nor the two Comparisons can be compared together. The Image of a Man lying on the Ground is one thing; the Image of falling (especially of a Kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no Advantage to *Virgil* over *Homer*. Thus Mr. *Hobbes*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 585. *But Phœbus now.*] *Homer* here introduces *Apollo* on the side of the *Trojans*: He had given them the Assistance of *Mars* at the beginning of this Battel; but *Mars* (which signifies Courage without Conduct) proving too weak to resist *Minerva* (or Courage with Conduct) which the Poet represents as constantly aiding his *Greeks*; they want some prudent Management to rally them again: He therefore brings in a *Wisdom* to assist *Mars*, under the Appearance of *Apollo*.





## XL.

VERSE 592. *Achilles fights no more.*] *Homer* from time to time puts his Readers in mind of *Achilles*, during his Absence from the War; and finds occasions of celebrating his Valour with the highest Praises. There cannot be a greater Encomium than this, where *Apollo* himself tells the *Trojans* they have nothing to fear, since *Achilles* fights no longer against them. *Dacier.*

## XLI.

VERSE 630. *Had some brave Chief.*] The turning off in this Place from the Actions of the Field, to represent to us a Man with Security and Calmness walking thro' it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole Action; this is not only a fine Praise of the Battel, but as it were a Breathing-place to the Poetical Spirit of the Author, after having rapidly run along with the Heat of the Engagement: He seems like one who having got over a Part of his Journey, stops upon an Eminence to look back upon the Space he has pass'd, and concludes the Book with an agreeable Pause or Respite.

The Reader will excuse our taking notice of such a Trifle, as that it was an old Superstition, that this fourth Book of the *Iliads* being laid under the Head, was a Cure for the *Quartan Ague*. *Serenus Sammonicus*, a celebrated Physician in the time of the younger *Gordian* and Preceptor to that Emperor, has gravely prescrib'd it among other Receipts in his medicinal Precepts, *Præc.* 50.

*Mœonia Iliados quartum suppose timenti.*

I believe it will be found a true Observation, that there never was any thing so absurd or ridiculous, but has at one time or other been written even by some Author of Reputation: A Reflection it may not be improper for Writers to make, as being at once some Mortification to their Vanity, and some Comfort to their Infirmary.

F I N I S.





GEORGE R.

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Dr. H. S. Gentry

JAMES STANFORD



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GEORGE R.

[illegible]

10-11-1941

JAMES STANFORD.





## GEORGE R.

**G**EORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of Our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER from the *Greek* in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT: He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so Useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore hereby give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the *ILIAD* of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at St. *James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.